

The WOMAN CITIZEN

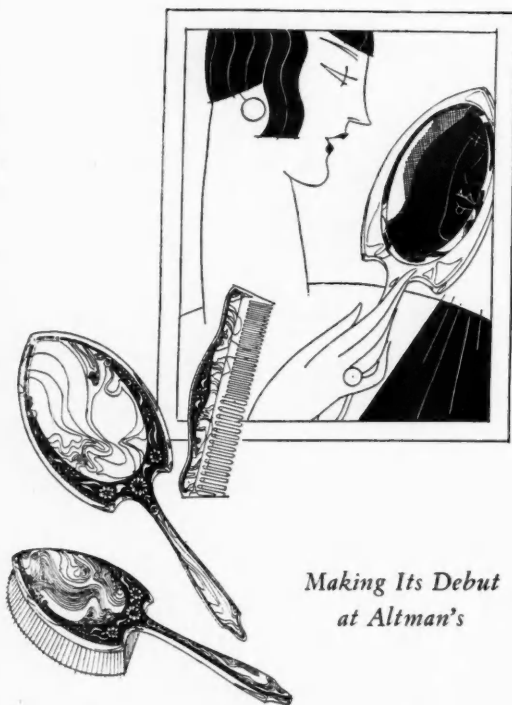
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In this Issue
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The Woman Citizen

Founded June 2, 1917, continuing *The Woman's Journal* founded in 1870 by Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell and published weekly from 1870 to 1917.

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Managing Director, MRS. RAYMOND BROWN; Editor, VIRGINIA RODERICK; Contributing Editors, CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, ALICE STONE BLACKWELL; Associate Editor, DOROTHY BUDD; Art Editor, E. BUCKNER KIRK; Advertising Manager, M. REGINA JONES; Chicago Representative, MARION MEYER, Suite 1101, 58 East Washington Street; Boston Representative, HENRY C. PRAGOFF, 80 Boylston Street.

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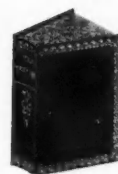
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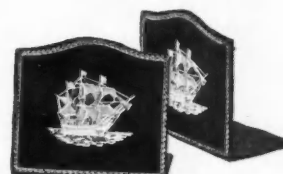
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FORUM

Edited by Henry Goddard Leach

35c at news stands, \$4 a year

Published at 247 Park Avenue, New York

Margaret Brent of Maryland

Who Appears on the Cover

"CAME Mrs. Margaret Brent and requested to have a vote in the howse for herself and voyce aliso, for that att the last Court, 3rd January, it was ordered that the said Mrs. Brent was to be looked upon and received as his Lps. Attorney."

There must have been quite a stir in the Assembly of Maryland that January day, 1648, when a woman demanded "voyce" and a vote! Neither was forthcoming, and tradition has it that her request was not granted because the founding fathers feared that to do so would be to set a bad example to "ye wives of ye Colony."

In 1638 Margaret Brent had come to the New World with her brother Giles. They were neighbors and close friends of Leonard Calvert, the Governor, who acted as his brother's—Lord Baltimore's—deputy in Maryland.

Toward the end of 1647 Leonard Calvert died, and dying made what is surely one of the briefest and wittiest wills on record: "Take all," he said to Margaret Brent, "and pay all."

Margaret Brent was clever enough to seize this opportunity to ask for a vote, not only as executrix for the late Governor, but also as a taxpayer and landowner.

Probably because of her business experience Leonard Calvert appointed her executrix and Margaret Brent justified his confidence. When the soldiers, hired by the Calverts to guard their interests in Maryland, became dangerously importunate about the money due them, Margaret Brent came to the rescue under the last clause of Leonard Calvert's will—"pay all."

Later, when Lord Baltimore objected to a woman acting in his brother's stead, the same Assembly that had refused Margaret Brent a "voyce," rushed gallantly to her defense. "We do verily believe . . . that it was better for the Colony's safety at that time in her hands than in any man's else in the whole province after your brother's death."

Margaret Brent steps out of the picture of history here with as spirited a gesture as she entered it. For when Thomas Green became governor he "denied sd. Mrs. Brent should have any vote in the howse, and the sd. Mrs. Brent protested against all proceedings in this present Assembly unlesse she may be present and have vote as aforesaid."



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Sentiment and Sense

IN dealing with values, sentiment is a poor adviser. It has lost more money than it has made. To insure success, a calculating mind is required; one that will allow itself to be influenced only by security, earning power and business conditions as they are likely to affect securities.

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“Mothers and Babies First!”

By Julia C. Lathrop

“**M**OTHERS and Babies First!” Fortunate mothers, those to whom good care for themselves and their children is assured, are on a crusade under this banner. They are resolved that this new rule shall prevail—not in the interest of a class, but for the sake of the democratic future of our country. They are determined that life-saving, health-giving knowledge and resources shall be available in the humblest home—not only in the cities but on lonely prairies, in the mountains, in remote valleys. It is in this new chivalry of women toward each other that we find the finest proof of the sanity of women’s new voting power.

There is need for their crusading. “The perils of childbirth,” authorities tell us, are still responsible for more deaths of women between fifteen and forty-four than any other one cause save tuberculosis—and great numbers of these deaths are preventable. It is true there has been a slight improvement since 1900, but nothing to compare with the decrease in death rates for typhoid, diphtheria and tuberculosis brought about by medical science, intelligently applied. And the most exacting comparison of the maternal death rates in foreign countries and in the United States shows that the rate in our country is more than double the rate of Denmark, Finland, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden or Uruguay.

Too many mothers die. Again, too many babies die in the first year of life. Although our rate is improving, it was 72 in 1925. Several European nations can show lower figures. No country is more significant for us than little New Zealand, with a rate down to 40 deaths for each 1,000 babies born—a rate gained by doctors, visiting nurses, baby hospitals and much popular teaching in the press and by simple books on infant care distributed free of cost. Volunteer agencies and the Government have joined in this work, and have never slackened. New Zealand has the advantages of a fine climate and a comparatively small area, it is true, and it may be long before all the babies of our vast land can be so protected. But the argument does not lie in the actual degree of New Zealand’s protection of her babies. Her method is the important matter, her determined spirit the crux. **THE NEW ZEALANDERS TAKE PAINS**, as volunteers and through their Government. They are determined that the babies in the “back blocks” shall have as good a chance for life as the babies in Dunedin.

England during the great war achieved the lowest baby death rate in her history. How? By co-operation between the Government and the local sanitary districts through “grants in aid” for specific and intensive infant welfare work.

In this country, too, we have a system of (Con., p. 41)



Madonna—as the fifteenth century Italians dreamed she must be. Francesco Francia painted this lovely gentle mother and child

MOTHERS'

By BLANCHE M. HAINES, M.D.

This number of the WOMAN CITIZEN is largely devoted to the Sheppard-Towner Act, under which nation and state co-operate to save the lives of mothers and babies, and teach them ways of health. Approved in 1921 for a five-year period, the act will soon come before the Senate for a two-year renewal. An early vote is desperately important. This is a measure dear to women's hearts and from all over the country they will be urging its extension. The CITIZEN expects every reader to do her duty

Dr. Haines is Director of the Division of Maternity and Infant Hygiene, United States Children's Bureau

IN a northeastern county of a New England state in the year 1926, a woman found herself in labor and alone.

She left her house, went to the yard, and hitched a team. In a farm wagon she drove five miles to her mother's home. No one was there. She again mounted the wagon, started the team and drove back two miles to the one-room shack in which her brother lived. No one was there. Alone, this woman gave birth to her baby.

Later, her mother arrived, found the new baby, and cared as best she could for both patients. Her "best" included the treatment of the baby's infected navel by a raisin and a piece of cotton!

Into this picture stepped the new maternity and infancy nurse. This nurse, the first to be employed by the state—a new addition to the ranks of states co-operating with the Federal government under the Sheppard-Towner Act—"covers" a district of 263 square miles with a population of about 5,700 people, with approximately 90 births yearly. In this territory a demonstration of what

one nurse can do for mothers and babies is being given, in the hope that the people of the state, convinced by actual results, will support an expansion of the maternity and infancy program.

Under the instruction of the nurse, the raisin and the piece of cotton vanished, the infection of the baby's navel was cleared up, postnatal care given the mother, and her baby started on a régime which promised well for a strong, healthy childhood.

A prophecy may be made about the future of the work in this sparsely settled country in which childbirth can occur under conditions which the comfortable mothers of our big cities may associate, if they think about them at all, with

Botticelli's splendid Madonna—crowned, robed, and surrounded by angels, is the triumphant Madonna of the Magnificat—"My soul doth magnify the Lord"



RIGHTS

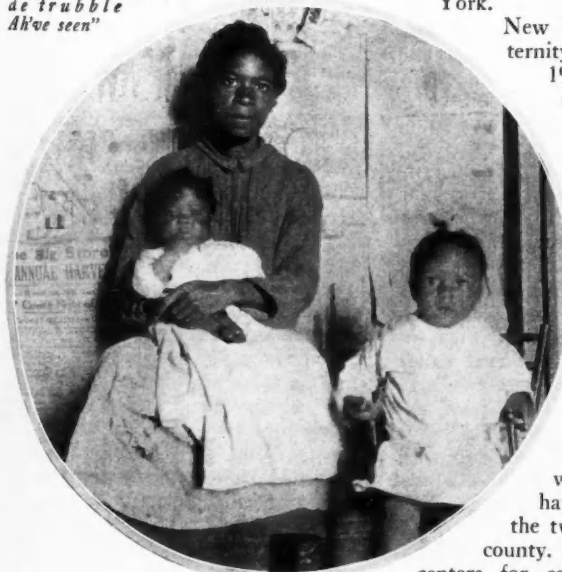
Forty-three states and Hawaii are cooperating with the Children's Bureau at Washington on a national program for the betterment of maternal and infant health. Cooperating voluntarily—for no state is compelled to accept the act, and no family is compelled to accept the help it offers. That is what the Shepard-Towner Act means. During the past year, nearly a million babies and preschool children and nearly 180,000 expectant mothers were reached. This first article is a vivid picture of what is done for them by nurse, by letter and health conferences

In this Christmas issue we are supplementing pictures of the Children's Bureau work with fine old Madonnas and the lovely modern etchings of mothers and babies by Mary Cassatt



Madonna—as modern workers of the Children's Bureau often find her. This particular one is from the mountain district of Georgia

This humbler madonna from Mississippi probably hushes her pickaninnies with one of the tragic songs of her people—"Nobody knows de trouble Ah've seen"



"backward" and hardly civilized nations.

The prophecy may be implied by telling the story of Tioga County, New York.

New York accepted the Maternity and Infancy Act in 1923, has the largest allotment of any state (allotments are mainly based upon population), and has always matched its allotment in full with state funds.

Tioga is a rural county with a population of about 26,000. A maternity hygiene demonstration was begun in this county in 1925. Four nurses are assigned to the work. Prenatal centers have been established in the two largest towns of the county. Mothers may go to the centers for consultation; the nurses

also visit the mothers in their own homes and assist during confinement. The physicians of the county are keenly interested in the work and are cooperating in the conduct of the centers and in giving prenatal supervision to the mothers.

At the end of the first year of the demonstration more than half of the pregnant women in the county had been under care. The nurses had made 3,020 visits to mothers and 226 visits had been made by the mothers to the centers, some women traveling more than twenty-four miles to make the visit. The nurses had been in attendance at fifty-eight deliveries. One hundred and fifty-one of the supervised mothers had been confined during the year. Among them not one maternal death had occurred.

Is there a chance that mothers who have known the safety and assurance of competent care and advice during the period when they are bearing and caring for their babies will consent to go back to the old conditions?

The answer is found in the fact that

in every state counties which have had the experience of a demonstration of maternity and infancy work through health centers and the work of maternity and infancy nurses have contributed more and more of their own funds to the work, finally, in many cases, assuming entire responsibility.

In this, the policy of the states carrying on maternity and infancy programs is in line with the effort behind all public welfare work—to get to the rural population through the county as the unit. For years we have done this in agricultural extension work. The care of dependent, crippled, deaf and blind children is now being organized through counties; juvenile court work is also often on a county basis. The maternity and infancy act is increasingly making it possible to organize our counties, as our large cities have been organized, for the protection of the health of mothers and children.

This is accomplished in various ways. The staff of the state bureau of child hygiene, which is usually the administrative agency under the Maternity and Infancy Act, initiates the program in regions where studies have shown conditions to be most serious. A traveling health unit may visit such counties, holding maternal and child health conferences in cooperation with the local doctors. Maternity and infancy nurses may be "loaned" for a county demonstration such as has been described. In every case local interest is aroused through visits to physicians and to leaders of church and women's organizations and then organized through the formation of maternity and infancy committees. If a county nurse has already been at work, part of her salary may be paid by the state bureau so that she may give part of her time especially to maternity and child health work. If no such nurse has been employed, efforts are made to secure some local funds which, with state money available through Sheppard-Towner appropriations, may be used for a county nurse.

In this way the skeleton of a nationwide organization which is at once flexible and coordinated has been laid down. So all the individual pieces of human and sometimes heroic effort on the part of the physicians and nurses now at work through the states are pulling together as parts of a planned and cooperative campaign in which nation, state and county bear equal responsibility.

A concrete picture of the way in which a whole state may thus be permeated by the ambition to give to its mothers and children every protection which modern medical science can afford them, may be indicated by describing the program of New Hampshire, one of the first states to cooperate.

Early in its work the state adopted the plan—now followed by other states—of sending literature on infant care to

the mother of each baby born in the state as soon as the birth is registered, following this up with additional literature from time to time. Every baby born during the fiscal year 1926, state reports show, was reached in this and in other ways by the work of the division of maternity, infancy and child hygiene.

Child health conferences have been another important feature of the pro-

low-up work is done by the nurse, again assisted by local women, to encourage parents to take their children to the doctor so that he may correct the defects found at the conference examination and so that he may give further advice about diet and physical care. "In one town," the state reports, "eight months after a conference had been held, every child found with defects, with the exception of two children in one family, had had his defects corrected or was under treatment."

Finally, New Hampshire again stimulates local responsibility by keeping in close touch with all local public health nurses, whether employed by towns or by private organizations. Cards bearing the names and addresses of children under one year of age are sent by the division every three months to these nurses. In this way all preschool children are reached throughout such communities.

In my own state, Michigan, the same plan of cooperation with the organizations and the people of our local communities has been followed. An advisory state committee composed of presidents of the leading organizations in the state, supplemented by county committees with representatives of the same groups from every township and precinct, has aided and sponsored the program in both state and county relations.

Such volunteer aid has been reported from practically every state and it usually includes the devoted cooperation of members of the medical profession, both of specialists and of the wonderfully faithful and capable country doctor.

In such a flexible program there is the possibility of adaptation to special situations, turning a working machinery to the protection of childhood from epidemics or emergency conditions which threaten health or life.

For example, Florida has during the past few years found herself facing an influx of visitors and new residents from every state in the union, with tourists' camps filled to overflowing, towns springing up over night, with housing congestion and all the health problems attending a "boom" period.

The bureau of child welfare and public health nursing which had been carrying on since 1922, when Florida accepted the Maternity and Infancy Act, a campaign for the welfare of mothers and babies, immediately turned its attention to the safety of Florida's new arrivals. Nurses were assigned to visit camps and to help mothers and children among the tourists. A little booklet called "Health Hints for Travelers" was published by the bureau and broadcast throughout the state. A welcoming and humane note was struck in this message to newcomers, quoted from the booklet:

(Continued on page 47)



Christmas Folk-Song

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

:: ::

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out on the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The ox put forth a horned head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Uprose the sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God, indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For they that housed Him from the cold!

gram in New Hampshire. During 1926 conferences were held in ninety-six cities and towns, in every county of the state.

The conferences are organized by the state nurse in cooperation with committees of local women. "These committees," says the state report for the past year, "are carefully instructed in conference routine by the maternity and infancy nurse and in many towns have done such thorough work that every child under six years of age has been present and examined. Several women's clubs have voted to be responsible for one or two conferences themselves. This is a most important development as it means that the people themselves are awake to the importance of frequent physical examinations of the preschool child."

New Hampshire does not stop with the examination of her babies and preschool children at the conferences. Fol-

Eric Gill's woodcut is from Trausil's "Holy Night". Miss Reese's poem published by courtesy of Thomas B. Mosher.

Mothers and Babies

Etchings
By

Mary
Cassatt



AN American woman, living in Paris, painter of women and babies, Impressionist artist:—so one might sum up Mary Cassatt, who died in France last June. We have, one regrets to remember, very little claim to her. She went to Europe when she was still a girl and practically all her life of eighty-three years was spent there. Except that she was born in Pittsburgh and began her art training in Philadelphia, she belongs to France. Her art is French, her point of view is French. Frenchmen, notably Manet, gave her that blessed objectivity that enabled her to paint the most sentimental of all themes without sentimentality. She has done it excellently well, but she never handled it better than in her etchings, several of which we reproduce in this number. There were so many to choose from it was hard to make a selection, but we think these are among the loveliest she has done.

(Reproductions by courtesy of the New York Public Library)



Madame Jeritza Gives a Tea-Party

An Informal Glimpse of the Singer at home in Austria

By MARY F. WATKINS

IN that rainy corner of a diminished Austria known as the Salzkammergut every mountain holds a lake in its lap, and even the smallest village calls itself a Kurort, bragging with opportunist enthusiasm of mud baths. Here what are locally

known as "Sommerfrischler," or in America the summer-boarders, come in swarms from Vienna, Graz, or Salzburg, array themselves in perversions of the peasant costume which would make a self-respecting peasant blush, and eat countless ices in Casino gardens to the

tune of indifferent orchestras. In the midst of this scene, which one might presume to be the most exposed of localities for publicity among her admiring compatriots, Maria Jeritza, first magnitude star of operatic Vienna and New York, actually succeeds in hiding herself for a

few brief and refreshing weeks each summer. Not that her phenomenal hair and tall, always white-clad figure are unknown or unnoticed by the inhabitants of Unterach on the Attersee; but Unterach itself is obscure and unspoiled, a mere straggle of wide-eaved houses along a narrow street effervescing with roses and geraniums.

Now that we are once more well launched upon another New York music season, with prime donne in all their war-paint dancing to Mr. Gatti's golden tomtoms, it is a pleasing thought to realize that the poor things are sometimes permitted to lay down the proud and exotic estate of the diva and actually be, or pretend to be, ordinary mortals. Such retrospective solace obtains from a recent visit to Jeritza in her summer home.

Her address was simply given as "the Villa Kaldi," and I confess that I was skeptical—it might so easily resemble any number of things, most probably just such an elaborate affair as is accorded Giordano's "Fedora" in Act III by Mr. Urban, where we have often seen this same hostess serving tea and consuming poison. With the first turn of the road, however, I discovered my error and my spirits rose.

Villa Kaldi proved to be a small wooden house of the chalet type which had once sheltered a weaving establishment. The exterior is covered with vines, casement windows open under



Jeritza's villa on the Attersee

wide-winged eaves, and a pebbled garden fronts tidily upon the lake's edge. What sort of a view it provides remains almost permanently a matter of conjecture, as the rains of Salzkammergut supply an effective curtain across the more distant scenery.

The ceilings are very low; I found myself idly wondering how this tallest of prime donne keeps her golden hair free from entanglement among the countless little pairs of chamois and deer-horns without which no Austrian coun-

try house is complete. Not only the ceilings are beamed and waxed, but the floors are polished and waxed, the walls are panelled and waxed, so the whole is charmingly redolent with a suggestion of honey and wood-smoke.

The furniture is, for the most part, in keeping with the character of the house. The dining-room, through which one enters (and incidentally obtains gratifying glimpses of a pregnant tea-table), is provided with a stiff quadrille of those amusing chairs, so sentimental yet uncompromising—open hearts in their backs, slab-seated, and thin, knee-less legs. The living room, small but accommodating a piano and a table, has also an old painted cupboard and some gay barrel-chairs from Norway. Where doubtless a peasant with unconscious art, or a decorator straining at the correct degree of naïveté, might have "done" the little deep-set windows in checkered gingham, Jeritza reminds us that after all she is a prima donna, and hangs them with rosy ruffled silk in defiance of anything but her own personal belief in tempered and becoming light.

Contemplation of the interior decorations as well as speculation upon the habits of operatic stars when off duty was to be brief, however. Having just mentally redraped the windows and begun to wonder how much or how little glamour might be retained at such exaggerated distance from the Metropolitan, (Continued on page 44)



Jeritza sat enthroned in warm and radiant pride—a doting aunt with nieces and nephews about her

Current Events

By ETHEL PAINE

WHEN leading bankers and industrialists of sixteen nations including the United States issued a manifesto urging lowered tariff barriers in Europe they let a free trade dove fly from the ark of economic reconstruction. Because of the American signers there seemed to be a suspicion in Administration circles that this manifesto was a sly attack on the tariff here. And forthwith President Coolidge told us that those who lend money are always anxious for free trade and that for those who earn money Republican protectionism is the guarantee of high living standards. Next Secretary Mellon spoke, enlarging on the same themes. But it turned out that the manifesto was only for Europe after all.

It pointed out that "the break-up of great political units in Europe dealt a heavy blow to international trade. Across large areas, in which the inhabitants had been allowed to exchange their products freely, a number of new frontiers were erected and jealously guarded by tariff barriers. Old markets disappeared, etc. . . ." These barriers will one day be modified, but at present nationalism and the exigencies of an unstable currency are cementing them.

The Imperial Conference

THE British Imperial Conference adjourned in London, and when the report of the Imperial Relations Committee was made public at the close of the conference it was seen that there was hardly a statement in it that is not already a matter of practice. The few changes recommended—and these, like the other proposals in the document, can only be put in force through appropriate legislation—are largely formal. The British Empire, instead of giving notice that is about to fly apart, reveals itself stronger than ever.

The Commonwealths have already been given a free hand in their foreign relations, within certain limitations, as we are reminded by Canada's appointment of Vincent Massey as Minister to Washington. And it was later announced that Australia's High Commissioner to the United States

would have the same status. This would make the third British Commonwealth represented by a minister to Washington, for we have already with us Timothy Smiddy from the Irish Free State.

A World Court Setback

THE Armistice Day speech of President Coolidge gave a setback to the hopes of those of us who assumed that a determined effort would be made to secure our participation in the World Court. Mr. Coolidge said that while no final answer could be given until all the notes are received from all the signatory nations, the situation had developed sufficiently for him to say that he did not intend to ask the Senate to modify its position. It is of course known what the separate notes will contain, since the forty-eight nations had a conference in September of which the result was a courteous "reservation" of protest against our demand to have, practically, a veto power over advisory opinions. In the face of that conclusion, Mr. Coolidge does not "believe the Senate would take favorable action," and unless our requirements are met he "can see no prospect of this country adhering to the Court."

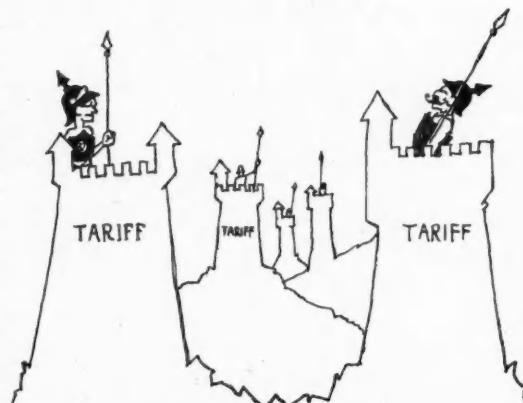
The British Coal Strike

AFTER seven months the British coal strike is on the verge of defeat, with the miners starved into submission. Defeat seemed certain when the Labor Party Conference refused to

sanction a general assessment on all trade unions for the support of the strike. Scarcity of coal has affected other industries and funds of other unions have to be reserved for the unemployed in their own ranks. As a result the Miners' Federation made a definite move to end the strike. They abandoned their insistence on a national agreement and conceded the principle of district agreements on which the mine owners were set. The Government then agreed to establish a tribunal of experts to review any agreements against which the miners complained. But the Government's peace plan, which involved longer hours and decreased wages, was rejected by a vote of the miners. Negotiations are now going on between district unions and district employers for a final settlement. There is no indication of a settlement that will reach the fundamentals of the strike.

Germany's Troubles

WHILE the coal strike has been going on in Great Britain, the mines of Germany, Poland, Belgium and Luxembourg have been operating to capacity. And in Germany, for the first time since the war, coal production has been above the pre-war record. Nevertheless, Germany, like Great Britain, has serious unemployment, and one of the first problems of the Reichstag when it reconvened after its four months' holiday was the unemployment dole. This was increased by ten per cent. Further relief was planned through providing employment in the building of houses and canals and the improvement of the railroads. Money for this would have to be raised by borrowing. If it were not for this additional outlay, Government revenues for the first six months of the fiscal year would show a net surplus of 168,000,000 marks. In its foreign relations, the Reichstag is concerned chiefly with the League of Nations and the Thoiry agreements. The Inter-Allied Military Control Commission set up by the Versailles Treaty to supervise German disarmament is a thorn in the flesh that the League will sooner or later draw out. If conversations conducted by France, Great Bri-



Watching the Neighbors

tain and Germany are successful, a League commission will replace that of the Allies before the end of the year. The other thorn in the flesh—the Rhineland occupation—must stay in for the present, since the meeting between Stresemann and Briand at Thoiry did not bring forth a counter offer from Germany that was practicable.

Financing France and Belgium

PROGRESS in stabilization programs occurred with Belgium leading the way. Belgium created a new monetary unit. This unit is called the "belga," is based on gold, and will be quoted exclusively on foreign exchange. But it is fairy gold, and no one will ever jingle it on a counter. It was made possible by floating a \$100,000,000 international loan with the proceeds of which the Bank of Belgium will keep this phantom coin at a fixed parity.

In France the continued rise in the value of the franc and the spectacular flowing back of exported capital made



Putting it with the Presidential Preserves

stabilization at least a possibility. But stabilization was not expected while "unknown" elements remained in the situation. That is a reference to the foreign debt settlements, and plans for them receded while the French Parliament, reconvening on November 12, tackled the budget. By a vote of 365 to 207 the Chamber of Deputies voted to exclude all other questions until that was passed.

A Dictator on the Job

JUST when the Fascist régime in Italy seemed to be enjoying the serenity of power and the fierce loyalty of the "Black Shirts" had moderated in so far as its gestures toward innocent foreigners was concerned, an eighteen-year-old boy precipitated a new phase more forbidding than any that had gone before. When reverential throngs came to greet their leader at celebrations in Bologna commemorating the fourth anniversary of Fascism, the young Zam-

boni fired a bullet that pierced the sleeve of Mussolini's coat. This was the sixth attempt against Il Duce's life, and for the first time no words came from him to save his assailant's life. Zamboni was beaten and stabbed to death in the crowded square.

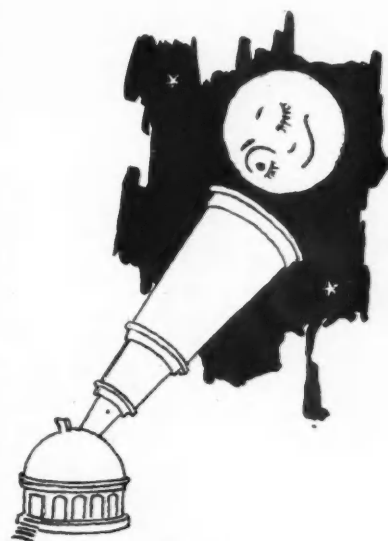
Mussolini has never failed to signalize his escape by some grandiloquent or sinister gesture. This latest escape brought a series of decrees ranging from the tragic and despotic to the ridiculous. In short, they are the logical working out of the Fascist political philosophy. The death penalty is to be restored for attempts on the life of the Royal Family or of the Premier; all organizations carrying on activity against Fascism are to be dissolved; imprisonment for fifteen years is to be the lot of any one who spreads abroad false or exaggerated news about conditions in Italy; the police are to be reorganized; all opposition daily or periodical publications are to be suppressed until further notice; the Fascist ranks are to be closely scanned for suspected members; and as a wonderful anti-climax, Mussolini has ordered that there shall be no more "ridiculous, shameful, or subversive names" bestowed on little Italians at the baptismal font.

These measures, according to Fascist leaders, have the unqualified approval of the vast majority of the Italian people, but even if they had not, who would know?

France Captures a Plotter

IN the meantime, this sixth attempt on Mussolini's life reminded his devoted adherents of previous accusations that France was harboring plotters against Fascism, and there followed attacks on French consulates and violent encounters between French and Italians in Nice and in Ventimiglia and other towns on the Riviera. But here the Fascist régime had not counted on the French police. They arrested Colonel Ricciotti Garibaldi, nephew of the Italian liberator and idol of the anti-Fascist emigrés in France. Hours of questioning brought the surprising confession that he was being paid by Federzoni, Minister of the Interior, for fomenting anti-Fascist plots in France and then denouncing the plotters to the Italian police. The immediate result was the resignation of Federzoni from the Cabinet. The apology that the French Government asked for attacks on the French consulate at Tripoli was duly given. No mention was made of the Garibaldi affair, but its effect on Italian propaganda against France will be felt.

From the human side, the affair is worth watching. It is possible that Colonel Garibaldi was going to double-cross the Fascisti. He has been confined to the grim *Prison de la Santé* in Paris.



Solved!

Russia After Nine Years

ON November 7 the Soviet Government marked the ninth anniversary of Lenin's seizure of power by emphasizing reconstruction in speeches and editorials. There was the usual parade of the Red Army in Red Square, but for the first time no extended holiday was observed and there was no brilliant display of revolutionary ardor. Larger production of wheat and cotton than were expected have quickened the economic life of the country, mill capacity is being increased, there is more money in circulation, and there has been a rise in wages and in the productions of manufactured goods. Politically the Government is sounder through its complete triumph over the opposition. What about its relations with other countries? Certain facts about its economic progress and political evolution are clear, but when we read of the Foreign Minister of Turkey inviting the Foreign Minister of Soviet Russia to Odessa, for a meeting whose purpose was not disclosed, we feel like the little girl in the "Golden Age" who spent her days wondering "what they talked about."

There are two factors in the situation that it is well to remember. Soviet Russia has been very successful with her policy of non-aggression pacts, already concluded with Germany, Lithuania, Turkey and Afghanistan; and Turkey, in her position at the crossroads of Europe and Asia, can choose to throw her lot with the Western Powers in the League of Nations or with Russia and the East. It must have been Turkey's party after all. In the meantime, over this diplomatic exchange, that genie—the Asiatic *bloc*—casts its exciting shadow. China is said to be in the *bloc*. By whom? By the international gossipers. They may have an eye for the future.

Self-Determination in China

WHEN we wrote last month we described Shanghai as fortifying itself against the oncoming Cantonese army. The Cantonese have not reached Shanghai as we go to press, and perhaps they will not. Nevertheless, for the moment the Cantonese control the larger part of Central and of Southern China. In three months this little army, under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek, has beaten the powerful Wu Pei-fu and captured the great industrial cities of Hankow and Wuchang. Chiang Kai-shek had a set-back, however, when Marshal Sun Chuan-fang recaptured Kiukiang. Marshal Sun controls Shanghai.

The provisional Government at Peking has presented the outside world with a problem in foreign relations. It refused to renew the expired commercial treaty with Belgium and also canceled the Belgian extraterritorial rights. The Peking Government may be a shadow government, but in taking this action it raises in a particularly poignant manner the whole question of the "unequal treaties." China is virtually a unit in resentment at these. It is possible that the matter will reach the World Court for decision, but the first move in this direction failed when China refused Belgium's request to submit it there.

Japan Turns the Other Cheek

JAPAN has returned good manners for bad by the imperial decree which made effective legislation granting to foreigners the right to own land in Japan outside of restricted areas of strategic importance. Before this, foreigners have only been able to lease. The order reserves to the Crown the right to exempt from these privileges the nationals of any country which denies to the Japanese the right to own land within its territories. But this provision has not been put into effect. In consequence Americans can have advantages in Japan that the Japanese can not have in the United States. Not that we present any special problem. There have never been many Americans permanently settled in Japan.

Philippines and Finances

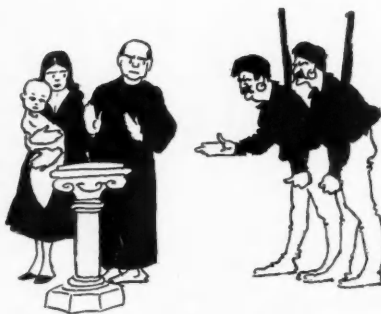
WE seem to be on our way around the world, and the next stop is the Philippines. There Governor General Wood has announced the abolishing of the Board of Control of corporations owned by the Philippine Government, in accordance with an opinion of the Attorney General of the United States that this board was an invasion of his executive powers. The members of this board were the Governor General, the President of the

Senate and the Speaker of the Legislature. It was created under legislation providing for the development of the economic resources of the country through companies in which the majority stock was to be owned by the Philippine Government. The voting of this stock rested with the Board of Control. The Governor's order came after the closing session of the Legislature which, according to the Attorney General's ruling, may create another board through which the Filipinos could be represented. The Filipino people have invested \$28,000,000 in the Government-owned companies, and Filipino leaders deeply resent what they charge is the jeopardizing of their interests. They charge that if Governor Wood had not been the minority member of the board, he would have disposed of the companies to big American interests, and believe that is what he now intends to do.

On behalf of the measure, it is said that the dissolving of the board will bring a needed separation between politics and business in the Philippines.

The "Wet" Referenda

THE result of the elections so far as they affect the political alignment in Congress are told in the Washington letter. But what conclusion is to be drawn from the vote on the wet referenda? They were held in eight states: New York and Illinois voted yes in favor of memorials to Congress to modify the Volstead Act to allow each state to define "intoxicating" in its own way. Wisconsin voted yes on a proposal to ask for 2.75 beer. As for the states whose state enforcement codes were at issue: Missouri, Colorado and California voted against repealing the dry



Baptism by Dictatorship

amendment to the state constitution. Montana, on the other hand, repealed its dry law, and the state now allows sale of liquor, possibly even to children, without penalty. Nevada wets carried their referendum asking for a constitutional convention to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, but Congress will not act on such a petition unless thirty-five other states make the same request.

Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the

W. C. T. U., has analyzed the probable effect on Congress. She says:

"Of the 435 members of the next House of Representatives, 296 are known to be dry, and therefore it is of little importance that four congressmen from New York and one from Illinois declare they will align themselves against the Volstead Act because of the referendum in their states. The modificationists will not have in the next Congress a sufficient number of votes to delegate to the states their own interpretation of intoxicating liquor."

Contributions to Science

SCIENCE has recently made several new contributions to the excitement of living which will have enormous influence on our conceptions of the world we are on and the worlds we see. The first of these is still only on paper. It is a design for a telescope that will bring the moon three times nearer human eyes than it has ever been before. Mr. F. G. Pease, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, has worked this out and now the question is raised of the \$12,000,000 necessary to translate it into metal and glass.

The Cathode Ray is the most spectacular of all recent scientific discoveries. It was developed by Dr. W. D. Coolidge of the General Electric Company. The instrument that frees this ray is costly and difficult to make, but once it is set up it has turned a gas into a solid and a solid into a gas. In fact, its possibilities are only just beginning to be found out.

We Are Inhospitable Again

NO doubt some people in the United States felt that the State Department made them the least little bit ridiculous when it refused a visa permitting Madame Kollantai, Soviet Russia's ambassador to Mexico, to pass through this country on her way to her post. In fact, some implied that they did. Mme. Kollantai is undoubtedly "actively associated with the International Communist subversive movement," and under the present immigration law Secretary Kellogg was entitled to exclude her. But many can not believe that their institutions would have been threatened in the course of this woman's journey from New York to the Mexican border.

DECEMBER 5 is Golden Rule Sunday again—with its special urge to carry on the splendid work Americans have done for Near East Relief. The Near East (149 Fifth Avenue, New York) asks us to share in the frugalities of the orphans' existence for one meal and give their charges the benefit of the difference.

November 22, 1926

Dangers in the Maternity Bill

As Seen by an Opponent of the Measure

By GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

THE Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill was enacted in 1921, for an experimental period of five years. The principal object of the act was to assist to lower infant mortality and maternity death rates in the United States, through the aid of a Federal Bureau, which should carry on proper research work and disseminate helpful knowledge on the subject to the citizens of the several states. As a temporary educational part of this program, the object being to encourage the states to take over and carry on such work within their own state boundaries, there was authorized an annual appropriation of \$240,000 to be equally apportioned among the forty-eight states, and an additional sum of \$1,000,000 annually, to be distributed at the rate of \$5,000 to each state, plus an amount proportional to its population. In order to obtain the latter funds, each state must appropriate an equal amount to be used for similar purposes.

The time limit is here, and an extension and further appropriation is asked. Passed by the House, 69th Congress, the Senate—and wisely in the opinion of that steadily increasing public that is opposed to any further extension of bureaucratic control and Federal aid—took no action during the session.

This Phipps-Parker (original Sheppard-Towner) bill concerns matters over which the American people never gave their Federal Government authority. It involves the same principle of nationalized, standardized care of children and Federal interference between parent and child which the American people so sweepingly have repudiated in defeating the Federal Child Labor amendment, on which the states now stand 36 to 4 for rejection. And it places in a Federal bureau not alone "authority to gather facts and statistics" relating to mothers and children, but the right to decide how these facts are to be used, and what part of them shall or shall not be given out, thus setting up the temptation with the opportunity to color the facts to favor the bureau's expansion as an agency, emphasize its own policies and perpetuate its existence; a temptation seldom if ever resisted in the history of bureaus past and present. Witness,

At the Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs,



Mrs. George Madden Martin

In accordance with its policy of presenting both sides of controversial questions, the CITIZEN is giving space to an opponent of the Sheppard-Towner Act, which the CITIZEN earnestly supports. Mrs. George Madden Martin, of Louisville, Kentucky, well-known creator of "Emmy Lou," has consistently opposed most of the measures sponsored by the large women's organizations—in each case in protest against "paternalism" and in defense of state's rights. Mrs. Martin represents a definite minority point of view which should be noted and met.

held at Atlantic City, May 24-June 6, 1926, there was displayed at a meeting under the Department of Legislation asking for the endorsement by the delegates of this Phipps-Parker Bill, a chart and tables claiming to show through figures given out by the Children's Bureau,

that in the United States the maternal-mortality rate is, "seriously high as compared with other countries."

Also, at this meeting at Atlantic City, a slogan originally given out by the Children's Bureau, was displayed as follows, "It is safer to be a mother in 17 foreign countries than in the United States."

Maternal-mortality in any ratio is to that degree too much. But the Children's Bureau, created as a "statistical agency," appears to have colored facts when it gave out these statistics. Accordingly faith is weakened in the integrity of this Federal Bureau, and in the ends sought by it through its activities in the forty-three out of the forty-eight states that availed themselves of the appropriations under the maternity act.

For, says Dr. John Howland, pediatrician in chief, John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, conceded authority in the medical and hygienic care of children:

"I am quite sure from considerable experience with statistics that there is no basis for the statement that the United States stands seventeenth in maternal death rate. Even civilized countries have not sufficiently accurate statistics to enable any one to make a definite statement such as this." House hearings, 1921, p. 270.

Also, the vital-statistics division of the United States Census Bureau, the only real statistical bureau we have on this subject, says in its latest report, Mortality Statistics 1923, p. 61:

"How do the death rates from puerperal causes per 1,000 live births in the birth registration area of the United States compare with the rates in foreign countries? Here again is a question of the greatest interest and importance which cannot be answered satisfactorily, both because of lack of data in this country and because there is no certainty that all deaths from these causes are classified in the same way in these various countries."

Yet, although, as we see, there is no basis in facts and statistics for the statement as set forth on chart and in slogan at Atlantic City, these statistics were offered as facts by the Children's Bureau, and by the Department of Legislation, General Federation of Women's Clubs, to the delegates at this convention, women who at cost in money, time and strength, had come here from over the country to be rightly informed about the legislation that they and their clubs were asked by the Federation board to endorse and support.

(Continued on page 42)

WHAT PRICE BABIES?

*A Busy Woman's Guess on Social Legislation
Written after reading Mrs. Martin's article against
the Sheppard-Towner Act, page 17*

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

THE trouble with statistics is that generally it takes an expert to determine exactly what they prove. To very enlightened people, perhaps, they may be of service, but as for me, I don't know enough about any subject in the encyclopaedia to approach a statistical report on it with any confidence. Besides, does anything in actual life ever work out as well or as badly as the reports on it seem to show?

I don't mean to say that statistics are all useless. Certainly not. Honestly compiled, based on broad enough facts, handled by some one with some general notions of the general situation, they offer a rough-and-ready approximation to the truth. But like all summaries, they never tell all the truth and they miss the fine shades. It is foolish to swallow them whole without consideration. I don't advocate blind prejudice in the face of facts. But I like the story they tell of Lord Morley's answer to his sabre-rattling, "white-man's-burden," jingo young under-Secretary. "It might be all so, of course. He (Lord Morley) wished to keep his mind open. But there were certain inherent probabilities based on accumulated experience. And it would take a great deal of evidence—a great deal—to convince him that Hindoos really liked to be kicked by Englishmen."

SO in this question of the Sheppard-Towner Act. I don't know the facts. I doubt if anyone knows the facts except the nurses and administrators who have been working under it. It is interesting that they seem to be heart and soul for the continuation of the work. The statistics they offer certainly come nearer being based on first-hand information than any brought forward by the opposition. But while I sympathize with these devoted field-workers (does anyone imagine theirs is an easy or overpaid job?) I can see that they might naturally be led on by enthusiasm to overstatement. Since I have not enough information to check their claims . . . and with all the other problems demanding our attention, how can

any busy woman's limited time and strength possibly check work covering many states? . . . I try to be very little



Dorothy Canfield Fisher and her son

influenced by them in forming opinions.

But that is no reason for accepting the statements (certainly much less founded on knowledge) of those who hope that the appropriation will not be continued. All I can do, all any busy, rather uninformed woman can do, is to put aside the conflicting columns of figures and fall back on Lord Morley's doctrine of inherent probabilities. Does it seem likely, casting my mind over the various communities in which I have lived, and remembering that while I have known, on the whole, conditions better than the average, still probably people and homes run near enough to a general average throughout the country to make my experience reasonably typical . . . does it seem likely that trained nurses brought close to ignorant mothers can probably do some good to mothers and babies? My experience tells me that they certainly can.

Anyone who has mixed with real people knows how much truly mediaeval ignorance and superstition still cling to

the subject of pregnancy and child-rearing even in automobile-riding, telephone-using American families. No one can doubt that bringing knowledge of prenatal care and infant hygiene to poorer mothers all over the country would prevent much suffering, would start a large per cent of the next generation with a better chance of health and hence of good citizenship than they have at present. Well, this is just what the Sheppard-Towner Act tried to do—has done in so far as the tiny appropriation could be made to reach. Then what possible objection can be made to its continuance?

It seems there are several main lines of objection.

One of them: that the work is already adequately done by various state and charity organizations, is hardly worth considering. It may be true in some states, probably is true in a few exceptional communities, but it simply isn't true of the country at large. Doesn't every single woman who reads this article know of some family where the mother and babies suffer needlessly through ignorance? You do if your acquaintance isn't limited to the members of your bridge club. The time may come when all the states may have adequate bureaus for promoting maternity hygiene. It is hoped that national assistance may stimulate local self-help. To some extent I believe it has. But the job is far from done. Let's use any agency available to carry on the work.

SECONDLY, certain critics feel exasperated at the request for an extension of appropriation. The bill was passed to run five years, they point out. Now that time is over and there is talk of extending it two years more. They feel tricked, they suspect that the friends of the bill knew all along that five years would not be long enough, and accepted that figure because it was the longest they could get, preferred the thin end of the wedge to no wedge at all, intending all the time to work for a longer period . . . or if not that, they were impractical visionaries who hoped to work miracles in an absurdly short time, and as such are not to be trusted. It occurs to me that a

simpler and perfectly satisfactory interpretation of their attitude is that they did not expect the work to be finished in five years, but hoped that time would be long enough to show whether or not the project promised enough to be worth continuing.

Let's Go Ahead

BUT even supposing the promoters were as crafty and as little straightforward as some people think they were . . . what of it? We are not considering prolonging the work as a personal reward to them, or abandoning it as a rebuke—that is a side issue. What really concerns any patriotic citizen is whether work still remains to be done, whether state organizations are generally so insufficient or so starved for funds that Federal aid would help. These are questions of fact difficult to prove, but I maintain again that from what evidence I have the probability is so very much in favor of the answer to both these questions being *yes* that I am for going ahead with the appropriation. Even if it takes ten years? *Even if it takes a century or more.* That wouldn't be so very long as the history of social improvement goes!

Thirdly—and this is the main objection to the Sheppard-Towner Act, or any other Federal-aid project—a number of sincere good citizens (as well as some of the less sincere who know a good talking-point when they see it) oppose what they call Federal interference with state's rights. They point out what is perfectly true, that the framers of the Constitution never dreamed of setting up a central government such as we know today—ininitely more powerful than any state, reaching far into the daily activities of every one of its citizens. They resent (those of them who are consistent) not only the work under the Sheppard-Towner Act, but all extension of Federal influence—Federal road-aid, Federal food-inspection, Federal farm-relief projects, national prohibition, rural free delivery, Federal income tax—every one of the countless growths of central power that have so changed the relations of states and central government in the scant hundred and forty years since Washington was inaugurated.

They feel strongly that this growth of power is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution even though by splitting hairs every step may be technically legal. They don't, I suppose, hope to bring back the grand old days of the Articles of Confederation, but at least, though beaten on point after point, they keep up the fight against their constant nightmare of a Louis XIV bureaucracy, a

Czar in the White House. Of late they have been much encouraged by the delay of the Child-Labor Amendment; they are in full cry against the Sheppard-Towner bill.

Historically, of course, this is sound enough. If they could see it now, the "Fathers" Jefferson, Adams, even John Marshall himself would certainly be astounded at the growth of the little baby government they helped to bring into the world. But . . . would they be appalled? Those Fathers were pre-eminently practical statesmen. They had consented calmly enough—nay, with enthusiasm—to the upsetting of the time-honored theory of government of their day. They had shown themselves alive to the truth that peoples develop, that government in order to live, must develop along with the trend of national life.

Perhaps one of the Fathers if he could study modern America would conclude that quickening transportation, shifting population, changing lines of trade, above all the creation of many states with no natural boundaries other than lines ruled arbitrarily on a map have done far more than Federal interference to break up the old exclusive state's-rights feeling; that communities facing each other across an imaginary boundary line may have more in common with one another than either have with their fellow-states-citizens hundreds of miles away; that since the Civil War the people of the country (all but a negligible few) have felt their primary—their only

"I have no patience with those who ask: 'But have the results accomplished been enough to justify the expense?' 'Enough' to justify an appropriation of a million and a quarter by the richest government in the world? Has it done enough? What is the cash equivalent for a lacerated mother, for a blind baby? If it has done anything, if after years it might hope to do anything to lighten the burden of those mothers and babies, would any price be too much?"

vital—allegiance is owed to the United States, rather than to any subdivision.

To me at least that is how the century-long struggle between state and national government seems to have worked out. I am not sure that it is the best possible solution, but I am pretty sure it is the actual situation. I doubt very much whether, even were it possible, it would be worth while to swing back to the old sectional state's-rights

point of view. That point of view still prevails with regard to divorce laws, and few citizens feel at all proud of the results.

The Straw Man

OF course I am not in favor of absolute centralization . . . the autocratic bureaucracy where a minister pushes a button in Washington and the time-clocks start ticking in every village of this country. But isn't that central tyrant rather a man of straw? He didn't develop under the first five years of the Sheppard-Towner Act. Indeed the central administration exercised only the most general supervision and left details (quite properly) to the states and to local field-workers, with such advice and help from the Children's Bureau as they wanted—maybe consultation between one of the three . . . only three, mind you . . . nurses on the Children's Bureau staff and the nurses in some state, on methods of meeting their own problems; maybe a Children's Bureau physician (and there are only three of *them*, too) conducting a demonstration here or there in midwife education. You can't get much bureaucracy out of that, especially when you remember that each state can say yes or no to the Government's offer of help, just as it pleases. The whole point of the work under the Sheppard-Towner Act has been to promote local control through a happy combination of Federal and state stimulation, and it's hard to see where either czars or Bolshevik tyrannies could get a foothold.

Is there any other objection? Oh, yes, the old watchword "economy." I believe in economy, but there are other lines of activity on which I should prefer to employ it. Surely the destructive and repressive branches of our administration (army, navy, justice, immigration . . . all the other bureaus whose main concern is to prevent dangers that may never happen to us) are given pretty large sums to spend on experiments—not so large as they would like, to be sure, but many times what is asked to help cure this well-known and present danger to babies and mothers. Our social machinery doesn't run so well that we can't afford an appropriation to see if it can't be made to run a little better.

I have no patience with those who ask: "But have the results accomplished been enough to justify the expense?" What do they mean by "enough"? What shall we answer them, we women who have borne our children with every solace, every safeguard money and science could give us? Has the Sheppard-Towner Act brought

(Continued on page 44)

Medical Men and the Maternity Act

By a Practicing Physician Who Approves

ROBERT L. DE NORMANDIE

WHEN one reads the Sheppard-Towner Act the question comes to mind, is there any real reason for such a law? My answer is this: the medical profession did not in any way appreciate the number of deaths from causes connected with childbirth that were occurring in the United States until after the Children's Bureau published a paper by Dr. Meigs in 1917 on maternal mortality.

In that paper Dr. Meigs stated that childbirth caused more deaths among women fifteen to forty-four years old than any disease except tuberculosis. She estimated that in 1913 at least 15,000 women died from conditions caused by childbirth; that about 7,000 of these died from childbed fever, a disease proved to be almost entirely preventable, and the remaining 8,000 from diseases known to be to a great extent preventable or curable.

This paper of Dr. Meigs's caused a tremendous amount of talk, and many physicians and many lay organizations were much stirred. It was one of the early reports that the Children's Bureau published, and it unquestionably did much to start an improvement in obstetrical work.

As the Children's Bureau carried on the study of maternal mortality and certain other allied conditions, and published its reports, it became more and more clear that something must be done to safeguard our women in childbirth. From these early studies the Sheppard-Towner bill was evolved.

IT is fair to say that it was not the medical profession that sponsored it. The great need for improvement was seen by the Children's Bureau, and the bill was fostered by many women's organizations. Relatively few of the physicians had at the time that the act was passed, or have even now, the slightest idea what the act is about. They at once jumped to the conclusion that it savors of the nationalization of medicine, of state medicine, of paternalism, Bolshevism, and everything that is bad—without taking the trouble to find out the facts. When one realizes that probably at least fifty per cent of the women who die in childbirth die from prevent-



A mountain boy, who told the child hygiene worker, "I'm just as important as baby!"

Among the opponents of the Sheppard-Towner Act are certain physicians, ridden by a fear of "state medicine." Others, including some of the most prominent medical men of the country, have given the act hearty support. We asked one of this group—Dr. De Normandie, Instructor in Obstetrics at Harvard Medical School—for his opinion and observations.

able causes, is it not incumbent upon the medical profession to be informed, and to see that these deaths are prevented?

I am perfectly willing to admit that there is room for argument on the question whether the Federal government should do this work or whether the states should do it; but the answer is this—up to the present time the states have not done it.

It is as President Coolidge a short time ago said, in his Williamsburg address: "The Federal government ought to resist the tendency to be loaded up with duties which the states should perform. It does not follow that because something ought to be done the national government ought to do it. But, on the other hand, where the great body of public opinion of the nation requires action, the states ought to understand that unless they are responsive to such sentiment the national authority will be compelled to intervene."

IT would have been better, I admit, for the states to have done this work thoroughly and conscientiously on their own initiative, but because they have failed so signally I am glad to see the Federal government give aid in this situation, which is anything but a credit to the medical profession.

The law is perfectly simple and easily understood. It is based on the established method of Federal aid to the states in conditions affecting public welfare. There have been nine Federal aid acts that have embodied this principle. There has been no such objection to the other eight laws as there has been to the Sheppard-Towner Act. As far as I remember, the Chamberlain-Kahn Act for the suppression of venereal disease was accepted by the medical profession without protest. But when it came to the passage of the Sheppard-Towner Act we were told by the American Medical Association that it was a socialistic piece of legislation, and that we as physicians and citizens must object. As far as I can find out, in the last two or three years the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association has taken no action on the Sheppard-Towner Act, but now and again it has had editorials against it.

There are two paragraphs in the law of which I wish to speak especially. The first provides that a Board of Maternal and Infant Hygiene shall be established, which shall consist of the Chief of the Children's Bureau, the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service and the United States Commissioner of Education. The second is the paragraph which says that any state desiring to receive the benefits of the act shall submit to the Children's Bureau detailed plans for the carrying out of this act within the state. These plans shall be subject to the approval of the Maternity Board. This paragraph further states that if the plans shall be in conformity with the provisions of the act and reasonably appropriate and adequate to carry out its purposes, they shall be approved by the Board.

This to me is one of the fundamental points in the administration of the act. It is perfectly reasonable that the Federal government must have some oversight of the plans which the states make for the expenditure of the money that is allotted to them. The law is broad in that it states that if the plans are "reasonably appropriate and adequate" they shall be approved. In this way the states' own special problems are met and are carried out by the states' officials.

As far as I have been able to learn, there has been no refusal by the Board of the plans submitted by the states. Undoubtedly there have been certain details that have been objected to, but fundamentally the plans have been accepted by the Federal government, and they are now being carried out within the states by the state officials. That there has been no interference by the Federal government is shown by the wide divergence of schemes which the states have put forth. In one state the problem is the midwife. In another it is the lack of proper milk supply. In a third, prenatal conditions are unsatisfactory. In another, surveys are necessary to find out exactly what the conditions are. And so it goes, each state putting up to the Federal government frankly what its problems are, the Federal government accepting and understanding the situation and letting the states do the work with the money allotted to



Mothers, with their children, gather in some places to consult the maternity nurse before she can park or leave her car



Mammy Lou—the old-fashioned type of midwife whose job was "ketchin' babies"

them under the provisions of the act.

The Sheppard-Towner Act is an educational act. It must be remembered that the Maternity Board has on it the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service, and the plans have his criticism before they are put into effect. Further than this, it is well to remember that the Children's Bureau has a division that is well equipped with physicians, and the various plans probably are first passed upon by this division of physicians. Other pieces of work are carried out by groups of pediatricians and obstetricians, so that it is fair to assume that any work that is put out by the Children's Bureau under the Sheppard-Towner Act has the approval of groups of well-trained physicians who are interested in the welfare of mothers and children.

An example of the work of the pediatric advisory board is seen in the publication of "Standards for Physicians Conducting Conferences in Child Health Centers," and of "Infant Care." The obstetrical advisory committee which has recently been formed has published "Standards of Prenatal Care," a pamphlet which is to be sent to physicians throughout the country and which is being given to the graduating classes in many of the medical schools.

Any educational work is slow in accomplishing its purpose. Therefore it is difficult to see the results that the Sheppard-Towner Act has brought about. As I go about I note on all sides a better atmosphere for obstetrical work. A few years ago the obstetrical beds available in the hospitals were very few. At the present time the number of beds is increasing. The equipment, which was most inadequate, is becoming first class. The work that the physicians are doing is more careful.

Can it be said that this change is due to the Sheppard-Towner Act? Yes, for it has caused throughout the country a great deal of talk, and this talk has stimulated the various communities to improve their obstetrical situation. The public at large is being taught what good obstetrics is. It is being



A group of modern midwives in New Mexico, where they were trained in up-to-date sanitary methods advocated by Sheppard-Towner workers

taught that it must have medical supervision if good results are to be obtained. This is largely due to the educational work that the Sheppard-Towner Act has brought about. The Children's Bureau has been very slow to claim any marked improvement as the result of this act, but it is to me a fact that the obstetric situation is steadily improving and a great deal of it, I am confident, is due to the increased knowledge of what a pregnant woman has a right to expect and demand from her physician.

If the medical profession had accepted the act in the spirit in which it was put forth, greater evidence of good would be present today. Many in the medical profession have fought this law because it has a tendency to show wherein the weaknesses of our profession lie.

Reading the reports of the administration of the act from year to year, one sees its increasing efficiency. The development of maternity centers throughout the country, child health conferences, consultants in obstetrics and pediatrics, lectures in obstetrics and pediatrics, community health demonstrations in rural communities, to say nothing of the large number of prenatal letters sent out by the departments of



"My child wears clothes like white child to kick much," remarks this Indian mother, proud of the modern hygiene methods taught her by workers from the Children's Bureau

health, are some of the helpful activities that have come from the Sheppard-Towner Act. It is much too soon to see any marked drop in maternal mortality as the result of the act. But I am confident that at least in New England there is a real awakening for better obstetrics. More conscientious and thoughtful work is being done. The women in this part of the country are being educated in what they should demand of

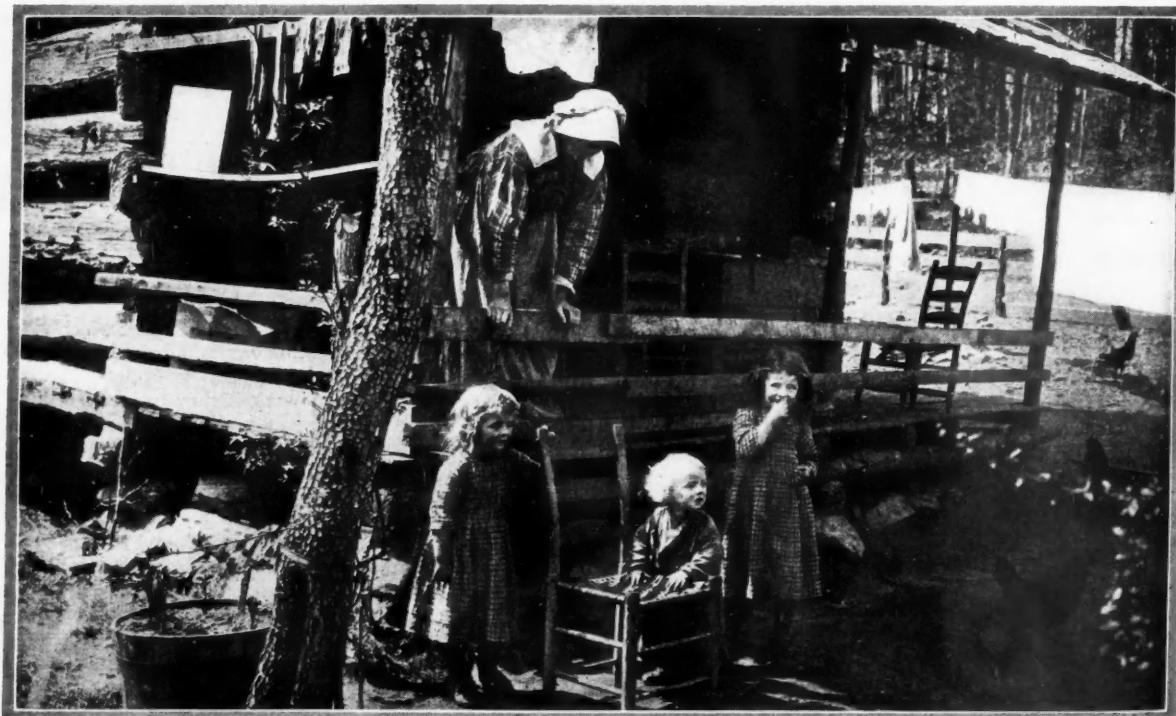
their physicians and they are demanding much more than ever before. This is surely the result of the educational work that is going on.

No spectacular results are claimed; but it is all tending for the good of the country. If this work is allowed to continue a few years more, the Federal government will unquestionably have proved the worth of the money expended.

Massachusetts, although it has not accepted the Sheppard-Towner Act, has seen the necessity of appropriating money for its Child Hygiene Division of the State Department of Health. As a result, the year after the Sheppard-Towner Act went into effect \$45,000 was appropriated, while before the department had had no money for that specific purpose. It makes no difference where the money comes from

if the work is done satisfactorily and thoroughly, is well supervised and well co-ordinated, so that the terrible loss of life that is now taking place among child-bearing women is stopped or at least brought down to the minimum.

(The CITIZEN hopes that the Sheppard-Towner Act will be renewed before another issue appears. In any case later issues will include further discussion and stories of significant work).



A typical Southern mountain cabin where the Sheppard-Towner workers found that ignorance and superstition prevailed in everything relating to mothers and babies



The Capitol dressed for a gala evening

© U. & U.

Your Business in Washington

*While Waiting for Congress to Open, the Capital
Discusses Tax Revision, Election
Results, "Revelry" and Mexico*

By CATHERINE L. HACKETT

November 19, 1926.

THE accumulated dust of five months has been removed from the desks of senators and Congressmen. In a few days there will be under way that phenomenon known as the lame duck Congress, with those who fell from public favor in the elections still grinding out legislation affecting the voters who have repudiated their policies. During the year which will elapse before the new members of Congress take their seats, the issues upon which they made their campaigns may fade into insignificance, or local crises which put them into office may become as uninteresting as last year's newspapers.

This is one of the peculiarities of the American adaptation of parliamentary Government. Sooner or later it will come up for legislative remedy—but not during a session when Democrats and Republicans are shrewdly angling for

the political support of the American taxpayer, the farmer and the business interests. A crumb cast on the waters in the crowded three-months' session about to open may come back as a baker's loaf in the 1928 elections. This is what we call "a long view of legislation." The harmony which prevailed between the parties in tax legislation and other matters last session has become a pleasant memory in the dreams of the President and his Cabinet. The laws which come out of the closing session of the 69th Congress will have a bedraggled and misshapen appearance as of something long fought over. They may be quite useful and desirable laws; but you won't in most cases be able to trace their parentage.

The immediate projects demanding Congressional action are:

The radio bill, left in conference last July, in which House and Senate must decide whether radio is to be controlled

by the Secretary of Commerce, as approved by the House, or by an independent commission, as desired by the Senate.

The Lausanne Treaty re-establishing normal relations with Turkey, an Administration measure which was denounced in the last Democratic platform and will be attacked by a number of Democrats. It will be taken up by the Senate in December.

Ratification of the anti-gas treaty under the Geneva protocol, another Administration measure which has nevertheless been opposed by the head of the Chemical Warfare Service, Major General Amos A. Fries.

Extension of the so-called Sheppard-Towner Act, now the Phipps-Parker bill, to provide Federal aid for the states in promoting the welfare of maternity and infancy.

Final disposition of the Muscle Shoals property, bids for which are already in

the hands of the Senate, and which will lead logically to the subject of—

Farm relief, for which no definite place has been assigned on the calendar, but about which Congressional leaders agree "something must be done" with the desperation of a house-owner with the mortgage about to be foreclosed. Both Democrats and Republicans are eager to help agriculture back to a paying basis as compared with other national industries. Whether the liberals, led by Senators Norris, Brookhart and Shipstead, can compromise with the conservatives, headed by Administration leaders, long enough to pass some sort of bill to solve the problem of the export surplus is an open question. The La Follette Progressives have threatened to filibuster on the appropriation bills and other administration measures until farm relief is acted upon, and if necessary to force a special session of Congress by holding up action on the supply bills. And if the extra session could be kept going until September, what an excellent opportunity it would afford for political oratory, with all faces turned toward the national conventions of 1928!

Taxation to the Fore

THE announcement by the White House spokesman that the Administration wished to return the expected surplus of \$300,000,000 which will be on hand at the end of the present fiscal year to the taxpayers has aroused curiously little enthusiasm in Washington. The prediction now is that the President's effort to forestall Democratic attempts for revision of the entire tax law will come to nothing. The Democrats are not strong enough to force their tax revision program, and none of the President's most trusted financial advisers are enthusiastic about the plan for a "stop-gap" tax refund, or credit, as the Administration prefers to call it. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, up to the time of the White House pronouncement, had insisted that the surplus should be applied to reducing the public debt. This view is also held by Senator Smoot, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Chairman Green of the House Ways and Means Committee, which has charge of tax legislation. The Presidential eyebrows were raised inquiringly over the dissension which has been stirred up by the plan, and over the implications of his own party leaders that the plan is unwise both from the viewpoint of political expediency and of national prosperity. Five or six men who have annual incomes of five million dollars or over would get a large enough rebate to take their families to Europe, but to the majority of taxpayers in the lower brackets the rebate would be about ninety cents and would prob-

ably not cause a glow of gratitude to the Administration, it was pointed out.

The Political Line-up

THE November elections failed to bear out Democratic predictions of control of both houses in the next Congress, but leave the Senate Republicans apprehensive over the potential power in the hands of the small group of eight members variously styled "insurgents," progressives, or the "farm bloc." For the small and dwindling band of stalwarts who once formed the Sanhedrin of the Republican party, and who regarded party loyalty as the first requisite of a good senator, the admission of Farmer-Laborers and Independent Republicans in increasing numbers is ominous.

The Congress which convenes in December, 1927, will be lined up as follows:

Senate—48 Republicans, 47 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Labor.

House—237 Republicans, 195 Democrats, 2 Farmer-Labor, 1 Socialist.

It looks like Republican control, written out like that. But the count in the Senate is made on the supposition that the party will win in the special Maine election November 29, when a successor to the late Senator Fernald will be chosen. Then there are those bothersome progressives, who are just as likely to flop over at a crucial moment and vote with the Democrats across the aisle.

A third qualifying factor is the ticklish situation which will confront the Senate when Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania and Frank Smith of Illinois present themselves as the duly elected representatives of their states. Already this subject is pushing legislative projects to the background in the discussions of assembling Senators who disapprove of the expenditure of huge sums in the state primaries which nominated these two men. Senator Borah is whetting his knife to prevent their being seated. In a lengthy document on senatorial control of the primaries, he argued that the power of Congress to pass on methods used in the elections applies equally to the primaries, and questioned the argument that "state's rights" would be invaded if Senators-elect Vare and Smith are not seated.

The House of Representatives will have a more workable majority, even though ten of those listed as Republicans are from Wisconsin and followers of La Follette—which means opponents of the Powers that Be.

The gain of seven Senate seats by the Democrats is less of a calamity to the Administration than the passing from the Congressional scene of such faithful supporters as Senators Butler of Massachusetts and Wadsworth of New York. Mr. Coolidge's appeal to the Massachu-

setts voters for the return of Senator Butler, said to have been urged upon him by his closest political advisers, made it possible to interpret the Butler defeat as a direct repudiation of Presidential policies, although here, as in every other state, prohibition and local issues played a part as important as national policies. The President early last summer announced his determination to keep entirely out of the pre-election campaigns, hewing to the Executive line and letting the political chips fall where they might. If left to himself, Mr. Coolidge keeps a cool head and a closed mouth in tight places, and in White House circles there is a feeling of resentment against those who advised an opposite course.

When Senator Lynn J. Frazier was shoved unceremoniously out of the Republican party with three other La Follette supporters in 1924, he probably never expected to see the day when Senator Curtis, Republican floor leader, would meet him in a Senate office building corridor and ask sunnily, "Well, Lynn, and how are you?"

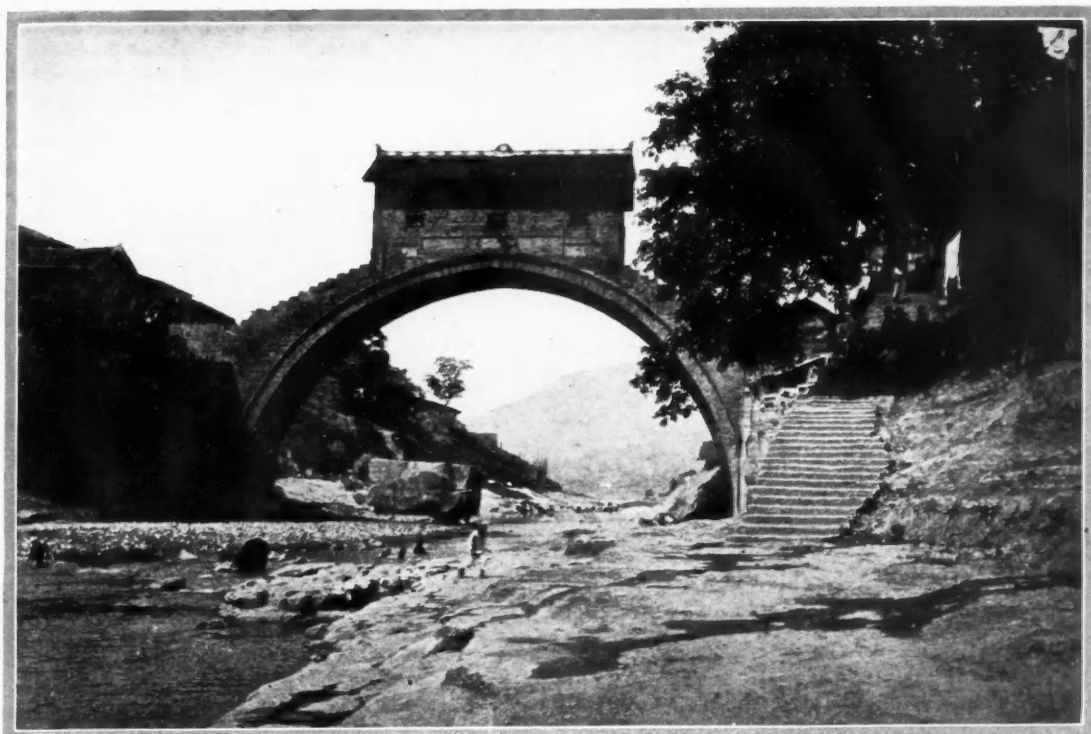
An eyewitness to this recent incident reported that Senator Frazier, a slow-moving, deliberate man from the great open spaces of North Dakota, looked slightly dazed, like a freshman being rushed for a college fraternity. When Senator Curtis followed up his warm greeting by the announcement that he wanted to drop into his office soon for a chat, there was only one conclusion to be drawn. The erstwhile black sheep of the G. O. P., the only one remaining of the four who were read out of the party, was being welcomed back into the fold. Senator Borah then let it be known that he favored Senator Frazier's readmission to the G. O. P. caucus, which signifies regular party membership with all dues paid—for the Republicans will need Senator Frazier's vote when it meets to organize the Senate in 1927. By voting with the Democrats he could cause a tie that would throw the deciding vote to Vice-President Dawes.

Another independent whose vote will be sought by both parties is Senator Henrik Shipstead, the Farmer-Labor member from Minnesota. Senator Moses, pillar of the Republicans, admitted that in the next Senate Senator Shipstead will be the most powerful member, by his power, to cast his vote with either party.

"I have not," announced Senator Shipstead officially, "made up my mind as to what my course will be as 'balance of power' senator. I will have to hold a caucus with myself to decide."

A Washington Novel

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS' new book "Revelry" is a theme of much discussion at dinner tables.
(Continued on page 49)



Twelve hundred miles up the Yangtze, Helen Johns Kirtland photographed this ancient stone bridge

Over the World and Back

Women Explorers, Writers and Scientists Whose Work Carries Them to Far Places

By BLAIR NILES

Secretary of the Society of Woman Geographers

HERE is an element of adventure in being Secretary of the Society of Woman Geographers. Set down on paper, the title sounds sufficiently dry. It suggests files of correspondence and investigations. Yet the ends of the earth are in those files. And the letters which come to the Secretary are a stamp collection in themselves. The day's mail may contain a letter from Gertrude Emerson written in Beirut, half an hour before leaving for Baghdad on her way over land to India; and perhaps there is a letter from Elinor Mordaunt, telling of a journey which is to begin where tourists leave off—her swift sentences putting on the page The Torres Straits, Thursday Island, and sails full of the warm wind of southern seas. Other closely written pages outline the special interests of various members; dealing now with the flute music of the Himalayas; now with the home life of African pigmies; now with the philosophy of Tibetan Buddhists.

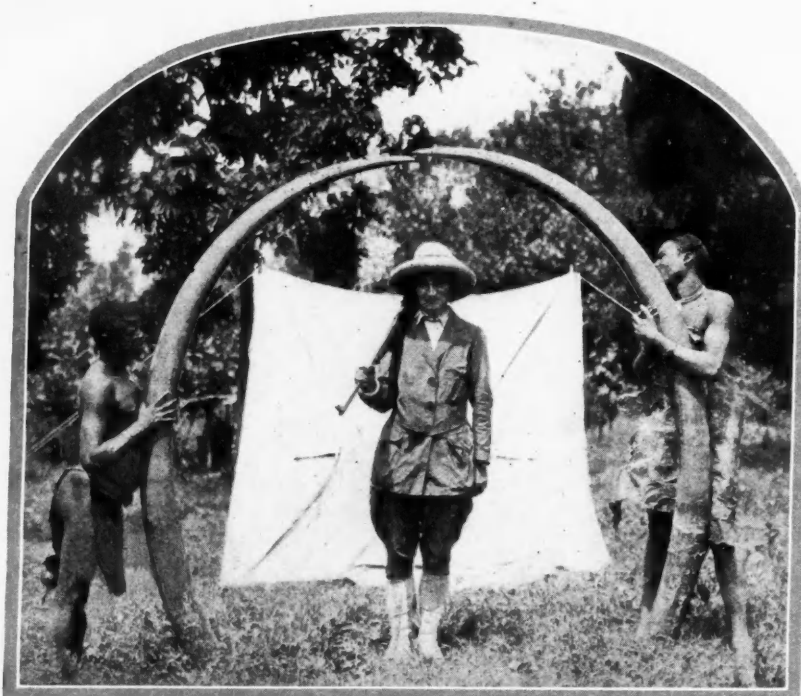


Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., big game hunter with her first South American jaguar

But whether the postmarks be of India, Turkey or Africa, the writers are concerned always with work pushed beyond physical or intellectual frontiers, and staged against fantastic backgrounds of native caravans, of little tramp schooners which never before carried a woman, or of gorillas in the forests of the "Heart of Darkness."

Often the silence which follows the letters of an explorer is as eloquent as are the letters themselves. For memory supplies the Secretary with the towering snows of Kinchinjunga and the lofty trail where, above the tree-line, some lonely Pan flutes his tribute to the majestic beauty of the Hills. Another postmark for her the mystery of a jungle river, far from mail communication.

Sometimes the letters acknowledge the election of new members. And these women who are doing big things write so simply of their achievements that to round out the picture it is neces-



Courtesy D. Appleton & Co.

Mary Hastings Bradley with some of the trophies of her recent trip to Africa, where she followed the trail of the mountain gorilla and helped to explore hitherto unknown country

sary to consult the files which list the facts of their careers. For example, in a letter just received from Brazil, Emilia Snethlage thus modestly catalogues herself:

"I beg you to accept my thanks for the honor done me in electing me a member of the Society of Woman Geographers, to whose work I wish the happiest progress.

"The notes which you ask about my work are the following:—"Zoologist. Formerly on the staff of the Museu Goeldi Pará. Since 1922 on the staff of the Museu Nacional, Rio de Janeiro. Travels in the interior of Brazil, especially on the lower Amazon and its affluents and in the country between."

Yet this woman who writes herself down so simply is ranked by Roy Nash in his important book on "The Conquest of Brazil" as a scientific explorer worthy in every way to stand beside Rondon and Roosevelt. In her exploration of the Jamauchin River, he writes that she was accompanied only by naked Indians, and that in permanent testimony to the hardships of the Brazilian wilderness she is minus a finger as the result of an attack by one of the ferocious little Carib fishes of South American waters. But Mme. Snethlage is more interested in

her science than in her adventures.

To make women like this known to all women is one of the visions of the Society of Woman Geographers; for whatever form a woman's activities may take, she cannot fail to be stimulated by the achievements of others, no matter how divergent are their interests.

With the passing months the Society's files are assembling an amazing record. In the last week two distinguished Britishers have been added to the mem-

bership: Miss Pullen-Burry, who was largely instrumental in opening to women the doors of the Royal Geographic Society; and Miss Ella Sykes, who has lectured before many of England's learned societies, and who was for years Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, with to her credit the authorship of half a dozen books, the silver medal of the Royal Society of Arts, and the exploit of having been the first of her countrywomen to ride from the Caspian through Persia to India, and to cross some of the dangerous passes in the Russian Pamirs.

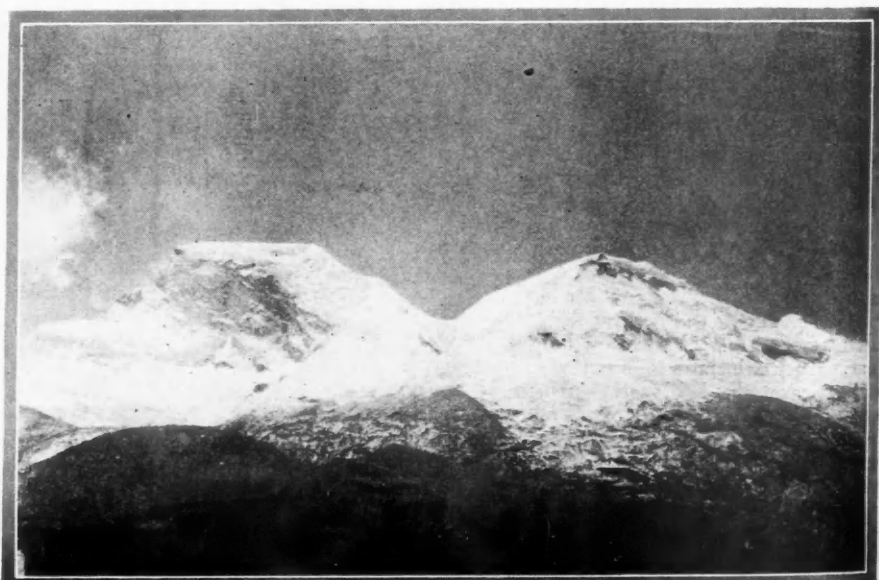
Before there was in existence such an organization as the Woman Geographers there was little contact between women of this sort. Now, the Secretary reports that each morning is charged with expectancy. Any day there may be news from the field; and any day the telephone may announce a member just arrived from anywhere.

One such call came some months ago from Dorothy Popenoe, on her way from Honduras to represent Ecuador at the International Plant Congress.

It was midsummer, but seven women geographers were hastily gathered for luncheon. Some of them had never met before, and had there been no Society to bind them together they might have continued to know only vaguely of each other's work. But thus brought together, their friendship was instant. Without personal preliminaries and hesitations, the talk sparkled round the table; for these women spoke the same language.

What would they eat?

Oh, it didn't matter . . . Salad and an ice. They were interested only in the interchange of opinions, experiences and advice. When the meal was over they would scatter to the four winds.



In September, 1908, Annie S. Peck and two Swiss guides reached the top of this, Mt. Huascaran, whose summit was the highest point on this hemisphere attained by any American until 1924

One was about to leave for Cambodia; another for India; a third would soon be going to the Belgian Congo; a fourth to Morocco; Mrs. Popenoe would be returning to Honduras, and the Secretary was laying her plans again for South America.

Thus, the talk circled the planet. Letters of introduction were offered. Advice was sought and given about transportation in Persia. Equipment in general was discussed; with differing opinion as to whether the usefulness of silk in discouraging vermin compensated for its lack of durability in the tropics. There was a valuable exchange of accurate information about climatic conditions in various little-known regions. And finally there was the stimulus of comparing plans and ambitions.

Suddenly into the Secretary's mind flashed the picture of the beginning of the Society which was responsible for the meeting of these seven women at lunch:

Over the tea-cups two women, whom destiny had sent roaming the outposts of the earth, had swapped difficulties and enthusiasms. And among the difficulties they had concluded one of the greatest to be the isolation of women of the exploring species.

"Look up a man explorer," they said, "and you'll find that he belongs to the Boone and Crockett Club, the Camp-Fire Club of America, the Adventurers' Club, the Explorers' Club, the Wilderness Club, the Ends-of-the-Earth Club . . . But a woman whose interests are similar—except for certain scientific societies which admit her—she is going it alone."

This meant that the exploring woman—using the word exploring comprehensively to cover geographical work in all

its branches—had never had back of her the group-strength of the sort of organization which combines good fellowship with a sublimated kind of trade-unionism.

And the two women at tea had agreed that this lack of group comradeship was a definite handicap.

"I've often thought," said one of them (who was Marguerite Harrison)—"I've often thought that women ought to have such a club of their own."

Thereupon the other woman (who

was Blair Niles) exclaimed, "Let's found one!"

The idea had seemed suddenly to fill the room; stepping forth from the shadows of the early winter dusk as though it had been waiting, and was surprised not to have been summoned long ago. For exploring was no new thing to women: There were those who, in the days of the conquest of the Americas, played their part in the founding of cities and countries. And later there were the Ida Pfeiffers and the Isabella

Birds who explored in search of knowledge and adventure, rather than merely following men who sought gold and power. But in those days feminine investigators and adventurers had been spaced so far apart in time that anything like an organization would have been absurd.

The Secretary recollected how the two over the tea-cups had reasoned that the increased numbers of women working along geographical lines at last made such a Society possible; how they had persuaded Gertrude Emerson (of *Asia Magazine*) and Gertrude Shelby (whose specialty is economic geography) to meet with them for discussion and how on big yellow pads they had set down a tentative plan and listed the outstanding women whose cooperation would be essential.

To the accompaniment of the
(Continued on page 43)



Courtesy Harper & Bros.
Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, author and artist, is also noted as a big game hunter. She is shown here mounted and ready to start on a tiger shoot in the Siwoke Forest, India



"Mother Gunga," as the Hindus call the Ganges, was photographed by Helen Johns Kirtland at the sacred hour of sunrise when pilgrims come to the bathing ghats to offer prayers to Siva or Vishnu

Editorially Speaking

Renew the Sheppard-Towner Act!

THE WOMAN CITIZEN is strongly in favor of the extension of the Infancy and Maternity Act which comes before Congress this month and it is glad to give its readers a full account of the measure and the reasons for its extension, while at the same time, in accordance with its policy, it prints an authoritative statement of the opposition.

Seldom has a measure had the support of such hosts of women as this act. However one may quibble over the exact figures, as Mrs. Martin does (page 17), the United States has an undeniably poor record in the unnecessary suffering and death of women in childbirth and sacrifice of baby life.

It is a situation that calls for a remedy. In taking the position that it is not a measure that concerns the Federal Government, and in assailing the entire work of the Children's Bureau, Mrs. Martin will not find much sympathy from women—the splendid record of the Bureau under Julia Lathrop and Grace Abbott is too well known. Mrs. Martin's fear of "nationalized and standardized care of children" and of "Federal interference between parents and children" is hard to understand in view of the fact that the aid offered is not compulsory on state or family. Her main argument rests on state's rights.

In this day of co-operation, of great corporations overflowing state boundaries, of interstate movements of all kinds, why should one deny the benefit of combined action to this one measure? Could anything be more natural and helpful than that the states should co-operate in a Federal bureau in this work for child welfare? One of our great sources of strength in these United States lies in the co-operation of the states. For each individual state to shut itself up with its own work would be to refuse to take advantage of modern progress.

There is no centralization in the work itself. Under the act each state is free to make its own appropriations and plan its own work. Mrs. Martin's further bugaboo of bureaucracy may be answered by the figures: only ten persons employed to administer the act at a total administration cost of about \$50,000 a year.

All the states except five—all the Southern states, observe—have availed themselves of the co-operation of the Federal bureau. Naturally the richer states can get along without the Federal Government, but to the smaller, weaker ones the act has proved an invaluable stimulus and aid. It has taken some of them several years to take advantage of the measure—as shown by the map on the page opposite. Many legislatures meet only once or twice a year. Appropriations have to be planned in advance. The work is hardly begun in some states. It is chiefly for this reason that an extension of time is sought—and soon, so that the January legislatures can act.

Finally, if the argument against Federal aid is going to be used, let's begin 'way back. Federal aid is a time-honored principle which has been applied to road-

making, to producing better cotton and corn, cattle and pigs, and in endless ways to fostering experiments and encouraging study in agriculture and manufacturing. Mrs. Martin does suggest that the whole system of Federal aid is unsound, but there is no drive on these other forms of it as on Federal aid to human beings. If we are going to revolutionize our government and do away with Federal aid, let us *begin* with some of the big things such as the appropriation for the agricultural department, which costs the Government hundreds of millions of dollars. Let us not begin by cutting out the pitifully small appropriation of a million dollars to save the lives of mothers and babies.

* * *

A Short Ballot Would Help

ALL the effort in the world to get out the vote will be of little use until the ballot is considerably shortened. Most voters who entered the polls, November 2, were confronted with a ballot calling for the choice of a number of names they had never heard of before, to fill offices about which they knew nothing. No wonder men are used to voting a straight ticket. It is by far the easiest way.

The presidential election is the only one in which the ballot is short—president, vice-president, congressman, sometimes senator. Every voter here is able to make an intelligent choice. How different are the state elections. In the past election, even in New York State, which has cut down considerably the number of elective offices, there were more than a dozen places on the ticket to be filled. Ohio had twenty-one, and Chicago had forty offices with one hundred and fifty-six different names on the ballot.

Cut down the number of elective offices leaving only the heads of government, those who are in the limelight, so voters can know about them and hold them responsible. Then it won't be necessary to urge men and women to vote.

* * *

How About the World Court?

FOR two weeks last fall representatives of the forty-eight World Court nations tried to work out a way in which the United States might become the forty-ninth. We had consented to join, to be sure, but only on our own terms. The forty-eight really wanted us, though, so they deliberated with friendly earnestness, determined to make every concession consistent with their own self-respect and the Court's effective functioning. They were ready to grant almost everything we asked, with one slight exception: they courteously assumed that in demanding that no advisory opinion should be asked or given without our consent, we didn't really *mean* to ask

special position, but only equality with the other nations. So they suggested "such further exchange of views as the Government of the United States may think useful."

Word of their decision has not yet come to us formally. Our reservations had been sent to each nation separately, and each nation is expected to reply for itself, even though the conference provided the real answer. Meantime our answer—will we accept the one little reservation on our reservations or not?—also remains ungiven. But a few days ago President Coolidge, head of a party committed to the World Court, himself a Court advocate, practically said that there it was—the other nations could take it or leave it, and he didn't intend to ask the Senate to modify its position.

What does it mean?—that the President never greatly cared about the Court, or that a shift in public opinion has cooled off such interest as the party leaders had in the idea? Evidently the official interpretation is to be that the other nations shut us out. The truth is, the door is being shut from our side. Friends of the Court must make it clear that they know and that they want acceptance *now*.

* * *

Should Wives Have Wages?

WHAT claim for wages has a woman who does all the cooking and washing and scrubbing of a household when the head of the house happens to be her husband? None! So the legal department of Minnesota has decided. Unmarried she is worth \$50 or \$60 a month in cash wages besides her board and room, but married she has no right to any money;

only "to be supported in a manner suitable to their station in life"—and the husband is the judge of what that is.

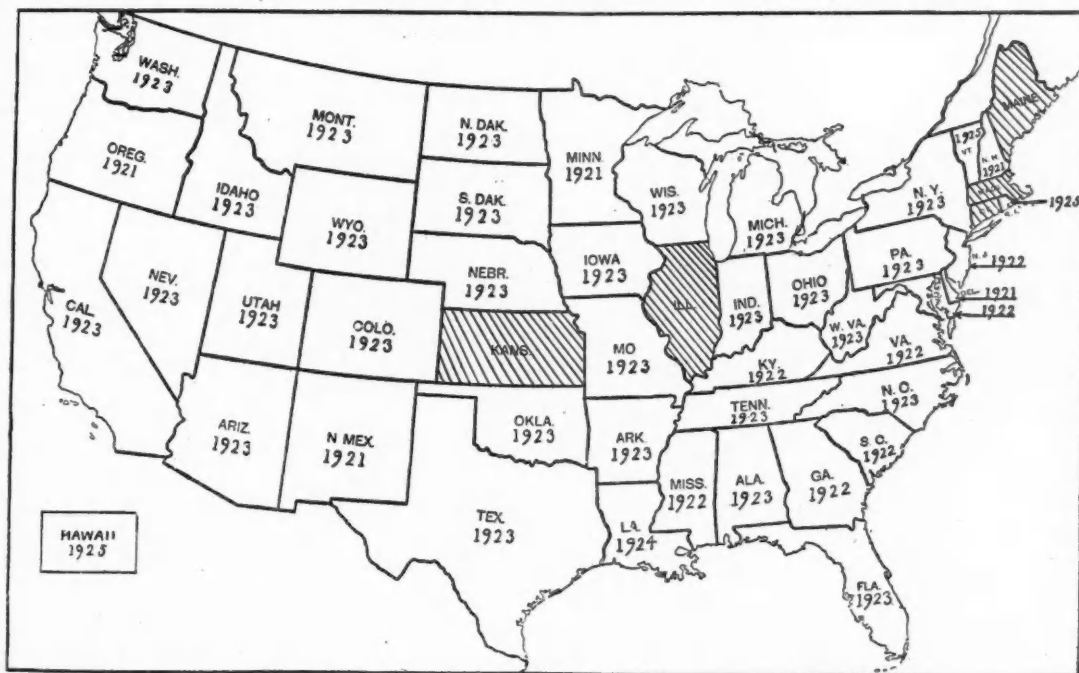
A cultured Japanese woman, in a recent delightful book, finds it incredible that "in America, where women are free, a woman of dignity and culture, the mistress of a home, should be forced to ask her husband for money." She gives an alluring picture of the way they managed in Old Japan, where, while the husband was lord of the family, the wife was mistress of the home and controlled its expenses. "The house, the food, the children's clothing and education, all racial and charitable responsibilities, her own dress, were expected to conform to her husband's position. The husband's income was for his family and his wife was the banker. When he wanted money for himself he asked her for it and it was her pride to manage so she could allow him the amount necessary for a man of his standing."

It might be difficult to adopt such an arrangement here and it must be admitted that it would not be easy to frame a law that would cover all kinds of husbands and wives with equal justice. Most American men are extraordinarily generous, but the law is made, not for the average, but for the exception.

Can any CITIZEN reader suggest a solution fair to every one concerned?

* * *

A GAIN—don't forget that the purchase of the National Tuberculosis Association's Christmas seals means being on the winning side in a splendid battle. Five million dollars should be transformed this year into half a billion seals.



The Woman Voter

The Following Four Pages Are Edited for the National League of Women Voters

By ANNE WILLIAMS WHEATON

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What Place Arbitration?

TWO years ago the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, under Mrs. Catt's leadership, met for a week in Washington and heard discussed by experts the question as to what were the chief causes and cures of war. At the present writing the same group is planning to meet once more on December 5th in Washington to take up the same question, but in the light of two years of the history of international affairs.

Last July the women of England marched to the number of many thousand upon London, seeking peace and voicing one request—universal arbitration. They declared that their goal was arbitration treaties with all countries and to include all disputes. It is probable that no emotional and idealistic crusade ever had a more specific object. When we make a dispassionate inquiry into the cures for war, it is evident that arbitration as an alternative to war is the great cure, and that the women of England, as peace seekers, were right in their demand.

What has been the recent effort of the United States toward arbitration? The attempt of the United States Senate to get the United States into the Permanent Court of International Justice is one. It is interesting here to note that it was the fear of some offense to national prestige as conceived by the legal mind which added to the Senate reservations that last half of Reservation Five, that no advisory opinion in which the United States claimed to have an interest could be returned without its consent. We have here one extreme of national apprehension.

It is conceded that the United States has no intention of joining the League of Nations, that she may participate in the nomination and election of judges, that she may pay part

of the expenses of the Court, that she may resign from the Court at any time, and that no advisory opinions may be rendered by the Court with respect to affairs in which the United States has an interest without the consent of the United States. What, therefore, remains? The possibility

that an advisory opinion (which is not binding in any case) might be asked about a question in which the United States did not appear to have an interest but in which she claimed an interest; and, further, that her claim with respect to this interest should be denied and an advisory opinion asked without reference to her veto. It is fairly obvious that in the worst circumstances which can be imagined this advisory opinion, if rendered, would have lost greatly in weight, even for those nations which might be more intimately concerned with the subject than the United States—if the claim of interest by the United States were valid. I can see no reason for assuming that the United States would make this claim if it were not valid and, therefore, it seems to me that while the risk exists it can be properly adjusted by negotiation.

The old specter of national pride and national honor forbids any concession with respect to national affairs without considering it as injurious also to national pride.

On the other side of the water similar specters overshadowed the deliberations of the delegates of the Court signatories. Their specter was different and did not conflict with their wish to give satisfaction to the United States. Their fear was that the national pride of the United States would serve to lower the usefulness and prestige of their institution, the Court, by assuming a control over it and an interference in its procedure not warranted by national self-protection. This fear, which was very clear to the legal mind, was greatly



Our new treasurer—Mrs. Frank P. Hixon

increased by the assumption of some Americans that all the United States reservations to some extent, and this last reservation in particular, were intended as an impertinence and that there was a certain ground for believing that, without reference to truth or obligation, the United States might, and possibly would, claim an interest which was non-existent.

In my opinion so small a margin of difference can and should be adjusted in order to permit the United States to belong to the greatest institution in the world responsible for settlement of international disputes by legal means.

We should everywhere reaffirm our determination that the United States join the World Court. There will be long delays before answers can be received, but the President without asking the Senate as yet to consent or refuse can continue negotiations (as is suggested by the conferees in Geneva) until a satisfactory basis of agreement is reached. We should urge the President to take this course.

What is the opposition to a more general acceptance of arbitration as a cure for war? When a dispute is settled by war and the defeated nation loses national advantages there is a powerful tradition which seems to say that it has lost honorably. When a victorious nation suffers infinite loss but wins some advantages these advantages are seen as clothed with prestige and honor—prestige so great that their actual value is relatively unimportant.

It is in vain that we array the fearful price in lives, in suffering, in money, and in progress which war has cost both victor and vanquished. It is in vain we compare the objects at stake with this destruction, so long as the same psychology of honor remains in force.

The women who intend in December to examine more profoundly into the possible causes and cures for war ought certainly to face the need for a changed national conception as to what is due to national honor. Experts all over the world have in the last two years stressed the point that the highest patriotism is not inconsistent with the closest forms of international co-operation, but for the good of the whole. If we believe this we must courageously seek its application.

Perhaps we have failed to recognize that there exists a new fear—that of American intervention in Europe. In my opinion this European fear is partly based upon the old psychology as we recognize it in every country of both hemispheres.

We shall never secure an effective attempt to prevent wars by international legal decision or arbitration unless we face the sacrifice of beloved prejudices.—RUTH MORGAN.

Women Voters and Women in Industry

Abstracts from the address of Miss Belle Sherwin, president of the National League, on the occasion of the dedication of the new Woman's Bureau to be established by the National Manufacturers' Association.

I SHOULD like to see this Bureau collect facts which are not the facts purely of women in industry. If, as I assumed before I came, the Bureau means something new, it should do something more and other than that. We have had the facts about women in industry for rather more than a generation. We will always welcome more facts. But I

should like to see facts of a different kind brought together with the facts about women in industry, so far as that means women who are industrial workers. I should like to see a bureau which assembles all of the possible elements of experience which are real—elements of women's experience in industry as workers, in industry as managers, in industry as members of boards of direction. Then when we have all such elements brought together I believe that we might have in that bureau a complete and rounded view of and for women in industry, different from that which we have had heretofore, the needed total view.

There will be great diversities of view. There can be no question that those diversities of view will be based on actual experience and it is reality of experience that we seek, to teach us what to do next. And I have some hope that as a result of bringing together such elements of experience a fusion will take place rather than a conflict such as we have sometimes known, or the unsatisfactory compromise which we sometimes think a gain. I believe that that new fusion may take place in part because the new experience of women to-day is so vital and because I see such an energy of responsibility taken by women to meet new demands.

The League of Women Voters has something to say about industry because of the tendency of great numbers of women to emphasize human values, and because of a confirmed practice of relying upon the facts. The League inherited an interest in and respect for facts from those women leaders who, first, about forty years ago in settlement work acquired a knowledge of the living conditions and the working conditions of women in industry. It was almost a first-hand knowledge. In those settlements which were meeting places for women of all habits and conditions of life, meeting almost for the first time, in the history of women, there was much talk together of individual experience, and from individual experience it was natural to proceed and to ask questions of wider application.

As a result there were almost immediately studies made, painstaking studies, of the conditions under which women worked everywhere. When those studies showed clearly that the new industrial opportunity for women, their new freedom, had borne hardly on great numbers of them, women who had never gone to legislatures, women without votes, began to consider laws which would safeguard the conditions under which such large numbers of women worked, harmfully to themselves, and to provide laws which would do for great numbers what enlightened employers were found doing for a lesser number. Bills were drafted and redrafted to that end. Society was recognized as having been overtaken, without realizing it, by a new condition which required that something different be done.

It is a matter of history now that where state laws have been enacted, and are best, women have increased in capacity to work, have done a greater variety of work than they did previously, and that where better conditions, wages and improved processes have been secured, society as well as the individual has benefited—the family, the home and the child, who is, after all, the wealth of the community.

The League of Women Voters bases its program on that history and it is, so far as one can briefly state it, this: Special



© Clifford Norton

Miss Sherwin in her garden near Cleveland—resting a bit before a busy winter in Washington

legislation for women who work, when the women want it, and when the facts show the need for it. It is only a part of the whole program of the League of Women Voters, which is in effect a series of proposals for measures either for study or for enactment into law, which are designed to increase the security of every individual under a democratic government.

The League of Women Voters back of that program has a primary object. The object is to promote education in citizenship, to increase the number of responsible voting citizens.

Therefore, in a democracy, it is essential to the League of Women Voters that the workers shall be included in that great increase of responsible citizens. It is therefore peculiarly a characteristic interest of the League of Women Voters that women who work should be given hours of work under conditions which will permit them to be alert and to be active as citizens. Political education, if it is to have any value at the outset or to continue, must begin in some personal relation to government. Workers, as other women, must have time to live and to seek and to find answers to the questions which their living experience in relation to government raises in them.

New Freedom in Turkey

Again we hear from Josephine Schain of the League's Department of International Co-operation. This letter from Constantinople tells us of the dawn of a new era for Turkish women.

THE blue Bosphorus, minarets, the Golden Horn and the hills of Stamboul. Such a beautiful city!

My first interest, however, has not been sight-seeing but trying to find out what the Turks are doing with their new freedom. There perhaps is no more dramatic incident in all history than what has taken place in Turkey in the last three years. The Sultan has gone and a new constitutional government has been set up at Angora. The Caliphate has been abolished with the consequent separation of church and state. A new law, patterned after the Swiss Code, has been passed and women in Turkey stand on an equal footing with the most advanced states so far as the laws are concerned.

One of the amazing things is the way in which the new order is accepted. I have asked the reason for this from a number of the leaders of the new movement and as one of them said, "Turkey has been shaken to its very foundation by fifteen years of war, so that it is not as difficult as one would expect to put into effect such radical changes."

The day I arrived in Turkey the new code for women, which was passed at the last session of the general assembly, went into effect. Marriages from now on must be performed in the name of the state, the marriage age is seventeen years, polygamy is abolished (although marriages contracted under the old law remain legal) and bigamy is punishable by five years' imprisonment. Divorce is now a matter for court adjudication and the grounds for divorce are infidelity, brutality, desertion and non-support.

It was the intention in adopting the Swiss Code to give equal rights to husband and wife, but it has been discovered since the law was passed that in following the Swiss standard

the Turkish women lose some of their former property rights. Under the old Turkish law a woman had absolute control over her own property. Now under the new law the husband has an interest in his wife's property. A member of the general assembly assured me that this would be corrected in the coming session, as the idea in adopting the Swiss Code was to give women more freedom and not to take away rights formerly gained.

The veiled woman is almost a thing of the past. I had expected to find the veils gone in Stamboul, but I have been surprised to see how generally the women of the interior have also done away with them. At the market in Angora women were mingling with men as freely as in any of the market places in Europe which I have visited—and I always visit the markets. At the railway stations along the line to Angora, women as well as men were there and gazed with equal curiosity at the sight of two American women.

The Turkish women are entering all phases of work. I have been fortunate in being invited to a number of Turkish homes and in meeting a number of the leaders of the various women's movements. I visited the headquarters of the Red Crescent with Mme. Hussein Bey and Mme. Halil Bey and heard of the work they are doing, which is similar to the Red Cross. Dr. Sopiéh Ali is the head of a children's clinic and interested in public health questions and child welfare. Mme. Nezieh Monhidine is the leader of the women's union which belongs to the International Alliance. Dr. Bedrie Majmiddia has just been appointed director of the bureau of hygiene in the Ministry of Education at Angora and showed me through some of the schools there. But space forbids my naming further the Turkish women who are leading in women's activities here. They are working hard to try and bring about a new order in Turkey and on all sides I have heard the hope expressed that there shall be no more war so that their plans for progress and a better state may be accomplished.



Miss Josephine Schain tells us about "the new order in Turkey"



© Smith College Press Board
At the School of Politics—Mrs. Howard Hosford, Mrs. Frances Fenton Bernard, dean of Smith College, Mrs. True Worthy White

Light or Heat Upon Politics?

WHEN one attends a School of Politics which advertises "current political issues" as the general subject for consideration one is likely to expect to discover the issues which are split on party lines. Hence it was rather a blow to hear implied in all the lectures at the sessions of the recent School of Politics what Professor William Orton of Smith College expressed so aptly: "Ladies, you expect me to formulate for you the economic issues facing the next Congress. I regret to say that 'there ain't no such animal.'"

The brushing aside of the entanglements of partisan appeals to the emotions made possible a dispassionate and more valuable survey of some intricate problems of economics and political science. For example, Mr. Orton suggested that efficiency in government would be increased by more delegation of power to expert bodies, though he clearly indicated the danger that might result if such bodies became involved in a political bureaucracy. Apparently opposed to this proposal was the expression by President Neilson of Smith Col-

lege of the need for a more intelligent public opinion to which could be entrusted even more decisions. Yet to me the two points of view were reconciled by the explanation of Professor Everett Kimball, also of Smith College, as to the significance of the Initiative and Referendum, those two tools of public opinion. Direct legislation is, he said, really the "gun behind the door." The public can expect most effective government by allowing more and more power to bodies prepared for thorough investigation in the light of technical knowledge, if those bodies can be held strictly responsible by a public intelligent enough to check up on results.

So from the week-end conference I gained not a definite supply of information helping me to vote sensibly in the coming election, but rather a number of abstract ideas concerning, for example, the reasons why the farmer's position is so desperate, the ability of America to receive payment of the European debt, how much responsibility the government has for the material prosperity of its citizens. That I think the economic, psychological and sociological reasons behind such facts are more important than the mere accumulation of data for one specific decision may be due to an undergraduate's obsession for the views of her own pedagogical idols. Yet my opinion, discounted as you please, is that the emphasis adopted in the program of the School of Politics is one on which we as intelligent voters might pattern our own. We need more political economy and political science, less politics.

[Impressions of Elizabeth Stoffregen, Smith '28, of the School of Politics recently held by the Massachusetts League at Smith College.]

Uncle Sam Needs a Yardstick!

FOUR learned gentlemen talked about Electric Power. The American Academy and guests assembled in convention at Philadelphia listened. The meeting was thrown open for discussion. "Mr. Chairman, I want to talk about my cookstove," said a woman—the only woman to speak at the American Academy—and the *New York Times*, the *New York World*, and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* gave her headline space.

"I want to say a word about the woman's point of view—a word about the kitchen. I call it a woman's interest though it is well known that the cookstove and the kitchen have much to do with the road that leads to a man's heart."

Having focused the attention of her audience, Mrs. Frederick C. Bursch of Connecticut, a member of the National Living Costs committee, told what it cost in her home town to run a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner, and a toaster. "With the eloquence of simplicity," so press comment runs, "she made plain the fact that the problem of wise public regulation of the vast power industry of America affects the budget of every American home, and concerns every wage-earner and every housewife struggling to make both ends meet."

"The electric company sent me a bill for \$29 for two months' current," Mrs. Bursch continued. "Then I began to do some figuring to see what my bill would have been if I'd lived somewhere else. I found that if I had lived in Florida it would have been \$63 instead of \$29. But if I had lived in Springfield, Illinois, where the electric plant is municipally owned, my bill would have been only \$14. And if I had lived over the line in Ontario, the same amount of electricity would have cost me only \$8."

"Surely a range from \$8 to \$63 for the same amount of electricity for home use isn't reasonable! Oughtn't the United States government to run Muscle Shoals and produce electricity there, do the same thing at Boulder Canyon and give us a yardstick so we can measure whether our home use of electricity is costing us a reasonable amount?"

The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* called her "the most poignantly interesting speaker at the session."

A Western Tour

"BECAUSE the National League feels that one of the most vital needs of women to-day is a more thorough understanding of some of the indirect economic causes of the cost of living, it is standing for legislation which will lessen the degree of waste and speculation and greed between the producers and the consumers."

Enlarging on this theme and on other topics included in the Living Costs program, Mrs. Harris T. Baldwin, National Chairman, spoke recently to League and college audiences in Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota and South Dakota. Wherever she spoke the relation of the Living Costs program to every-day life was

made more real and more important to those who heard her.

The tariff, the Federal Trade Commission, and Muscle Shoals were the high points in her addresses. Each was treated simply and directly with the practical illustrations that only a housekeeper can give.

Telling commentaries on the success of her tour are letters which continue to come to the Washington office from points on her route: "We want to know more about the tariff"—"Please send us the Reading List"—"Please mail us ten copies of *Uncle Sam Serves Breakfast*"—"Add our names to the waiting list for the pamphlet *Electric Power and the Public Welfare*."

With such effect Mrs. Baldwin sounded that keynote of all League programs—"Study"!

MISS ANTHONY, visitor "for many months at a time," and Mrs. Stanton, "mother of growing, mischievous children," writing a history of woman suffrage—this picture is called up by a gift to the League of *The History of Woman Suffrage* presented by Dr. Sara T. Chase, of Detroit. Dr. Chase received the volumes from Miss Amelia Willard, housekeeper for Mrs. Stanton, and generously passed them on to the League.



Courtesy of the "Atlanta Journal"

The coveted award to be given to a League in Georgia whose 1926 city vote showed the largest proportional increase over the 1924 record. Statisticians are busy on the figures, but in the meanwhile the Atlanta League exhibits the prize

(Right) Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, President of the American Penwomen, a noted explorer



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(Left) Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Honorary President of the League of Women Voters, beloved leader



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Mrs. Mina C. Van Winkle, President of the International Association of Policewomen



(Right) Dame Rachel Crowdy, Chief of the Social Section of the League of Nations, humanitarian and educator

(Left) Lady Astor, the first woman member of the British Parliament, proudly claimed by two countries



The Policewomen's Councilors

By HELEN D. PIGEON

This page is furnished by the International Association of Policewomen, which is solely responsible for what appears thereon, and for no other portion of THE WOMAN CITIZEN

EVERY movement is the fruit of some one's dream, and its infancy demands the leadership of unusual personalities, with pioneer spirit—vision plus tenacity—which is as important in evolving a happy urban life as it was in the days of the untried frontier. The women pictured here are only a small number of the notable personalities who comprise the Council of the International Association of Policewomen, but they typify this spirit to an unusual degree. Even when their personal interests carry them far afield from the policewoman's service, their insight and experience enable them to recognize its value. They pierce the "fear complex" which so universally surrounds police practice; they penetrate beyond the wall of punishment into the fertile field of prevention; they read the handwriting on the municipal wall prophesying "a Woman's Bureau in every police department."

The courage which carries Mrs. Seton into the wilderness of Paraguay is kindred to that of her sister who ventures into the city police department and it makes her a valued and sympathetic member of our International Council. Lady Astor's American spirit battled down the precedent which guards the English Parliament and her genius for statecraft, no less than her intense mother love, reveals to her the economic and the human saving which lies in pre-

ventive police work. Three years ago her personal invitation called Mrs. Van Winkle to England in an endeavor to preserve for peace time the policewoman's service, which had developed under war conditions. And certainly no council interested in the advancement of a feminine cause is complete without Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who as a leader in the suffrage movement brought to thousands of women a new vision of their responsibilities.

In Geneva the arbiters of world affairs do not forget the welfare of women and children and they have rightly placed a woman, Dame Rachel Crowdy, at the head of the Department of Social Questions and Opium Traffic, which includes in its program the police-

woman's service. When Dame Rachel visited America last June she was our guest at our annual conference in Cleveland.

The name of Dr. Davis is dear to the professional women whom she has inspired, but it is even dearer to that unhappy and once hopeless group, women prisoners. To them, at Blackwell's Island and at Bedford Reformatory, she brought human cheer and understanding and added the scientific treatment and training which meant hope for the future. Naturally, she is the friend of all preventive work and as a member of our Executive Board she brings practical help and the inspiration of a teacher.

The faith of our President, Mrs. Van Winkle, led her from the life of an independent traveler, to which she had graduated when American women won the suffrage, into the turbulent rôle of a private on the Washington Police force, where she has organized the service so well that it has become a standard and has won for her the rank of Lieutenant. Recognizing the need of educational work she became President of the International Association of Policewomen and is gathering about her a group of splendid personalities who are playing an important part in educating public opinion and in enlarging the sphere and the scope of the service.



© Bachrach

Dr. Katharine Bement Davis, General Secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, friend of the woman prisoner

NOTE: For further information on the work of policewomen, address the International Association of Policewomen, 220 Evening Star Building, Washington, D. C.

World News *About* Women

Women Who Won

WOMEN'S place in political life is taken for granted nowadays.

Not that women are all the way in; not that men are making it easy for women to win nominations for high office when there is too much risk of election. Still, they are on their way, as the lists of women re-elected to the state legislature assure. The failure of Nellie Tayloe Ross to win re-election as Governor of Wyoming was a keen disappointment to many women. So far as one can judge, she lost in spite of a good record and not because of a bad one. She lost because Wyoming is normally an overwhelmingly Republican state, the Democrats had been in, and the Republicans wanted the place and its power back again.

No woman in a major party was nominated for the Senate this year. The three women members of the present Congress were re-elected—Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Florence Prag Kahn, California, both Republicans, both widows who succeeded their husbands, and Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Democrat, of New Jersey. Both Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Kahn have attacked the Volstead Act, while Mrs. Rogers remains in the dry columns. Mrs. Rogers's chief interest is in work for disabled veterans. All three women have been hard working, and the general understanding is that they have been "party women."

They will be joined in the 70th Congress by Mrs. John W. Langley, Republican, of Kentucky—"political widow" in another sense, because though her husband is living he is in the Atlanta penitentiary, serving a two-year sentence for violation of the Volstead Act. Mrs. Langley is said to be "indicating" him.

This year's list of women who won shows 98 state representatives, and 10 senators, a total of 108 in comparison with 128 in 1924, when 119 women state representatives and 9 senators were elected. We are also listing 5 state superintendents of public instruction, 1 state auditor, 2 clerks of Supreme Court, 1 secretary of state, 1 commissioner of charities and corrections, 1 state treasurer. No county offices are included, but we are pleased to note that Albirtie Wright, Democrat, was elected Probate Judge of Macon County, Missouri—still not a usual position for

women. Congratulations go to Iowa where an amendment making women at last eligible for the state legislature was ratified by the voters.

The time has been so short between elections and the "printer" that in all cases we could not wait for official returns. Only those states where women were elected are listed. In thirteen states no women were nominated to important office. In two—Maryland and West Virginia—those nominated met defeat. Here is the list of those who won:

ARIZONA

STATE AUDITOR

Democrat

Ana Frohmiller

CALIFORNIA

CONGRESS

Republican

Florence P. Kahn (incumbent)

MEMBER OF STATE ASSEMBLY

Republican

Cora M. Woodbridge, Eleanor Miller
(both incumbents)

COLORADO

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Republican

Mrs. Martha E. Long (incumbent),
Mrs. Mae Carroll Fry, Mrs. Annah G.
Petree, Mrs. Kittie Brighton

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC

INSTRUCTION

Katherine L. Craig

CONNECTICUT

STATE SENATOR

Republican

Mrs. Alice P. Merritt (incumbent)

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Republican

Marjory Cheney (endorsed by Democrats also), Mrs. Clarissa Nevius, Mrs. Leroy Lewis, Ethel M. Ryan, Mrs. Albert Emery, Jr., Mrs. B. Crawford, Mary B. Weaver, Mrs. Maud L. Woodward (all incumbents), Mrs. Otto G. Wiedman, Mrs. Robert Jay Cook, Hattie M. Buckingham, Emily B. Chatfield, Martha M. Gordan, Alice L. Coe, Mrs. Lena W. Greenbacker (Republican and Democrat)

GEORGIA

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Democrat

Bessie Kempton (incumbent)

IDAHO

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC
INSTRUCTION

Republican

Mabelle McConnel Lyman

ILLINOIS

STATE SENATOR

Republican

Mrs. Florence Fifer Bohrer (holdover)

MEMBER OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Republican

Mrs. Katherine Hancock Goode, Mrs.
Rena Elrod, Mrs. Lottie Holman
O'Neill (all incumbents)

Democrat

Mrs. Sarah Bond Hanley, Mrs. Mary
E. McAdams

INDIANA

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Republican

Mrs. Ella V. Gardner, Mrs. Clara A.
Mason

STATE TREASURER

Republican

Mrs. Grace Banta Urbans

IOWA

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC
INSTRUCTION

No party designation

Agnes Samuelson

KANSAS

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Republican

Stella B. Haines

KENTUCKY

CONGRESS

Republican

Mrs. John W. Langley

MAINE

STATE SENATOR

Republican

Mrs. Katharine C. Allen, Dora B.
Pinkham (both previously in House of
Representatives)

STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Republican

Gail Laughlin, Mrs. Maude Clark Gay,
Blanche E. Folsom

Democrat

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A Pioneer Passes

THE Reverend Olympia Brown died recently in Baltimore at the age of ninety-one. Few of us, men or women, pass out of life at such an advanced age, and still fewer leave such a strenuous record of activity and achievement behind us. Mrs. Brown carried the independence of her pioneer birthplace—a log-cabin in Michigan—into all her thought and action. She was the first woman to be ordained a minister by any regular ecclesiastical body—the Universalists. She began preaching in Vermont, serving two churches, and often walking fifteen miles to fulfil her appointments. Besides being enormously energetic as a minister she added to her duties those of wife and mother. In 1866 Mrs. Brown first met Susan B. Anthony and became a pioneer in the suffrage cause. It was she who called the New England Convention in 1868, out of which grew the New England Suffrage Association. She was at different times vice-president of the American Equal Rights Association, of the National Suffrage Association, and of the Federal Suffrage Association. She also served as president of the latter and of the Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association. She was, besides, active in prohibition work. It is in an anti-feminist paper, the *Baltimore Sun*, that we find the pleasantest tribute to this extraordinary woman. "Perhaps no phase of her life better exemplified her vitality

(Continued on page 40)

41

Christmas Gifts to Wear

Well Chosen Presents that Help Others to Dress the Part

By VIRGINIA DIBBLE

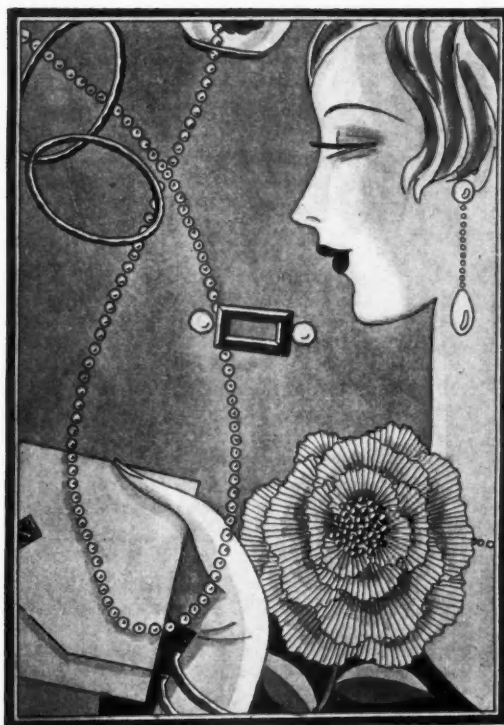
Drawing by Ruth Hutton

CHRISTMAS is just around the corner and most of us are rushing about picking up this and that, and worrying lest Ellen won't like this and Jack won't care for that. This department has two suggestions to offer. First, its usual one, that half the buying battle should be fought out on paper; that the list of people who are to have gifts and the most suitable type of gift for them be made out at home. It is a plan which robs Christmas shopping of that frantic feeling. The other suggestion is that when we can't guess just what our friends want, we should seize the opportunity to buy things that we would like to see them wearing. If, for instance, we've always wished Mary would wear less severe frocks, we can pick out a lace vestee so lovely that she will immediately arrange something with which to wear it.

The shops are running over with luxurious and beautiful accessories for women's personal adornment and the beautifying of their boudoirs; for men's meticulous needs and their comfort in the office and at home.

The importance of jewelry and its wide range in type suggests a fertile field from which to choose women's gifts. Chic sports link bracelets of semi-precious and not-at-all precious stones vie with etched circlets and broad bands of metal. The lighter weight tinkling variety are for the more frivolous group, while the massive bands belong to the Junoesque or Bohemian type. A gift of one of these will take from one to ten dollars from your purse.

If you wish to spend more, buy one of the exquisite strings of semi-precious stones which will add an air of distinction to a dozen different gowns. For the woman who wears street clothes most of the time (this means the business and professional woman) choose a long string of the sleek and elegant lapis lazuli, of the merrier cornelian or the still brighter hue of red coral. These should go to women who wear dark blues, dark greens and black. For the woman with golden glints in her



hair, or brown eyes, who follows the brown color harmony, smoked amber is extremely becoming. Graduated strings that boast large beads are especially attractive.

Simplicity has great charm, but we have been enjoying that charm for a long time. With a sigh of relief we welcome the appearance of design in jewelry. Those uninteresting and trying choker strings that have appeared so universally are beautified now with a medallion that settles snugly into the slight depression which has a way of appearing where the neck and collar bones meet. A close circlet of gray green jade, each bead the size of your finger tips, has a central piece of mottled jade surrounded with seed pearls.

For the white-haired woman a long string of real amethysts can be procured for seventy-five dollars. And for the ash blond or white-skinned beauty, the exquisite pink of rose quartz is available.

Entrancing ear rings have been created of imitation materials as well as real, and even one dollar bill will buy an attractive set. No one need hesitate

to give imitation for it is as much worn as the genuine. If the accompanying card refers to it as a trinket, no false value will be set.

Spanish paste and French rhinestones set in silver show rare workmanship in necklaces and bracelets for evening wear and are valued at from five to fifty dollars.

It is difficult to break away from the jewelry department, but once you arrive at the flower counters it will be as hard to leave as it is to get a clerk to wait on you. Anything from fifty cents to five dollars will buy an acceptable gift here. (Few flowers are worth more than five dollars unless bought with some particular evening gown in mind.) The trim gardenia can not be improved on for street wear. The carnations and chrysanthemums look bourgeois in comparison. But for the afternoon and evening frocks, the softer, many-petaled blooms of chiffon, velvet, and feather in the most exotic shades have been turned out to suit the most fastidious taste.

Always there is room in a woman's wardrobe for another scarf or shawl, and never were there such extravagant and luxurious chests full from which to choose. A flannel or kasha scarf of Tartan plaid or gay stripes would be a welcome gift to a college girl or any young woman who liked to be out of doors in crisp weather. One of the new scarfs is of double kasha, plaid on one side and plain on the other. Doubled scarfs of chiffon are attractive too, but those of crêpe Elizabeth or crêpe Roma are far more satisfactory for the average woman. There is sufficient weight to this fabric to make it hang in straight, becoming lines.

The neckwear counters show entrancing visions of vestees and under sleeves. Rare laces are combined with delicate net, georgette is pleated in tiny French pleating and bound with the narrowest metal ribbons, plain crêpe de chine is tucked into plaids and even the tailored piqué has a saucy binding of color.

Silk or wool hosiery in a neutral tan is always acceptable, and washable
(Continued on page 44)

The BOOKSHELF

By M. A.

Zona Gale's "Preface to a Life"—Willa Cather Paints a Charming Picture — Modern Man versus the Legend—Brilliant Social Satire in "The Romantic Comedians"

THERE are some books that are interesting, even fascinating, for qualities that can scarcely be put into words. Usually they arouse controversy among their readers, one likes them very much, or not at all. Zona Gale's new novel, "Preface to a Life," is preeminently of this type. To find it absorbing is to enjoy a rare experience among one's adventures with literature. To be bored by it is to suffer in common with many folk who like their values clear-cut and tangible.

On the surface the book tells the story of Bernard Mead, who has escaped from a small Wisconsin town and his father's lumber business to a job of his own acquiring in Chicago. Back home on a short visit, he gets himself engaged to an old sweetheart, only to find she is held in Pauquette by her mother's illness. He and his father quarrel over his determined refusal to stay in the town, and the father dies of an apoplectic fit, leaving the boy convinced that he is a vir-

tual murderer, and by a death-bed promise bound to the business he hates. Tied thus by heart and conscience, he buries his dreams of freedom, marries his fiancée, and becomes a small town merchant. But in the fast-moving days after his father's death he had fallen deeply in love with another woman. He had had imagination and insight, and the climax comes when his buried love and his fettered imagination work their way to the surface in such curious ways that his family think him mad. Then, at fifty-two, he struggles to find a meaning in life, and the assumption, backed by the book's title, is that only then does he begin to live.

There is in the book all Miss Gale's proven skill with the minutiae of stereotyped small town characters and their effect on a more sensitive spirit. Her people move surely and vitally, her descriptions are brilliant, her narrative is sound. But the book's outstanding quality is its feeling of life perceived more deeply than this, life with a sort of fourth-dimensional quality. Not only has it length and breadth and depth, but it vibrates with a sense of seeing through all the recognized details into something else for which there is no name. It is dangerous and difficult to try to clothe this with words. Miss Gale has been almost incredibly successful.

extraordinary charm and vitality, burdened with a jealousy and an ambition that over-balanced her generosity and her power to love. The book follows her disintegration, and perhaps in its very theme it destroys itself. For a decline is essentially anti-climatic, and this story goes down hill from the very start. There is pathos, but none of the tragedy that should be inherent in such a situation.

The picture of New York at the end of the last century is worthy of Miss Cather. She paints a picture whose contrasts are as charming as the lighted windows, behind rosy curtains, that overlooked the snowy park.

"*THE Delicatessen Husband*" is a series of sketches, gay and pathetic, mirthful, satiric, and wistful, with one common theme—that the traditional masculine and feminine patterns are being broken, and that the resulting chaos is, at the moment, much harder on men than on women.

Florence Guy Seabury, "she that was" Florence Woolston of suffrage days, draws on a wide acquaintance with feminists, anti-feminists and pre-feminists, and the husbands of all of them. She sees wives as the lucky ones now. The pathetic husband of her title sketch wants a home like the one his mother kept, immaculate and savory, always
(Continued on page 40)



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WILLA CATHER has not been so fortunate in "*My Mortal Enemy*." It is valuable chiefly as an exposition of her method of writing, a method so simple, so concise, so dependent on what lies behind the economy of her words that sometimes one blinks, after reading her, and wonders how much is Miss Cather and how much is the reading imagination. Her earlier book, "A Lost Lady," was her most perfect creation of this type. The present book tells the story of another of Miss Cather's interesting women, a person of

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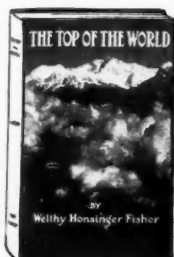
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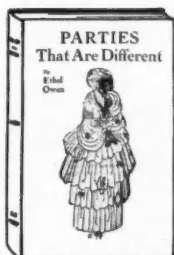
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ready to serve his least want. He has married a girl who prefers test tubes to muffin tins, and chemical formulae to the mysteries of culinary recipes. He lives "from can to mouth" and is utterly unhappy. What neither of them has the wit nor the courage to see is that he should be handling the executive end of the housekeeping, for which he has liking, aptitude, and childhood training, and for which his wife has none.

The book laughs its way through one dilemma after another, pointing its humor with the satirically careless sketches of Clarence Day. But there is seriousness under the joking. Not only does Mrs. Seabury show an astonishing revolution going on under the surface of

every-day life, and affecting all strata of American society. She even gives the impression that women, having got the bit in their teeth, are running away with the marital team, and that unless they show more wisdom and restraint than can reasonably be expected of successful human beings, they will find themselves responsible for more wrecks than they intended. But this is incidental. The thing which really fascinates her is the freeing of human personality from the molds into which custom has forced it. She would have both men and women courageous enough to be themselves, and not what tradition says a man or a woman should be. "And when the effigies of masculinity and femininity give

way," she concludes, "men and women as comrades in the great adventure will get back to the bigger task of living life."

Mrs. Seabury writes with a vivid pen. Her essays make excellent bits to read aloud, but beware if you read them to a man. He may laugh as you do, or when you do not, but he may also tangle himself all up in a sad snarl of masculine defense and end in an unhappy rage.

THE title of Ellen Glasgow's new book, "*The Romantic Comedians*," is as apt as her swift and pointed style. Romance was the very breath of their nostrils, of Judge Honeywell who was over sixty but well-preserved in the best Victorian traditions, and of Annabel, who was twenty-three in the flame-like fashion of 1926. Comedy followed their footsteps, for when was the passion of age for youth without its funny moments? Tragedy also followed, a tragedy that was pathetic even when it was most flamboyant and theatric. The book is a brilliant piece of social satire. Stylized even in its sentence structure, it seems to move with the quick, brittle step of mannequins rather than with the tread of real people. Its characters are types, and they never escape from their molds. This is not so much a fault, as an intentional device whereby the brilliance of the picture is heightened, just as a portrait may be formalized for emphasis. Nor should it be taken as an inevitable result that the characters are therefore not human. Rather they are caught by Miss Glasgow's practised pen in their most intense moments, when what they do or say or feel emphasizes the thing they are. Coming so soon after the deep and powerful "*Barren Ground*," this book, gayly satiric and lit with an insight so poignant that it is almost cruel, shows one more facet of Miss Glasgow's talent. Perhaps it is a *tour de force* rather than a lasting work of wide appeal, but one reads it with a sense of exhilaration and delight in the flashing ability that created it.—M. A.

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BEGINNING with the January number, new bulletins of the Women's Bureau, the Children's Bureau, the Bureau of Home Economics and possibly other Washington bureaus will be reviewed in the CITIZEN as they are issued. Alice Rogers Hager, Washington writer, has undertaken to give us the gist of these important and interesting reports. The first will be "The Status of Women in the Government Service."

Preface to a Life. Appleton. 1926. \$2.00.
My Mortal Enemy. Knopf. 1926. \$2.50.
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News About Women

(Continued from page 36)

and intellectual independence than the mental discomfort she succeeded in arousing, between her eightieth and ninetieth birthdays, among conservatively minded Baltimoreans."

Another Barrier Down

FOUR women—Edith Wharton, Margaret Deland, Agnes Repplier and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman have been elected members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters—actually the first women so distinguished. Heretofore the National Institute has been a purely masculine association in spite of the protesting opinion of some of its members.

Honor to Miss Howland

THE first honorary degree of Doctor of Letters ever given a woman by the University of the State of New York was conferred upon Miss Emily Howland, a little ninety-nine-year-old school teacher. The designation is modest but it does not cover enough. True, Miss Howland has taught school most of her life, but her interests have ranged far afield from the school room. Her anti-slavery sentiments led her, even before the Civil War, to teach a Negro school in Washington. After the war she nursed and taught in one of the contraband camps for freed slaves where she was commended for her untiring work during a smallpox epidemic. Those exciting days over, Miss Howland returned to New York, where she entered suffrage work in which she was often a delegate to state and national conventions. Always interested in education, she has kept in touch with many kinds of work along educational lines and still does. She is the owner of two farms and a school and is director in a bank.

Julia Lathrop

(Continued from page 7)

educational co-operation between the Federal Government and the states for certain purposes. We have had it a long time for the improvement of the farm, the Federal Government and the states jointly paying for this invaluable work by 50-50 appropriations. Vast sums are paid thus—50-50—for good roads which lessen the cost of marketing and increase the comfort of home life. On the same plan is the Sheppard-Towner Act—with the welfare of mothers and babies in place of agriculture; with an annual appropriation allowed of only \$1,240,000, instead of scores of millions. Its purpose is to educate mothers in the care of themselves and their babies, to stimulate the states to local action. Already—

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a minimum claim—it has stimulated a wide interest in the welfare of mothers and babies. In the end all mothers may have the essential knowledge and our death rates may be greatly lowered by the medical and nursing care which some mothers have and every mother needs.

So smooth to say, so hard to do. It is a long road, but we have set out and we know our destination. This same Sheppard-Towner law is the weapon by which the fortunate women mean to overcome the ignorance and loneliness and helplessness of other millions. That is why they will watch the opening days of Congress eagerly. The five-year period for which the Act was approved in 1921 is nearing an end, and Congress is asked to extend it for two years. As the House passed the extension last spring, it will be in the Senate's hands. Be sure *your* senators know your will, by letter and telegram.

Dangers in the Bill

(Continued from page 17)

With some of us Americans who believe in our country's institutions and who will continue to believe in them so long as they insure to us the right of castle and the right of the individual to his personal liberty, this lack of confidence in the Children's Bureau is as old as the Bureau itself. To some of us it

seemed at the time of its establishment "another innocent-looking movement led by revolutionary minds acting behind the scenes." The more that at this time of its establishment, 1912, a chief sponsor in its creation, Judge Ben Lindsey, said of it:

"An economic earthquake has shaken the 'old home' to pieces. The foundations are crumbled, the walls are spread, the winds of the world blow through . . . The Nation, the State, the Municipality, these have stepped in, assumed practical control of the family in its most intimate relations and are over-parents . . . If I were a woman in 1912, these two fundamental things—the real meaning of politics and conception of government as an over-parent—are what I would consider primarily and resolve upon understanding." *Woman's Journal*, 1912.

Well, some of us were women in 1912, and as individualists and as Americans cherishing our liberties under the Bill of Rights, the idea of this and any government as an over-parent, was abhorrent. But then the whole doctrine of Karl Marx is abhorrent to those Americans who prefer a democracy and believe in representative government.

The original maternity bill, introduced by Miss Jeannette Rankin, and passed during the post-war hysteria by the 67th Congress, was presented as the first legislative demand of the new electorate of women.

At that time, Dr. L. L. Lumsden, of the United States Public Health Service, declared:

"What particular branches of health work are indicated in a given locality must be determined by careful local studies. I can not determine here in an office in Washington how money available for health work can be spent to the best advantage in a given community; that has to be determined by some one on the local job."

Various congressmen who opposed the bill in 1921, as being contrary in spirit to our recognized principle of local responsibility in the states, were induced to support it on the guarantee that it was a temporary measure.

The original purpose and intent of Congress to encourage the states to take up the work, is fulfilled. Those who favor the policy, now in effect for five years, claim what they consider good results.

Nevertheless the hearings on this proposed extension in the House, January, 1926, were insufficient and inadequate. And no definite results were shown, and no statistics were produced in the Senate hearings, June and July, 1926, to show what the Maternity Act has accomplished. Whereas the opponents of further extension of this act offered figures compiled by the United States Bureau of the Census, to show that the mortality rate for mothers and infants during these five years of the experiment, were higher in the aggregate among those states accepting the maternity act than among states rejecting it, and that the state most subjected to these experiments has the highest rate

of maternal mortality from septicemia in the United States.

But conceded the good results. If, as claimed, many of the states have set up the proposed machinery, and among these the five states that refused on principle to accept this Federal aid then, seeing that the purpose of the bill is fulfilled, why ask for an extension—since this but confirms the original claim made by the enemies of the bill, that administrative power once set up by Washington in the states over health boards, physicians, nurses, mothers and children, would seek to perpetuate itself?

It is admitted by those asking for this extension that "the object of the Bill has failed if the states instead of being aroused and trained to take over the work, have grown dependent upon Washington."

In fact, Senator Phipps in urging the adoption by the Senate of the amendment reported by the Committee on Education and Labor, extending the appropriation for one year, stated to the Senate:

"In suggesting its amendment, your committee believes that the very fact that the attempt to meet this problem through Government aid has met with response in 43 states justifies Congress in taking cognizance of the original five-year limitation and of the general thought then in the minds of the legislators, namely, that the work of the bureau was to be educational and inspirational in order to lead the states to appreciate the value of such state activities and to undertake them, within a short period of time, entirely at the state's expense. Certainly it was not thought then that such financial aid would become a permanent function of the Federal government or that such Federal appropriations should be continued indefinitely from year to year."

Yet this, based on the testimony offered in the Senate by the *friends* of the bill, is what has happened. An examination of the eleven letters presented (U. S. Senate, June 15, 1926) urging further appropriations under the bill, shows that these eleven letters, whether from health boards, hospital boards or individuals, urge Washington to continue its benefits, and deny readiness, ability or desire on the part of the locality represented to take over the work. Proof that self-help has not been fostered and developed, as guaranteed under the original provisions of this bill.

And in the nineteen pages of "testi-



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monials" offered at the House hearings, "we fail to find any that are not signed by state officials directly concerned in the administration of this act." *Congressional Record*, July 8, 1926.

The extension asked for today, after the five years' experiment, is for two years. But is it? As witness the testimony of Miss Abbott, Chief of the Bureau, House hearings, January, 1926:

"Mr. Newton. Do you consider that the two years is sufficient?"

"Miss Abbott. I do not think it is sufficient if it is to end at the two year period. I did not think in asking that period of time . . . that there was to be no further extension after the two year period . . . I do not believe that the two year period will end the necessity for Federal aid . . ."

"Mr. Lea. What would you say is the minimum time within which the United States could possibly retire . . . ?"

"Miss Abbott. I really cannot say . . ."

Concerning Federal aid to the states after these recent years of trial, such aid being the basis of this maternity bill, President Coolidge said in his Budget Message, 1924:

"I am convinced that the broadening of this field of activity is detrimental to both the Federal and State governments . . . I am opposed to any expansion of these subsidies."

As the provisions of the original bill have worked out, the bill is unsound in itself. Nevada, with a population of 77,000, gets the same specific appropriation as, say, New York, or Pennsylvania. Mississippi pays about 2.25 per

cent of the internal revenue paid by Illinois. Yet Illinois, that refuses this aid on principle, is taxed that Mississippi may avail herself. Twelve states in 1922 paid over 95 per cent of the Federal tax income. The remaining thirty-six states paid 4.17 per cent. For these thirty-six states, Federal aid is a gift indeed. But also here is a clear case of the parasitism of thirty-six states. A reversal of our whole scheme of government as conceived and intended.

The Chairman, Child Welfare Committee, National League of Women Voters, says in her plea for the Sheppard-Towner Bill, dated 1923:

"If, indeed, the whole system of Federal aid is unsound, Congress should abandon it as a whole."

To this we may answer, there is a growing belief that the whole system of Federal aid is unsound and should be abandoned. As witness again, President Coolidge at Williamsburg this June past, said:

"No method of procedure has ever been devised by which liberty could be divorced from self-government. No plan of centralization has ever been adopted which did not result in bureaucracy, tyranny, inflexibility, reaction and decline. Of all forms of government those administered by bureaus are about the least satisfactory to an enlightened and progressive people. Being irresponsible they become autocratic, and being autocratic they resist all development. Unless bureaucracy is constantly resisted it breaks down representative government and overwhelms democracy. It is the one element in our institu-

tions that sets up the pretense of having authority over everybody and being responsible to nobody."

A truth that the American woman will not, or through some peculiarity of her woman's mental outlook, cannot learn? For this is *her* bill from its inception.

Over the World

(Continued from page 27)

eager talk around the lunch table, she remembered the encouragement of Harriet Chalmers Adams's enthusiastic response to the letters sent out by the original four; for in the whole-hearted support of such a world-traveler and student they felt they had made a long step toward the realization of their idea.

From that tiny group the Secretary recalled one by one the stages of growth which, in less than a year, has made the addresses of the members a roll-call of the continents, to which only Australia answers "absent." The longed-for comradeship has now become an accomplished fact; for that hurriedly arranged lunch was but one of such happy occasions; while Bulletins and News Sheets are connecting the members all over the world . . .

And then the thread of her reflection was snapped by the quiet voice of Delia Akeley, big-game hunter and writer, asking, "Who says that women can't get on together?"

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Gifts to Wear

(Continued from page 37)

suède gloves of the slip-on type in a light tone combine practical quality with attractiveness.

The safest hand bag to buy is one of tan, for most of the feminine world is wearing gloves and hosiery in some shade of tan and the bag will blend with these whatever the color of her coat may be. Avoid bead bags except of the small type for evening use.

For a personal friend there is nothing nicer than lingerie, and the thrill one gets from being in the midst of stacks of chiffon and net, softest silks and laces in shades of honey-dew or peach, deep coral or green like the foam of the sea, is only surpassed by a walk through the corridor of Cesnolan glass in the Metropolitan Museum. Sets of vests and bloomers, step-ins, slips, night gowns and pajamas—any will be welcome, though you must be sure of your friend's taste in night wear before you choose between the last two. Speaking of pajamas, if you want to spend thirty or forty dollars on something of the latest interest, ask to be shown pajamas designed for lounging robes. They are calculated to delight any recipient of fairly slender build.

The choice of gifts for men is not so

extensive, but here too there are beautiful things from which to choose.

A gift of a tie has always been considered dangerous, but if you pay five dollars or thereabouts and select a plain color, you are playing quite safe. Golf stockings run a range from one-fifty to fifteen dollars, and if you wish to spend more than that, there are silk waistcoats, house coats and dressing robes that you will find almost as intriguing as negligees and blouses. Slippers are usually gratefully received, humor columns to the contrary notwithstanding; and the alluring black ones lined with red ought to give an extra thrill. Mufflers are available in delightful color combinations both in wool and silk.

Perhaps the nicest gift of all is embroidered handkerchiefs. Great skill has been shown in planning the delicate lines of color which run crisscross through their surface and in the exquisite monograms which are embroidered in color combinations of great subtlety. All-white handkerchiefs are even more popular. But none of these can be ordered at the last minute.

What Price Babies?

(Continued from page 19)

enough alleviation to the sufferings of the mothers and babies in the dirt and ignorance of the tenement, the poor-white cabin, to justify an appropriation of a million and a quarter by the richest government in the world? Has it done enough? What is the cash equivalent for a lacerated mother, for a blind baby? If it has done anything, if after years it might hope to do anything to lighten the burden of those mothers and babies, would any price be too much?

Jeritza

(Continued from page 13)

steps passing somewhat nervously overhead advised me that the answer to all my conjectures would soon be descending the little wooden staircase with its pierced balustrade.

When she came at last, dressed in something indefinite hidden beneath a soft white coat as concession to the moist chill of the Austrian August, theories took wings. This was Jeritza herself, without even a whiff of grease-paint about her.

My companion and I were not the only friends she was expecting and the others soon began to arrive, seven or eight of them, from almost as many countries. The traditional prima donna fluency was immediately exhibited; that easy transition from tongue to tongue, vaguely discomfiting in its insistent proof of a natural talent in which we Anglo Saxons are so shockingly deficient. The language of the afternoon proved,

on the whole, to be English, or rather, "American," for Jeritza seems to have adopted our country and often finds herself alluding to New York as "home," and to dollars and cents as "our money" (as well she may, if reports are to be believed concerning her professional baggings for a season in the United States). She has managed to acquire, as an icing upon the cake of her English conversation, an amazing collection of colloquialisms which were modern slang a year or so ago. They sound oddly beguiling in her hesitating but careful accent. "I should worry!" she says, and "I'll tell the world!"

It was a relief that no "interview" was expected or to be tolerated in the official sense. No staging had been done, and the WOMAN CITIZEN was merely to be allowed an informal look through the window or the extra chair by the stove . . . Stove! Didn't I mention it? Yes of course there was one, tall and beautiful and white as its owner, but on this day sadly lacking in her genial warmth.

If there is one form of social amusement more terrifying to me than all others, it is the serious sport of Auction Bridge. So rarely is it indulged in or understood among the brotherhood of Arts and Letters that it was surprising to observe how Jeritza's eyes sparkled

(Continued on page 46)

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FRANK R. KENT, well known for his pungent comment on politics, will recount some Sins of Women in Politics.

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR has something thoughtful and entertaining to say about that subject of unfailing interest—the married woman who works. She calls it "A-Careering."

CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE will be welcomed back to the CITIZEN's pages with a story of how Michigan is solving her forest problem—a story with plenty of point for other states.

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 Ashbury Park, N. J.—R. Bowne, 421 Cookman Ave.
 Asheville—Pollock's, 29 Patton Ave.
 Atlanta—125 Peachtree Arcade
 Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (near Shethorne)
 Auburn, N. Y.—Dusenbury Co., 95 Genesee
 Baltimore—216 North Charles St.
 Bangor—John Connors Shoe Co.
 Birmingham—Parlor City Shoe Co., 57 Chenango
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
 Boise—The Falk Merc. Co.
 Boston—109 Newbury St. cor. Clarendon St.
 Boston—Cora Chandler Shops, 58 Temple Pl.
 Bridgeport—1825 Main St. (2nd floor)
 Brooklyn—518 Fulton St. (Hannover Place)
 Buffalo—441 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
 Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard
 Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
 Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
 Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
 Chicago—162 N. State St. (3rd floor Butler Bldg.)
 Chicago—1650 Leland (near Broadway)
 Chicago—619 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn)
 Chicago—1445 Morse Ave. (Rogers Park)
 Cincinnati—The McClain Co.
 Cleveland—1795 Euclid Ave.
 Colorado Springs—Swift Shoe Co.
 Columbia, S. C.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg., 1717 Pacific Ave.
 Danville, Ill.—Cavanaugh & Meyer
 Dayton—M. L. Parker Co.
 Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
 Decatur—Raupe & Son
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg., 16th and Champs
 Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co., 346 Walnut
 Detroit—2638 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)
 Dubuque—J. F. Stampler Co.
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 Elizabeth—28 North Broad St.
 Elmhurst—C. W. O'Shea, 146 W. Water St.
 Erie—Weschler Co., 924 State St.
 Evansville—North Shoe Bootery, 529 Davis St.
 Evansville—318 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
 Fargo—Hall-Allen Shoe Co., 107 Broadway
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 Fort Wayne—Mathias App's Sons, 916 Calhoun
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 Hagerstown—Bike's Shoe Shop, 11 Potomac St.
 Hamilton, Ont.—4 John St. North (at King)
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 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
 Haverhill—Bennett & Co., 49 Merrimack St.
 Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
 Houston—205 Cuff Bldg. (take elevator)
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 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House, 124 E. Main
 Kansas City, Mo.—308 Altman Bldg., 11th and Walnut
 Kingston, N. Y.—E. T. Stelle & Son, 312 Wall St.
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co., 415 Gay St.
 Lancaster, Pa.—Watt and Shand
 Lawrence, Mass.—Geo. Lord & Son, 445 Essex
 Lewiston—Laney-Walsh, 110 Lisbon St.
 Lexington, Ky.—Embry & Co.
 Lima—The Silb Shoe Co., 238 W. Main St.
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 Little Rock—117 W. 6th St. (opp. Lafayette Hotel)
 Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
 Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)
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 Lynn—Goddard Bros.
 Lynn—342 Market St.
 Macon—Macon Shoe Co.
 Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store, 214 State St.
 Marquette—Jacob Ross & Son
 Memphis—28 No. Second St.
 Miami—McAlister Arcade, near Flagler St.
 Milwaukee—Brunner Shoe Co., 322 Grand Ave.
 Minneapolis—25 Eighth St. South
 Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
 Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
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 Mount Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.
 Nashville—J. A. Mendora & Sons
 Newark—107 Broad St. (2nd floor)
 New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop, 881 Purchase
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 New Haven—100 Orange St. (near Court)
 New Orleans—101 Baronne St. (near Court)
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 New York—145 E. Fordham Rd. (at Marion Ave.)
 New York—11 John St. (bet. Nassau and E. way)
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 Norfolk—James & Browner, Burk & Co.
 Oakland—316-15th St. (opp. City Hall)
 Oklahoma City—Fisher's, 233 W. Main
 Omaha—1700 Howard St.
 Ottawa, Ont.—241 Slater St. (near Banks)
 Pandora—241 E. College St.
 Paterson—18 Hamilton Street (opp. Regent Theatre)
 Pawtucket—Benn & Young, 243 Main St.
 Peoria—105 So. Jefferson St. (Cushman Bldg.)
 Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
 Phoenix—Korrick's
 Pittsburgh—12nd Floor, Jenkins Arcade
 Portland—The Rouses Co.
 Pittsfield—Wm. Fahey's, 234 North St.
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale, 127 E. Front St.
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Store
 Portland, Ore.—322 Washington St.
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schenberger, 327 Main
 Providence—The Boston Store
 Reading—Common Sense, Inc., 29 So. 5th St.
 Richmond, Va.—Seymour Shoe, 5 W. Broad St.
 Richmond, Ind.—The Hoosier Store
 Rensselaer—1 E. Broadway Shoe Co.
 Rochester, N. Y.—17 Gibbs St. (at East Ave.)
 Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
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 St. Louis—5th floor Arcade Bldg., 8th and Olive
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 Spokane—The Crescent
 Springfield, Mass.—Fishes & Wallace
 Stamford, Conn.—L. Spelle & Son, 419 Main
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 Tacoma—738 So. Holmes Ave. (above 9th St.)
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 Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
 Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
 Troy—31 Third St. (2nd floor)
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 Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
 Waco—Davis-Smith Bootery, 789 Austin Ave.
 Washington, D. C.—1319 F Street (2nd floor)
 Waterbury—Howard-Hughes Co.
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and her manner became more animated as a green baize cloth thrown over the table converted it to a battlefield at her command.

Zoë Akins, the playwright, having crossed with her one spring on the *Olympic*, and challenged her at cards, thereafter was heard to observe: "Jeritza plays a game as brilliant as the Devil!" Whatever may have been Miss Akins' previous experience in demoniacal auction, we may only accept the brilliance without satanic modification. Jeritza throws herself into the game with the abandon and relish of a child turned loose in a candy shop. My staid and conservative caution swooned before the impact of the singer's intrepidity, her startling recklessness which invariably carried her crashing through to victory. Her hands and her thoughts moved with incredible swiftness, her long fingers snapped cards into place almost before the lead was out, then drummed impatiently while slower wits reached their decisions. She shuffled and dealt with a deftness which baffled the admiring eye; and while quite aware of every play and every card out (and probably of all those in her opponents' hands as well) she contrived the performance of irrelevant things: A running commentary on the game, a whispered lesson in English to a wisp-like niece seated beside her, and a number of signals and code instructions to the servants arranging tea in the next room.

Constantly in a cold perspiration over the German bridge-terms, the Austrian rules, and the cards without any convenient little numbers on the corners—not to mention the exuberance of my distinguished opponent, it was an enormous relief to me when the game and

the whispered signals subsided in favor of the material tea.

Led by the hostess, as anxiously brooding over the refreshment table as she was ebullient and expansive at the card table, we took our places on the stiff quadrille of chairs. The white cloth before us was sprinkled with dozens of tiny begonia sprays, and there were wide cups of poured tea waiting at each place. Two maids (one the famous Gretl known to every American reporter) assisted by a "piccola," or apprentice, passed sugar, little bottles of rum and of lemon juice, and an assortment of half-sandwiches engagingly reminiscent of *hors d'oeuvres*. The anxiety and bewilderment endured over the green baize now trailed hunger among the begonias, and it was fervently to be hoped that Jeritza was more adept in counting trumps than sandwiches.

More and hotter tea accompanied the next course. Plates were changed, and this time there were wafers and sweet cakes. Then once more, as an impressive and unexpected finale, fresh plates were delivered before a procession of delicate fruits, very precious in a land so temperately kissed by the sun.

It can not be said that over the tea-cups conversation flourished; there was a slight but distinct domestic *malaise* apparent in the suddenly conventional and somewhat distraught replies of our hostess to our polite murmurings of small-talk. Her gaze and attention seemed focussed in the mysterious regions behind the serving screen, but once convinced that her guests were bountifully fed even to repletion, her gayety and sparkle returned.

Wringing her hands in comic despair, she blamed the weather for what she considered the imperfections of our entertainment, which might have included "rowing in a boat," or even a swim begun at her garden steps. And she expended the choicest garnishings of her English vocabulary in an effort to tear the veil of mist from the surrounding scenery.

"I love this place because it is so sweet, it is so simple! Everybody knows me, but everybody lets me alone. I like it so well that I have three houses all in this one village. Come and see the others!"

Gretl brought the necessary rain-coat, which of course contrived to be white and in keeping with all of Jeritza's blond wardrobe. With an eager pressure of the long fingers, she led me to a point upon the shore from which I might best observe the imminent reconstruction of an adjoining villa, designed as future "*Dépendance*" or Annex to the Jeritza establishment. She has no immediate family of her own, other than her husband, the charming Baron von Popper (absent in Vienna on this particular day), but more young nieces and nephews appearing upon the scene from time to time emphasized the need for

all this expansion. A brief walk down a muddy flowery lane revealed the real hive of the swarming and thoroughly delightful younger generation.

This villa, more elaborate, more modern, with even more horns and antlers upon walls and ceiling, houses Jeritza's sister and her family. Apparently this great, and traveled, and widely acquainted prima donna finds much happiness in having about her as many of her relatives as can be persuaded to partake of her hospitality. Here in a lovely low, cheerful room, which is the children's own, we were introduced as honored guests. A long table, a rack of gay china, books, and best of all, a friendly, adaptable piano furnished it sufficiently. "They all make music . . . it is so sweet!" says the doting aunt, fixing a soft and mellow eye upon Bibi, the "littlest one," and hence perhaps the most adored. He had seen his distinguished relative approaching and although, with his wide and cheerful grin, his rumpled hair, his brief and sturdy legs, he is the quintessence of restless small boy, heels clicked smartly and he remained stiffly bent at the waist with eyes lowered until she greeted him. Thereupon he kissed her hand with accomplished grace, a tiny replica of her polished "Octavian" in "Rosenkavalier."

"Bibi, you will sing for us?" Naturally one expected the usual shy and protesting wriggle, but instead, "Yes, gracious one, willingly!" piped Bibi. "And with feeling, remember!" "Yes, gracious one, with feeling!" he assured her.

While there may have been more emotion than music in his performance, Bibi promptly demonstrated his possession of vocal chords and a flair for lyric drama. A big brother accompanied him on the piano, also "with feeling," and then the wisp-like niece of the card-table sang, revealing a voice far less fragile than her appearance, with some notes glowingly suggestive of her golden aunt's enchantments. Jeritza sat enthroned in warm

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and radiant pride, from time to time bursting into laughs of utter delight.

"What a voice, and only three months she has studied! Ah, you shall see! . . . And she will be pretty, too, some day. You can say perhaps now, that she is not all finished."

Another niece confessed to skill upon the violin, and Bibi "obliged" with an exhibition of the modern dance. "You should just see them when they are all together!" said the aunt. "Always twelve of them at the table. If any of them are away, then must be invited some little friends, so there are still always twelve. And so much noise! It is so sweet!"

The rain clouds had brought an early dusk, and we had far to go that night for we were taking Jeritza's advice concerning the wonders of the Salzburg festival which should on no account be missed. Jeritza, nodding to the village folk with a friendly "Grüss Gott!" flinging money to a street singer, and pausing to stroke a bit of soot from a passing chimney-sweep as a good omen, accompanied us back to the Villa Kaldi gate. Eyeing the width of the parked car in relation to the narrowness of the lane, she exclaimed with twinkling eyes, "Now I shall have a chance to watch you in a performance!" But in cowardly fashion we waved a ceremonious farewell from behind the wheel and speeded to a secluded cross-roads before turning the car toward home, while rain, falling with renewed enthusiasm, blotted out the white raincoat and the wonderful golden hair . . .

Now only a pleasingly incongruous memory lingers to compare with the remote and exotic vision revealed in mid-November when on the great blazing stage of the Metropolitan this same Jeritza of the little wooden house on the Attersee sang the *Princess Turandot*, in the American première of Puccini's posthumous opera, one of the most brilliant events listed in the current music season.

Mothers' Rights

(Continued from page 10)

"We consider the health of the mothers and children of this state to be its most valuable asset, and for this reason our field staff of public health nurses, who are trained experts in every phase of public health nursing work, are always at your service."

Information about the best way to travel safely with babies, about precautions to ensure safe water and milk, about children's diets en route, were contained in the booklet.

It is the same flexibility of the maternity and infancy program which enabled the maternity and infancy nurse of a California county to control, by quick and efficient action, a whooping cough epidemic in one of her towns and

to stop, on her rounds, to care for three seriously injured people, staying with them for nineteen hours, until help came.

No one who has read, as I have, the reports of our maternity and infancy nurses, now working throughout forty-three cooperating states, can help being deeply impressed not only by their quick readiness to step into the breach in a new situation and "lend a hand" whenever a bit of human service is needed, but by their faithful and careful every-day work, as they go among the people of their communities, always taking with them

The Sheppard-Towner Story

AN act "for the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy," by co-operation between state and national governments, passed in 1921 for a five-year period, extended to Hawaii in 1924.

It authorized annual appropriations of \$1,252,079, providing that only \$50,354 of this shall be spent in administration, that \$5,000 shall go outright to every state accepting, \$5,000 extra to every state spending \$5,000 of its own money for mothers and babies, the rest to be appropriated on a population basis and granted if matched.

The Federal appropriations have been less than a million annually—about one cent per person in the United States.

(Since June 30, 1916, the United States Government has spent \$400,000,000 on good roads.)

The act has been accepted by 43 states and Hawaii—not accepted by Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas.

It is administered by the Children's Bureau with a staff of only 10 persons—3 doctors, 3 nurses, an auditor, 3 clerks.

The states plan their own program and carry it out through state bureaus of child health.

Before the close of Congress last summer the House passed a bill to renew the measure for two years, the Senate Committee reduced it to one year, no vote was taken and the bill went over. It is expected to come up soon after Congress meets.

the message of modern methods in the care of the mother and the child.

Other methods are being used by most of the states to supplement the personal teaching of physicians and nurses. In a number of states prenatal letters are sent to mothers requesting them, or are distributed to physicians for the use of their patients. These letters are usually sent once a month during pregnancy. They give the mothers simple instruc-

tions in the hygiene of pregnancy and urge the necessity for medical supervision during the entire period. Correspondence courses in motherhood are being given to mothers who may still be remote from the health conference or who may seldom see the maternity and infancy nurse. And back from these mothers, sometimes in handwriting almost illegible, come letters of gratitude and word that the instruction given has been eagerly followed and that results are good!

"I have a fine healthy boy," wrote one mother to the West Virginia Division of Child Hygiene and Public Health Nursing. "The Children's Bureau has helped me a lot in caring for him, as I am a very young mother with not much experience."

Another mother said: "I shurley did apreshaded your instruction and I have a healthy child by folling it."

"The babes like everything suggested and are doing nicely," wrote another.

Besides reaching mothers in these various ways, the directors of maternity and infancy programs in the states are attempting to reach the young women

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and girls of today who will be the mothers of tomorrow. This is one of the most fundamental and far-reaching pieces of work being done under this or any other legislative act.

Starting through the organization by maternity and infancy nurses in a number of states of "Little Mothers' Leagues," this work has spread and developed until now courses in infant hygiene are being given to thousands of grammar school, high school and college girls throughout the country as part of their education for life.

Interesting examples of this kind of work are found in Wisconsin and Indiana. In Wisconsin the plan, originally worked out by the Bureau of Child Welfare and Public Health Nursing as a part of its Sheppard-Towner program and then extended in cooperation with the State Board of Education, now calls for a minimum course of ten hours in infant hygiene given preferably in pre-high school grades and forming a part of the Wisconsin courses of study in home economics, physical education, or physiology and hygiene. The majority of city schools give eighteen hours to the course. High schools are rapidly developing individual advanced courses.

For rural schools this instruction has been incorporated in a revision of the course of physiology and hygiene for the eighth grade. Preparatory instruction is given to teachers in all training institutions. Manuals and textbooks have been prepared by the Bureau and are being used in the schools. Wisconsin's slogan is: "Every Wisconsin girl educated for intelligent motherhood," and Wisconsin is bidding fair to make its slogan a reality.

In Indiana the State Division of Child Hygiene offers a five-period course in parenthood to Indiana colleges. Eighteen out of the twenty colleges of

and dental hygiene work, the distribution of literature, and post-graduate training courses in obstetrics and pediatrics for physicians and nurses. Each one of these pieces of work would require an article as long as the present one for its description.

The results of the maternity and infancy program cannot be decisively set forth after a four-year period of activity. The necessary organization, selection of personnel, determination of policies and formulation of plans occupied the first year after the act went into operation in 1922. We have had, therefore, approximately three years to demonstrate what can be done to improve conditions among the mothers and babies of our country through national-state cooperation. These three years have shown a drop of four points in the infant mortality rate, or an annual saving of approximately ten thousand babies. Comparative rates are available for only twenty-three of the cooperating states for the years 1922 and 1925. Of these twenty-three states fourteen have lower rates, six have higher rates, three have the same. Of the six states with higher rates, four have risen only one point (a fluctuation which may have no lasting significance), one has risen two points and the remaining state four points.

In the maternal mortality rate for the country as a whole no significant decrease has been evident, so far as the statistics are available. The latest maternal figures are for the year 1924 and show maternal death rates to be the same as those for 1922. In some states and communities, however, striking decreases have followed local maternity demonstrations.

Our work under the Sheppard-Towner Act has demonstrated clearly the feasibility of this plan for the education of the people in maternal and child health. It has shown that in this field, as in the field of highway construction and vocational education, the Federal and state governments can work together harmoniously and to the advantage of each. It has shown that the job is a tremendous one and that we cannot expect final results in a few years. It has shown, finally, that now, with the foundations laid for the program, every additional ounce of work we put into it means that much more in results.

HIGH SPOTS IN THREE YEARS' WORK UNDER SHEPPARD-TOWNER

FISCAL YEARS 1924, 1925, 1926

Health conferences held	63,725
Child health conferences	49,225
Prenatal conferences	12,555
Combined prenatal and child health conferences	1,945
Visits to conferences by infant and preschool children	820,160
Visits to conferences by prospective mothers	102,685
Permanent health centers established	2,126
Attendance at mothers' classes	149,504
Attendance at midwives' classes	49,990
Home visits by nurses	1,035,773
Prenatal and infant hygiene literature distributed	6,557,574
TOTAL NUMBER OF COUNTIES IN 43 CO-OPERATING STATES AND HAWAII	2,826

TOTAL NUMBER OF COUNTIES REACHED
BY MATERNITY AND INFANCY
PROGRAM, 2,313

DURING 1926* 944,220 BABIES AND
PRESCHOOL CHILDREN** and 179,464
EXPECTANT MOTHERS*** WERE
REACHED THROUGH ONE OR MORE OF
THE STATE ACTIVITIES MADE POSSIBLE
BY SHEPPARD-TOWNER

* Similar figures not available for other years.
** 2 states did not report on this point.
*** 5 states and Hawaii did not report on this point.

the state have accepted the course, the remaining two having already included work of the same kind in the curriculum. Since March, 1926, 8,189 young women have enrolled for the course. No more will it be possible for Indiana mothers to say, as they have said to the Division:

"Why hasn't some one taught us these things before? Our school and college courses teach everything but the things we most need to know about preparation for parenthood and the care and training of children."

Other phases of the maternity and infancy program include the training and instruction of midwives, campaigns for the physical examination of preschool children and the correction of defects before school entrance, nutrition classes

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Washington

(Continued from page 24)

This is the novel of Washington political life which is interpreted as an indictment of the Harding Administration, a veiled story of the alleged corrupt practices committed under the eye of the late President by his friends and associates in office, whose final disclosure so shocked him that it caused his death. It is whispered that the White House spokesman said "It's a damn shame" for the first time in his life, after reading the book.

A good third of all British and continental novels are laid in Paris and London, but Washington, we feel, has been overlooked by American writers. Yet there is the stuff of stories here, and even a good play or two.

Two senators elevate their eyebrows simultaneously at each other and leave the Senate chamber by different exits before an important vote. The wife of a Persian diplomat, raised in the traditional seclusion of an Oriental home and kept apart from all the teeming social life of the capital during her husband's first year of service here, suddenly appears unveiled in the presence of men, for the first time in her life, and develops into one of Washington's most charming and sought-after hostesses. The wife of a prominent Republican Senator takes a taxi or walks to pay her official calls, having no automobile, while her husband turns back to the Treasury each month the increase in salary from \$7,500 to \$10,000 for which he voted, feeling that having been elected to serve at \$7,500 he should continue on this inadequate stipend until the end of his present term. Here is material for fiction, by any of the numerous authors living in Washington; why is an American novel based on life in the capital still so unusual as to arouse comment from that fact alone?

Washington picked up its morning *Post* one day to discover that the public schools of the nation's capital were menaced with Communism. The charge was made by Major General Amos A. Fries, Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service of the War Department. General Fries found that a teacher of biology in one of the high schools had won a five-dollar prize by writing a definition of "Socialism" for the *Forum* magazine. Organizing a one-man storm of protest, he appealed to the Board of

Education to oust the biology teacher, who had served with credit during the World War. The teacher protested that he had the same right to offer a definition of Socialism as he had "to offer one of prohibition, the protective tariff, the single tax, the Ku Klux Klan, Catholicism, Judaism, or the principles of Thomas Jefferson." Investigation disclosing that the young man was an exemplary teacher, and that he had never tried to expound his political or social beliefs to his biology classes, the Board of Education informed General Fries that it had no intention of dismissing him.

The matter assumed a national aspect when the War Department issued a disclaimer that General Fries was speaking in any official capacity, and when Governor W. P. G. Hunt of Arizona and Senator Edwards of New Jersey protested to the superintendent of schools against the move to oust the biology instructor. General Fries has promised to continue his campaign to oust the suspected teacher for his "un-American and unpatriotic beliefs." The District American Legion, however, has shown no disposition to support the General in his program to save the republic, although he has threatened to take the matter up with the national organization and other societies of patriotic tendencies.

A favored few were invited by the Overseas Writers, an organization of former war correspondents, to a private showing of "Potemkin," the first motion picture film sent out of Russia. It has been barred in several European countries, and was not accepted for public showings in the United States. An audience carefully selected to represent both extremes of Russian policy, with State Department officials, Department of Justice agents, Senators Hiram Johnson and Henrik Shipstead (Farmer-Labor) and Alice Longworth in attendance, found the film artistic, interesting and entirely innocuous so far as being "Soviet propaganda" was concerned. The captions carefully explained that the film portrayed historical incidents of the 1905 Russian revolt against the Czar and had no connection with the present régime in Russia. But the State Department, it is understood, still regards the film suspiciously as a product of a country which is not recognized by the United States, and which might in some way stir up unwarranted sympathy for the Russian people.

The Department is at present, however, less disturbed about Russia than about Mexico. There is an uneasiness evident about Secretary Kellogg and other officials when they are queried about the Mexican situation. A note

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sent to the Mexican Government some weeks ago is supposed to have been an ultimatum on our demands for modifications of the land laws affecting American property.

The latest development is the appeal of President Diaz of Nicaragua for American intervention in the current revolution, an appeal forwarded to the State Department a few hours after the Department had extended him official recognition. Since it is charged that Mexican nationals and communists are fomenting the revolution and aiding the rebels by shipments of arms and supplies, the United States would be treading on dangerous ground in its relations with Mexico should it take an active part in protecting the present administration in Nicaragua. The success of any communist movement in Nicaragua, however, would be regarded as so dangerous to American interests that it is entirely possible the American warships now in Nicaraguan waters may be utilized to protect the Diaz régime.

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With Our Readers

LET'S begin with a nice one—a letter from a woman high in the nursing profession:

The nursing profession certainly owes you a note of thanks for Miss Marshall's excellent "When You Need a Nurse!" The article is well done and attractively presented, and I am sure will rouse some constructive thinking among actual or potential employers of nurses.

And then, to keep us humble, we must correct a slip of the pencil in a November editorial. A Chicago reader says:

In the November issue of the *WOMAN CITIZEN* I notice on page 29 a little article which states that the Woman's Republican Club of Chicago endorsed the candidacy of Hugh Magill for United States Senator. It should read, the Woman's Roosevelt Republican Club. The Woman's Republican Club is an organization which sticks closely to party lines.

Right, of course—it was the Woman's Roosevelt Republican Club. Mr. Magill, you remember, was the independent who entered the race in response to a demand from those who would not support the regular Republican nominee, Frank L. Smith, because he was charged with accepting, while president of the Illinois Utilities Commission, a huge campaign contribution from public utilities corporations. Mr. Smith was elected.

The next is one of the pleasantest compliments we ever had. Says N. Edna Sleeper, of Germantown, Pennsylvania:

I must congratulate you on the *WOMAN CITIZEN*. We always say here, "Well, wait till the *WOMAN CITIZEN* comes and then we will get the truth of the matter."

Here comes a heretic about politics, with views on poetry:

In the November Bookshelf I find Amy Lowell described as "one of America's greatest poets and as the greatest woman poet writing at the time in the English language." This shocks me. It suggests that there is no question as to the relative merits of Miss Lowell, Elinor Wylie, Sara Teasdale, Genevieve Taggard and Louise Bogan—to mention only a few American women. And how about Edna St. Vincent Millay? Far greater critics than the writer are willing to state that she is not only one of the greatest women poets, but one of the greatest of any sex writing in the English language today. She herself is willing to back that statement!

"No rose that in a garden ever grew,
In Omar's or in Homer's or in mine!"

I'm for starting a new movement. We need it. Here's the slogan: "On to poetry. Down with politics." It is far more important, humanly speaking, to be able to distinguish between a Millay and a Lowell than a Coolidge and a McAdoo.—K. B.

And this from a sympathizer about signs:

I am much pleased with the article in your November issue on "Sign-less Town," and I wish to congratulate you on your stand in publishing it.

We are trying very hard here in Maine to make a few of our towns somewhat signless, and it appeals to me tremendously.

FLORENCE A. PAUL.

York Village, Maine.

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OUR OWN DINGBATS

HERE we are in the back again, crowded out by that pioneer suffragist, Margaret Brent, who has a demanding way with her, as you can see by the front cover. ♦ ♦ ♦ If there were only such a thing as a picture of a Dingbat maybe we could maintain our front-of-the-book rights. ♦ ♦ ♦ We'd make more fuss about it, now that we are getting older and hate to move about so, if it weren't that in our secret heart we have a special fondness for Back-of-the-Book. ♦ ♦ ♦ Speaking of pictures, that's where the Press Pussy in the *Woman's Press* has it all over us, if the Press Pussy will forgive us the implied comparison. ♦ ♦ ♦ She gets her picture in every time. ♦ ♦ ♦ (Won't someone draw us a Dingbat?) ♦ ♦ ♦ If it weren't the magnanimous Christmas-y season we should seek revenge for a recent threat of that Y. W. C. A. Pussy that she would "break *Woman's Press* readers of that *WOMAN CITIZEN* habit." ♦ ♦ ♦ We are glad to learn, on unimpeachable authority, that man is starting to break down one of the discriminations against him—namely, the collar, which for countless centuries has confined his neck, whether slightly or otherwise. The movement has its headquarters in Paris, and so far we have heard nothing of it here, but we have hopes of our countrymen. ♦ ♦ ♦ The rebellion is called "the Anticarcen." ♦ ♦ ♦ We have seen recently a line which might well be patented as a desk motto—turned toward the door. ♦ ♦ ♦ It reads, "If you have half an hour to spend, don't spend it with some one who hasn't." ♦ ♦ ♦ We are not being personal; we are merely thinking of the possible profits in the invention. ♦ ♦ ♦ Among hints for public speakers we offer the following. An old colored preacher was very popular, and a younger man asked him the secret. "Well," said he, "first I tell 'em what I am goin' to tell 'em; then I tell 'em; and then I tell 'em what I've told 'em." ♦ ♦ ♦ And now comes Christmas shopping. ♦ ♦ ♦ It's all very well for Miss Dibble to say, Make a List. ♦ ♦ ♦ We have practiced that rule for years, but it doesn't take you past the crisis that arises when you simply can't think of anything RIGHT to put down on the list. ♦ ♦ ♦ She should explain whether it is better just to write in Stockings or Handkerchiefs, regardless, or to leave a question mark and go around with that hopeful look ♦ And now, even though it isn't even December yet, we are so encouraged by eight flakes of snow, which we firmly believe were furnished for atmosphere, that we can say MERRY CHRISTMAS and mean it.

Do You Believe in Santa Claus? We Do!

WHEN the WOMAN CITIZEN began a year ago to secure women to guarantee its publication and furnish sufficient capital to put the magazine on a sound financial basis, we did not know whether or not it could be done. Could a sufficient number of interested women be found able to pledge the amount necessary? It is comparatively easy to raise money for charity, but a woman's business undertaking is a different affair. Also, women in the past have not had the control of much money in their own hands.

A happy surprise awaited us. The response has been enthusiastic beyond all expectations and the result is an entirely new thing in the publication world. Women from eighteen states, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leading women in different women's organizations, and women of all shades of political faith are cooperating in publishing the WOMAN CITIZEN.

The common bond which has drawn these women together is their interest in a magazine which goes beyond "baking, brewing and candle-stick making." They see in the WOMAN CITIZEN a force to stimulate women's interest in what is going on in the world and to help them contribute to a sound public opinion. They believe in the WOMAN CITIZEN's policy of printing facts without partisanship and of keeping its pages open to both sides of any question.

One of our best known women, in promising to become a guarantor, said, "I don't agree at all with some of the CITIZEN's policies, but women need such a magazine to make them think." Other guarantors appreciate the enormous aid to the entire woman's program which a magazine like the CITIZEN can give by daring to crusade for that program. Then there is the lure of the woman's magazine not published by men for women, as our magazines have been in the past, but published by women for themselves as they see their own needs and according to their own tastes. Perhaps the largest number have become guarantors in the spirit of the woman who wrote, "I find the CITIZEN the most interesting and valuable magazine that comes to our house. I want to make it possible for more women to have it."

While the CITIZEN still cannot imitate the huge, lavishly adorned magazines that other publishing companies with huge capital put out, already the guarantors have made possible more pages, better editorial material, more profuse illustrations and the series of historical colored covers.

Do you wonder that we say we believe in Santa Claus! At this Christmas-tide he has brought the WOMAN CITIZEN the fulfillment of what was only an ardent wish a short year ago.

The ideal of Christmas is service for others. The WOMAN CITIZEN is here to serve the women of the United States, to express their ideals, to furnish inspiration, and to give them practical help.

A Merry Christmas to you all!



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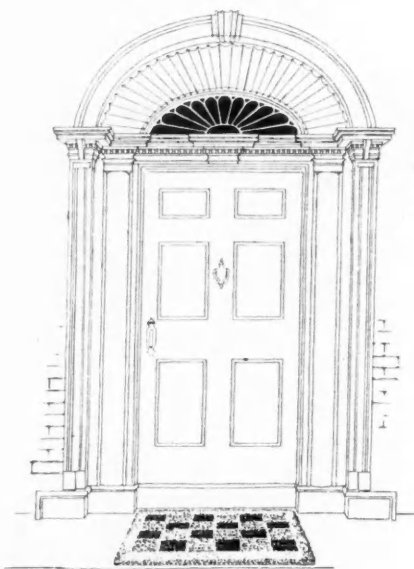
January, 1927



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Founded June 2, 1917, continuing *The Woman's Journal* founded in 1870 by Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell and published weekly from 1870 to 1917.

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Vol. LV Old Style. Vol. XI New Style. No. 8

A Revolutionary Patriot

Appears on the Cover

IN the biting cold of a December dawn Lydia Darrach entrusted a soldier with the message to General Washington that saved the American army at White Marsh. And thereby hangs a tale that makes a gentle little Quakeress one of the heroines of the Revolution.

When the British army occupied Philadelphia in 1777, General Howe had his headquarters in the house of Mr. Cadwallader on Second Street. Just over the way lived William and Lydia Darrach, Quakers, though they had a son in Washington's army.

General Howe, in need of more space, commandeered a room in the Darrach house to be used as a council chamber, and the Quaker family found it hard indeed to have enemy officers under their roof planning the destruction of the beloved army at White Marsh.

On the night of December 2nd a British lieutenant came to Mrs. Darrach with the request that all her family go early to bed. They did, but not—in Lydia's case—to sleep. It was easy to guess that an important conference was being held.

When the house was quiet except for the low voices of Britishers in that closed room, Lydia Darrach slipped out of bed and into a closet adjoining the council chamber. Through the flimsy partition she overheard all the details of the British plan to annihilate the American army on the night of December 4th.

Before the conference was over Lydia was back in bed pretending to be sound asleep.

The next night Lydia Darrach left Philadelphia after dark. Legend has it that she obtained a pass from the British to go to the flour mills at Frankford. But once outside the town she turned, not toward Frankford, but in the direction of White Marsh.

It must have been hard going for a woman—city bred. She was on foot and it was bitterly cold. Fortunately, before she reached White Marsh she fell in with soldiers from Washington's army. Colonel Craig, whom she knew, gladly undertook to carry her information to headquarters, and Lydia Darrach's job was done. The British surprise attack failed to be a surprise. A plucky woman traveling on foot, late at night, at the height of winter—had saved the American army.

And She's Here to Stay!

WOMAN has arrived. She arrived a bit tardily; but now that she's here, the world knows it. However blind, balmy, or bigoted one may be, he can no longer deny the fact of her austere presence and august influence in all the major affairs of this avowedly civilized world.

Dyed-in-the-wool masculinists of the old school are horrified and infuriated as the brilliant pageant of womanhood-in-release emerges from the murky past, with burdens and opportunities equalized—aglow with promise and prepared, if need be, for further revolutions in the fulfillment of that promise.

From now on the maladroit, malignant, malingering male must win his boots and spurs in fair and open competition, instead of by the divine right of having been born to trousers. If he prove unequal to the test there is always a good woman to take his place—and keep it.

The myth of feminine frailty was exploded so long ago that only a few of the older girls now recall the incident. Joan of Arc touched off the inaugural bomb. Since her day, similar detonations have occurred too frequently for recording.

Let doubters—for there still exist some who doubt the native strength, the Spartan fortitude, and the power of woman to conceive, compose, and execute—take an excursion into the fearsome and little explored lair of art and esthetics. There they will be stunned to observe that most of the profound preparation and potent realization today is being accomplished by mere women.

The male is out hunting the dollar, as the female used to conspire for influence. And while he vainly flits about, she usurps his sceptre and chisel as the creator of new works of great strength and lasting merit.

Then let these same doubters examine the subscription list of *The New Republic*, with its rapidly rising percentage of feminine readers. With the most important liberal magazine in America—a weekly publication devoted to the intellectual interests of the country's leading thinkers—being read by thousands and more thousands of women, is it any wonder that the old-line masculinist trembles with rage and remonstrates as best he can with the cracked and quavering remains of his once formidable roar?

Women have come to read *The New Republic*, not because of any special effort made to attract their attention, but through the natural and inevitable gravitation which draws superior people to the society of the best in contemporary thought.

A starred item on our program for the New Year is that which calls for the addition of one thousand new women subscribers within the next ninety days. And to stimulate action on the part of those who read *THE WOMAN CITIZEN*, we are glad to extend this special offer of—

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OUR OWN DINGBATS

HERE we are up against the familiar problem—how to pass on a New Year's sentiment tintured with resolutions and noble beginnings, when our feelings are still all mixed up with holly and pine. ♦♦♦ But New Year's Day has this advantage anyhow—the magazine, for better or worse, will have gone to press and all we shall have to worry about will be the next one. ♦♦♦ Thus we can say HAPPY NEW YEAR with even more gusto than we put into MERRY CHRISTMAS. ♦♦♦ There is a phrase in Mrs. Dobyns' article on page 20 that we consider a priceless gem—it is "nuisance value." Never have we heard a better expression for what women can do in a good cause of any sort where men need a little nagging. ♦♦♦ But we warn you, if you don't want to chant about the "young lady from Niger," don't look at the illustrations. ♦♦♦ We have eaten and slept to the chug of that limerick now for three days. ♦♦♦ It remains to be seen whether even Christmas carols will dislodge it. ♦♦♦ Our sense of virtue over Christmas shopping makes us feel almost as smug as the tiger looks, because we *did* shop early. ♦♦♦ If any one wishes to point out that we didn't shop *much*, she will merely show a mean disposition. ♦♦♦ A sunny answer was that made by a famous sculptor to a gabby woman at a party. "I always think sculpture must be so very difficult, isn't it?" ♦♦♦ "Oh, no," said the sculptor, "all you have to do is to get a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want." ♦♦♦ So let's all be one. ♦♦♦ Jane Addams was asked recently what she thought of bobbed hair. "I am not concerned so much," she answered, "with the uniformity on the outside of people's heads as I am about the uniformity on the inside." ♦♦♦ And unfortunately it can't be corrected by the hair-dresser. ♦♦♦ Even though this should be saved for February, we pass on the answer to a school-room question, "What was George Washington noted for?" ♦♦♦ "His memory," was the answer. ♦♦♦ "WHAT?" ♦♦♦ "Yes'm, they erected monuments to it." ♦♦♦ A good practical feminist is Fred Stone, comedian and father of three lovely daughters. Behind the scenes the other day an admirer (the *Youngstown Telegram* says) asked: "Have you nothing but girls?" "Nothing but girls?" replied Stone. "Why, man alive, we have *everything* but boys!" ♦♦♦ We have made a nice little collection of winter places suitable for a postponed summer vacation. ♦♦♦ A collection about four inches deep, at a guess. ♦♦♦ And now that we have had the pleasure of reading the glowing descriptions of golf links we have half a notion to desert them all and go down and listen to the Senate. ♦♦♦ We never have had a chance to get sated with their stately and otherwise periods, and new copies of the *Congressional Record* have whetted our appetite. ♦♦♦ Fifth Avenue is wonderful these evenings. ♦♦♦ Christmas trees abound, twinkling in settings of candy, neckties, toys, toilet sets, underwear. ♦♦♦ Business of keeping the mind fixed on Christmas in order to avoid New Year resolutions. We have resolved to swear off on—resolutions.



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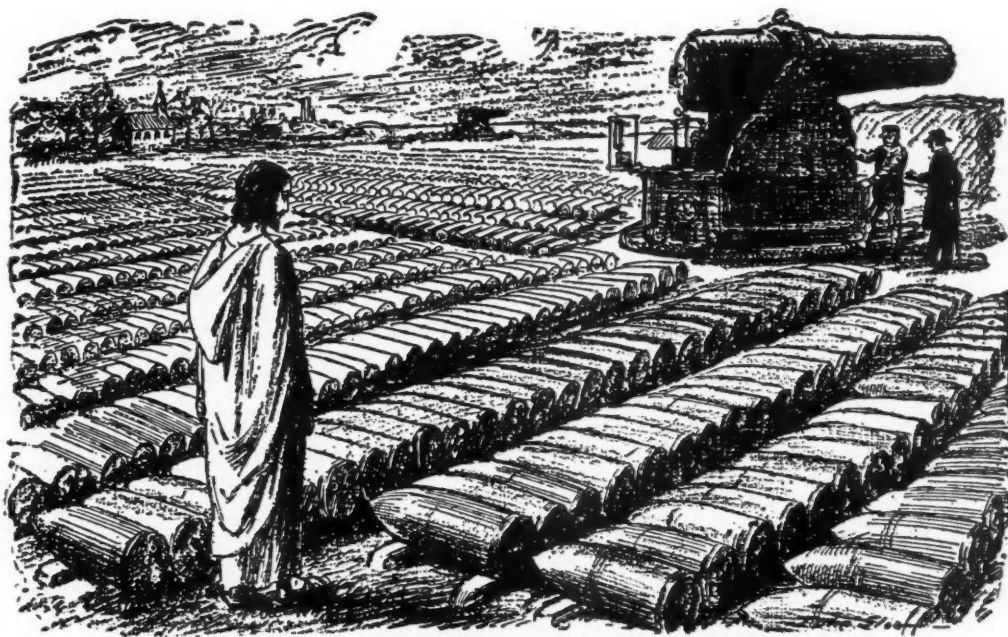
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From "War—What For?" Courtesy of George Kirkpatrick
In My Name! After Nineteen Hundred Years!

For the Healing of the Nations

*Problems of Peace Discussed by Nine Women's
Organizations at the Recent Conference
on the Cause and Cure of War*

By MILDRED ADAMS

"**B**ELIEVING as I do," said Mrs. Catt firmly, "that compulsory arbitration treaties are the real solution of the war problem—" and the pedal note of the second Conference on the Cause and Cure of War was struck, to hold throughout five mornings, afternoons and evenings of lecture, discussion and debate.

It was nearly two years ago that a committee, composed of the presidents of nine of the great national women's organizations, called the first Conference. That time the subjects were literally causes and cures, analyzed, dissected, discussed from every angle. Out of that Conference came certain "findings," which, during the past two years, have acted as a basis for study programs,

summer conferences and individual lectures on various phases of international relations. Whenever a missionary society packed a barrel, whenever a woman's club devoted an afternoon to foreign affairs, wherever an American Association of University Women chapter discussed the international scholarship it was aiding, right there was apt to be heard an echo from the hard study of the Conference.

So that the six hundred delegates who met this year in the gilded Hall of Nations during the snowy, sloppy week of December fifth, had back of them the most authoritative information about why peoples went to war and how conflict could be avoided. They also had two years in which they had digested that information. They had

tried it out on other people, tested its validity in this case and that. Problems of peace had been in their minds, and their minds had sloughed off prejudice and gained limberness.

The result was an added ease in discussion, a clarity of background, and an increased willingness to listen to very controversial discussion. The Conference devoted half its time to economic and historic consideration of such fundamental causes and cures as the need for security, trade rivalries, general arbitration and progressive disarmament. Then they went on to the more prickly discussion of our present foreign relations with other countries.

They were very uneasy relations, too. Whoever made up that program had both skill and courage, with wisdom

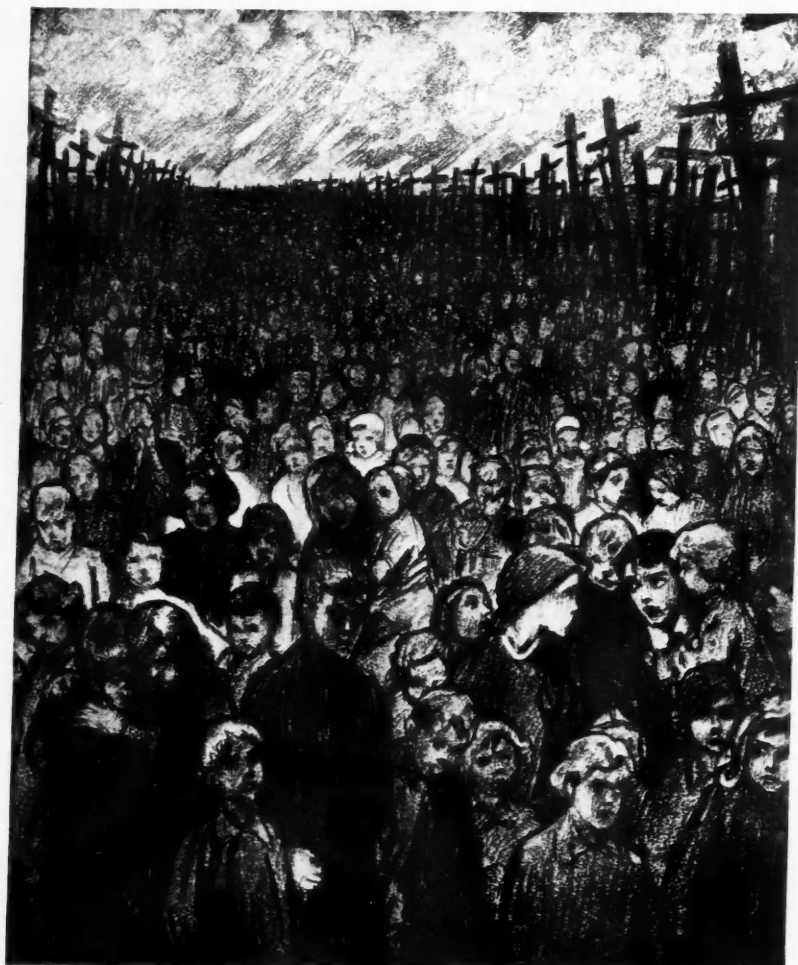
back of them. Every session devoted to the Philippines, China, Japan, Mexico, the countries of the Caribbean, held something of the sensation of a tooth whose nerve was so close to the surface that it jumped and blazed at the slightest pressure.

Under such circumstances the open-mindedness and desire for fair play of the six hundred delegates was severely tested. It is easy enough to be objective in an academic discussion which does not affect one personally. But the Chinese revolutions, and their demands for treaties which shall do away with foreign privileges, touch the mission groups very closely. Japanese and Philippine competition in the textile trades is a sore point with the Trade Union people. The problem of Asiatic immigration came close home to every Pacific Coast delegate. And as for Mexico, her very name touches off fireworks these days, whether one has oil interests, religious preferences, political theories, or merely ideas.

Yet the delegates listened with vivid and, on the whole, impartial interest to speeches that set up every variety of opposing opinion. They heard the Filipinos praised for their progress, and scored as scheming "politicos." They shook sorrowful heads as Dr. Stephen Duggan charged that American policy in the Philippines had been "dictated by the exigencies of the American political situation at home." They listened eagerly to the miniature Congressional debate staged by Representative Charles L. Underhill, Republican, of Massachusetts, and Representative Ralph Gilbert, Democrat, of Kentucky. Their patience with the blurred English of the Honorable Pedro Guevara, Resident Commissioner for the Philippines, was balanced with their amusement over the sophomoric

cleverness with which Mr. M. Lichauco castigated the Senate's policy with his people.

All those gentlemen had been in the Philippines, knew the land, the waters, the products, and the people. All of them had very definite ideas as to what should be done and the way to do it. No two of them were in agreement except on quite unimportant points.



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"Where Are Our Fathers?"

But the net result of all the verbal fury was a cool recommendation brought in by the findings committee and accepted unanimously by the Conference. They found that the United States was committed to a policy of Philippine independence by what Filipino students in a Manila Young Men's Christian Association, with Latin placing of noun after subject, called "The Bill Jones." The utterance of various Presidents have strengthened that commitment. Therefore the United States should appoint a commission to meet with a commission appointed by the Filipinos, for the purpose of discussing

"time, manner and method." Out of that should come "an openly announced and continuing policy for the Philippines."

That same procedure was followed in the discussions of other countries' relations with the United States. Experts gave their testimony, passionate adherents presented their cases, the delegates listened, asked questions, and

made recommendations which embodied their sentiments. It was fascinating and dramatic, crammed with the sense of striving between individuals and elbowing between nations.

The causes of wars came closer home by such actual demonstration than they could have done in days of academic discussion on a less personal and immediate plane. When the Chinese Minister, Dr. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, representative of a government whose authority another speaker had questioned, said soberly that if the powers did not terminate their unequal treaties with China, that nation might "declare these treaties at an end"—the long gilded hall was suddenly filled with grave diplomatic whispers, and the distant clash of modern arms on ancient yellow hills.

By the same token of immediate necessity, the cures of war appeared far less easy of application and sure of success. Arbitration—that recurring theme of the Conference—sounds normal and logical and inevitable in the abstract. But when Mexico is said to charge bribery and corruption on the part of American officials, and those officials are personal friends or honored acquaintances, one inclines to a fight instead of a cool discussion.

The Conference delegates had as their working tools all the trained intelligence of the American Association of University Women, the religious faith of the Council of Women for Home Mis-

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The Beginning of the Legend of Peace, painted by Violet Oakley for the state capitol of Pennsylvania, might also be called "A Parable of Disarmament." It illustrates a legend which in turn symbolizes the Quaker faith in non-resistance. Two Friends, living in the wilderness, always left the latch-string out. Alarmed by reports of Indians near by, they one night pulled it in. But neither could sleep. Finally the husband rose and put the latch-string out once more. Before dawn a band of Indians surrounded the house, threw open the door, and then mysteriously disappeared. Years later the Friends met one of these Indians and asked why they had been spared that night. The Indian told them that his chief had said—"These people shall live, they will do no harm for they put their trust in the Great Spirit"

sions and the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America, the widespread energy of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the young viewpoint of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, the deep benevolence of the National Council of Jewish Women, the political zeal of the National League of Women Voters, the crusading spirit of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the staunch labor loyalty of the National Women's Trade Union League.

For one listener, the personalities of the various organizations stood out as they never had before. Individuals composed them and sometimes personified them, but over and above the individuals were the organizations. This was particularly true of the Women's Trade Union League. Whatever the question or whoever voiced it, the emphasis was the same. How did this situation affect—not capital or politics or diplomatic relations—but the working people? Always in their words was the consciousness of the huge mass of inarticulate laborers for which they were acting as spokesmen. They had a solidarity of opinion and a singleness of viewpoint that caught up their vivid individualities and welded them into a single personality which was the Women's Trade Union League.

The experts who had been invited to address the delegates and answer their questions were historians, economists, world travelers, Congressmen, repre-

sentatives of other nations, writers and professors. Americans predominated, tall and short, fat and thin. There was Dr. James Shotwell, of Columbia University, wise and tolerant, weighted with four closely printed lines of important titles. Crisp little Denys Myers, of the World Peace Foundation, snapped out his facts with the relish of a keen student, and stocky Alden G. Alley pulled forth the organ stops in his impressive voice as his emotions rose.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, was earnest and impressive, looking exactly as a Congressman and an ex-Senator should look. Carleton Beals, just back from Mexico City, stood up with something of the triumphant expression of a small boy who has just caught his older sister stealing jam, and delivered uncomfortable information in a voice of such portentous solemnity that it almost hid the real value of what he had to say. Chester Rowell, round and able, brought a sane tolerance and a long experience of the Pacific Coast viewpoint to his explanation of the difficulties in Japanese-American relations. Frederick Moore, tall and dark, with gestures flavored by Lafcadio Hearn, offered the Japanese angle of the same problem.

Two Englishmen and an Australian brought the European attitude. Norman Angell of "Great Illusion" fame has a passion for peace behind an eager face, thin almost to cadaverousness. Wilmot Lewis of the *London Times*, impeccable and cosmopolitan, addressed the banquetting delegates on "The War

Machine" in a voice whose deep color threw flatter American tones into unfortunate relief. H. Duncan Hall, of the University of Sydney, tall, with the loose-jointed ranginess of a pioneer, told of Australia's policy toward immigration, and Europe's debt policy.

The Chinese Minister and Dr. P. W. Kuo, together with the resident Philippine Commissioner and Mr. Marcial P. Lichauco, narrowed five thousand miles of Pacific Ocean to a salt stream over which one could shout, and even, perhaps, shake hands.

The experts differed in race, nationality, appearance, personality and viewpoint. This one thing they had in common, they were all men. In spite of suffrage and higher education and the other feminist victories won by many of these very delegates singly or in organization, for five days they took up woman's traditional rôle of listener at the feet of masculine sages.

But it cannot be said that they always carried the rôle to the point of meek agreement. Good-natured tiffs between Mrs. Catt and James MacDonald, the slim, red-headed young expert of the Foreign Policy Association, were totally lacking in the Victorian "how wonderful you are!" attitude. And when Congressman Underhill, after scorning the very idea of commercial interest, incautiously admitted that the United States needed Philippine rubber, a triumphant chuckle shook the gilded hall that sounded suspiciously

(Continued on page 48)



*The elusive dollar
leads wives as well
as husbands into
careers*



A-CAREERING

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Drawings by Jean Henry

WHY do women go into careers? For the same reason men do. Because of economic pressure. If the truth were told, perhaps ninety-nine-and-one-ninth per cent of these career-seeking wives were driven to it by a bankruptcy of wifedom business.

Take the case of a woman now well known in magazine circles as a popular writer. Almost any bystander, if asked, would be sure she had taken the "bit in her own teeth" and set out determined on a career *per se*. She writes, she lectures. Her pictures are in all the papers. She is quoted on issues, policies and candidates. But here are the facts. She devoted the first ten years of her marriage to her home. Her husband was an able young lawyer, regarded as having a future. Her idea of her business was to sit in the background, cheering him on to success after success. She read with him and even assisted him by doing some work for him when he ran for public office, prepared speeches for him to deliver to public gatherings, some of them designed for women voters.

And then, she sold a story to a magazine. It made a hit, and before she knew it she was writing others. Some club or other asked her to speak at a convention. Other invitations came. They offered to pay her. The husband's

income was small. These sums helped out tremendously. A magazine made her a substantial money offer to write articles regularly. The husband and wife took counsel, and the result of their conference was that they could not afford to let the amount go by. It took all his income to meet their annual needs. Her income meant a savings account put by for a rainy day or retirement. She made a hit. Her articles were in demand. A lecture bureau made

her another substantial offer. Her political party showered honors on her for use of her name. To her surprise she found herself possessed of a career.

As a matter of fact, how many men deliberately set out on a career? There are, of course, a few who, taking their Phi Beta Kappa keys seriously, look upon the White House, Senate and Stock Exchange as an ultimate end, but by far the larger number of young men enter into the relation of matrimony, and thereafter

are faced with the necessity of making a living. This is their aim and end. Sometimes they find themselves toward the end of life in the more or less debatable possession of a career. But this is a result of their struggle toward a competence. It was not their aim. Their aim was to support their family.

Members of a small class that is free from this necessity may elect to make a

career an end but in America that class is small and the numbers who do so elect, smaller still. Among them may be women.

Once or maybe twice in a generation we have a man in public life who gives, as did a recent Cabinet member, so generously of himself that he sacrifices his family to his country and leaves them to the charity of public or friends. I don't remember ever hearing such a man criticised as sacrificing his wife and children to a career. But let a woman, be her gifts ever so much greater than her husband's, be the country ever so in need of them, be the cause she supports ever so noble, essay to leave the home to put these gifts at the service of the country or cause and she is "seeking a career."

There are, of course, women, and their number increases daily, who, having engaged in a business, or entered a profession, or practiced a craft before they embarked on matrimony, refuse to consider matrimony a substitute for their former occupation. A brilliant young Washington journalist, a few years ago, married a brilliant young Washington journalist—each pursues a career, and they jointly rear a family. In the same city a woman physician married a man physician and the firm divided honors as the ranking specialists in their "ology." A young college professor in a girl's college married a young professor in a boy's school. Sometimes, but more rarely, a writer marries a stockbroker; a dentist, a merchant; a teacher, a lawyer and each continues work. These people regard marriage as a relationship for which the wife gets something more than a provider and less than an occupation. Such women "seek a career" no more than do their husbands. What they both seek is an income.

The "wives' combine," of course, does



*"A man's the boss in his own home.
My wife don't set up to me what
she'll do"*

not approve this kind of marriage. It might some day put them out of business. For, queer as it may seem, men do like these "careering" wives. They actually do marry them.

Long ago the opprobrium that lurked in that slighting remark, "Her husband can't support her," lost its bitterness for these women. They can afford to smile at that, for the joy of economic independence is theirs and they probably know far more luxuries than the home-staying wife.

But they must still cringe a little when their husbands are belittled because of their activities, although they know how little basis for such an attitude there is. The truth is, and they know it—that it takes an exceptionally big man to be the husband of a distinguished woman. He must have a sense of real values, untrammelled by prejudice or illusion. He must be so sure of himself as a person that he does not need the artificial stimulus of looking down on his mate. He must have a sense of humor to take care of the stupid bystander. He must be so courageous as not to mind criticism. He must be so unselfish as not to consider his comfort paramount. He must be without undue egotism, so that he can be capable of admiration and appreciation. But if he had not these qualities this wife probably would not have married him. Such a woman has no more leaning toward the cave-man than toward the sex snob.

As for the husbands of such women, no one has yet suggested that they share ever so little the fame and position of their wives. And this, in spite of the fact that they probably deserve far more credit for their wives' success than do any professional wives for their husbands'!

Every girl has had one contact with the man who wanted her to feed his egotism or stimulate his sense of mastery.

An old farmer friend of mine once did something to this sex snob. One of his farm hands was a great beau among the girls and was continually saying, "Well, I'd never allow my wife to do that," or, "Well, I bet my wife doesn't do that," "I'm certainly not going to have my wife acting that way." For some time the old farmer let him talk. But one night Sam irritated him.

"What, then," he said—"What are you going to let your wife do?"

"Well, I ain't going to let my wife set up to me what she's going to do. A man's got to be boss in his own home, I say, and the way women does nowadays, up and having their own way, why it's as if they wasn't married, anyway."

"Now, see here, Sam," said the old farmer. "That'll do. If you want to marry your inferior, it's your own business—marry her and tell her just what you want her to do. But some of us prefer to marry our equals."

The same moral might be drawn from a very different incident. A few years ago the League of American Pen Women held a large Book Service Breakfast at one of the big hotels in Washington. One thousand guests sat down together—among them, leaders in diplomatic, official, army, navy and literary circles of the nation. One of the first speakers was a well-known and gifted novelist. I cannot quote him exactly—it was too long ago and his words were not taken verbatim, but he drew a terrible picture of the decline of man in society. Building his argument, point by point, he showed that whenever women entered, men left a profession. I recall he cited the church.

When he had finished, the nine hundred and fifty women sat in silence, strained.

The next speaker was General Pershing. When he rose the nine hundred and fifty accused women applauded wildly. With a charming mixture of boyishness and majesty, the General said that he was one man anyway who was not afraid of the women—they had always been his friends. The women welcomed this defense with more applause. General Lejeune, of the United States Marines, spoke next. He, too, in other words, expressed his faith in the women. Next to be heard from was a Commander in the Navy. He didn't think the women could ever be feared by the Navy. A publisher next defended the ladies. But it remained for a little woman politician to make the real reply, albeit she made it only to me later:

"The men have come gallantly to the rescue of the women, as was expected. Army. Marine Corps, Navy and the

Pen have defended her from the cruel accusation that she comes to exterminate man. But as a woman I want to defend the men from the base slander that they cannot stand competition, that they are incapable of cooperation, that they must be autocrat or nothing. Not upon woman's subservience or subjugation is man's strength built, but male and female created he them—the one to be

the complement, not the master or the slave of the other. I would like to rise to the defense of man. In a fair and equal competition he can hold his own."

The other day I said to a man: "Don't choose a small wife to make you look tall. Don't belittle your wife to make yourself look large. I hope you are big enough to appreciate a fine and great woman and I trust you are generous enough to yield any woman, even your wife, the place her

abilities deserve, even though it be ahead of you. After all, there is a very special virtue in appreciation and to have won the best is an achievement of which either man or woman may be proud. When you have been married ten years, whether you or your wife is more distinguished in the world's eyes will matter little to either of you. How much you respect and admire each other will count a great deal."

Gracious! Such feminism! I was talking to my son.

[The CITIZEN plans other articles about married women and careers. One soon to appear is about an interesting experiment in combining home and job, carried on at Smith College under the direction of Dr. Ethel Puffer Howes.]



"Her husband can't support her"—an old cry which has lost its bitterness



A man may sacrifice his family to his country without fear of censure. But tongues wag if a woman neglects her home for cause or country—she is only "seeking a career"



"Daisy" Harriman

Mrs. BORDEN Harriman

In this, the second of a series on women of consequence and interest, Anne Hard introduces one of Washington's well-known hostesses. The story of Mary Roberts Rinehart is coming for a later issue

FRIENDLY IMPRESSIONS

By ANNE HARD

"DAISY" HARRIMAN, as everyone calls her, has written her own life in a book as charming as herself, called "From Pinafores to Politics." It is a particularly apt title. For no matter how political she may have become (and she has become very political indeed!) the flutter of the pinafore somehow is always felt about her presence.

She is a grandmother. Splendidly tall, with a fine figure and a beautiful carriage, she makes not one effort at any of those artifices of the toilet which most women seem to think necessary in order to retain a fleeing youth. Her hair is silver behind the brilliant bandeau which she sometimes wears in the evening. Yet she remains, in her effect upon you, incorrigibly young.

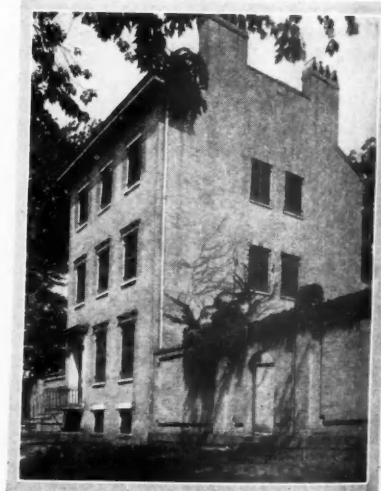
Sophisticated in her social experience, hobnobber with men and women of every nation and in all walks and ranks of life, she remains incorrigibly, somehow, naïve. She is a constant mystery in this. Yet at the same time no one

could be more spontaneous, more frank, more direct. One comes to think from knowing her that life perhaps may be not only more interesting, more abundant, but more lasting, if one will trust to one's instincts and be simply honest.

Perhaps one reason for this continued abundance of life in Mrs. Harriman lies in her kindly curiosity about life itself. She is always kindly and she is always interested. While she has great taste and love for beautiful objects, she could never make her life out of an interest in inanimate things. She could never, by temperament, with any degree of talent, remain a collector or a curator. She must deal with human beings. To paraphrase, "Nothing human does she put from her as foreign." She will dine tonight with a king or a president. She will lunch tomorrow with a bricklayer. King and bricklayer are human beings to her. She is the same with one as with the other.

In New York she was one of the founders of the Colony Club. She was also an ardent member of the board of

the Consumers' League. In Washington she was one of the founders of the National Women's Democratic Club.



© Photos from Harris & Ewing
Mrs. Harriman's house in Washington. A garden hides behind the ivy-topped wall



© Harris-Ewing

Next to people, Mrs. Harriman loves beautiful objects and she combines the two in her charmingly furnished house where Washington's notables gather to bandy wit and wisdom at the famous Sunday evening suppers

This natural temperament leads her into the field of politics (which is the science of human beings) first, and into the field of writing (which is the observation of human beings) second.

She is a clever writer. Her observations have been numerous printed in current newspapers and they are always the readable narrative of a keen observer. Keen, yes, but always kindly.

But it is in the field of politics that she has a more unique distinction. She has campaigned—with William Jennings Bryan and others. She has spoken before meetings and before organizations. She has been called for a long time the "only Democratic hostess in Washington." Now, however, the new Mrs. Peter Gerry may come along and share the distinction.

The war brought her to Washington. She organized the "motor corps" whose women did excellent work although the rest of us were inclined to smile at it because its members looked so snappy in their breeches and their Sam Brown belts—Mrs. Harriman herself looking snappiest of all. She was a member of the Industrial Conference Board and she worked at Liberty Loans. She was a close friend of President Wilson and she remains a close friend of Mrs. Wilson. Before and during and since the war she always has been hopping off to London

and Paris and she is equally at home in the dialects of both.

About the end of wartime she took an old house in F street, whose pale yellow brick walls mask charmingly furnished rooms and a shady garden, and began giving Sunday evening supper parties which are unique in Washington. During those hot summer months, when Congress remained in session, she had her tables in the garden. During the winter she has them in the beautiful but unpretentious dining-room. There are several tables, so that during dinner there may be the intimacies of conversation. But at the end of dinner some chance remark, some assertion made at one of the tables, will open a sudden field of general conversation. Then the chairs will be pushed back and the cigarette smoke will curl up under the soft light of the candles in their tall glass bell-shades, and the talk will flash across the room, interesting, often brilliant, frequently witty. Then Senator Swanson may tell one of his inimitable stories in his inimitable way. Newspapermen, Cabinet officers, diplomats, military men, attractive women—all sorts of types will contribute with apparently complete abandon to the mood which Mrs. Harriman is able to create.

It is the only house in Washington where that ideal, the "political salon,"

so often talked about and so seldom existent, is actually found.

It is the more surprising that Mrs. Harriman is able to bring it about because she divides her parties evenly between men and women. There are two or three other houses in Washington where genuine "good talk" is to be heard, but in those houses that political discussion is achieved only by the presence of a few carefully hand-picked women who are counted upon as "stimulating listeners," with a large preponderance of interesting men to do the talking. The Washington woman is all too familiar with an early retirement to the drawing-room, where she sits in amiable conversation with her fellow females while echoes of laughter from the dining-room continue to suggest the exciting talk that is going on among the men now that she has left them.

At Mrs. Harriman's, women take a hand in the conversation not merely in behind-the-fan tête-à-tête, but in what frequently amounts to a debate. Mary Roberts Rinehart will stand off Senator Robinson, Senator Walsh, Senator Harrison, Mr. Houston and half-a-dozen distinguished Democrats in a play of wit at once serious and gay. Nor will all the guests be political Americans. Set like a picture against the long Boué cur-

(Continued on page 40)



Lumbermen of the '80s who did their work of wholesale destruction, firm in the belief that Michigan pine was inexhaustible. They are responsible for much of the desolation we find in the Northwest today

The Future Forest Primeval

To Rise on the Ashes and Waste of the Old

By CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE

RETURNING last fall from a summer's sojourn on the Big Manistee, I was struck by the mournful expression of the man sitting opposite me in the crowded Pullman car. An elderly, substantial-looking individual he was, who gazed perpetually out of the window and ever and anon shook his head and heaved a sigh.

The panorama spread to view was cause enough for melancholy. We were traversing the "sand plains" of Michigan, that vast terrain of fire-blackened stumps and stubs where once stood magnificent forests of white and Norway pine. The region seemed practically uninhabited; one traveled miles without seeing a person or a home. But signs of former habitation were not lacking. Here an abandoned farmhouse in the midst of a stump clearing (ah! what labor to oust those gigantic stumps!); there an abandoned little schoolhouse, implying other homes

that must have utterly vanished from the earth. All in a land without even rank grasses or concealing vines to mitigate the desolation. There was an occasional scattered growth of "jack pine"; along the infrequent little water courses a showing of popple and alder and scrub oak. At rare intervals a half-grown pine tree, which had escaped the general fate, lifted high a close sheaf of branches, as if to keep green a faint memory of what once was.

Noting the increasing melancholy of the man opposite me, I ventured to remark that if only the forest were still here, this would be one of the great scenic routes of America.

"I'm seeing ghosts," said the man abruptly. "As a boy, I knew this region when the trees that topped some of these stumps were two hundred feet high and two centuries old. Look at the size of those stumps; some of them six feet through. And so thick you could almost jump across the plains on

them. Think of the waste of cutting such timber four feet from the ground! And see the little stumps and stubs of young timber that wasn't harvested at all—just broken down in the course of felling the big trees. They would have become good merchantable timber by now. Nobody thought, then, of taking anything less than ten inches through, and nobody thought of saving it, either, for a later crop. It was just skin the land and skin out."

"But, after all," he continued, "the big pine was marketed and did go into building the homes and businesses of the timberless prairie states. But the hardwoods! I was born in the hardwood country just south of here, before the logging days began, when there was no market for timber. We fenced our farms with walnut posts and felled the big maples and oaks in windrows to burn. I remember my mother crying over it. But what else could we do? Trees were just giant weeds, to be got

rid of in the process of clearing the land to make good farms.

"WELL, we've got rid of 'em all right—between the pioneers and the lumbermen and the forest fires and the public indifference. I've been prospecting all over Northern Michigan for maple and walnut for our bedroom suites and—nothing doing! Simply impossible to buy in any quantity that makes it worth while. We've got to keep on shipping our stock two thousand miles from Oregon and Montana and charging our customers accordingly. Michigan pays out \$10,000,000 a year freight charges on lumber brought into a state whose timber supply everybody knew was 'inexhaustible,' even as late as twenty-five years ago! And"—a pause—"between you and me, it serves us darn right!"

I said I had been told that in Detroit and Flint they are constantly put to it to get hickory for automobile wheels, and ash and spruce for propeller blades in the expanding airplane industry.

"Yes," he said; "Henry Ford was smart enough to buy up forests for his future operations. But he had to go to the Upper Peninsula to find them. It's about as far from Detroit to Ironwood as it is to Washington."

"Not that Michigan is any worse than other states," he added. "From Maine to the Rockies we've done about as bad as we could've, if we had deliberately set out to skin this country alive. And even the Pacific Coast supply can't last so very many years at the rate it's being used up. Then we'll have to go without wooden houses and furniture, or



© Photos from "Detroit News"

"This is the forest primeval" as it was before ax and fire wrecked its beauty and destroyed its usefulness

import the lumber from Canada or South America. Think of it! Three-fifths of our timber supply gone, and we using the rest up four times as fast as we are growing it. Using, and wasting, and burning it up in forest fires!"

"YES," I said, "it's enough to break the heart of anybody who cares for trees—to say nothing of furniture and such things. But the people of the United States are really waking up to the situation, aren't they?—particularly the people of Michigan, I should say. We are really doing something worth while in the way of reforestation."

"Oh, yes, something, I dare say," he conceded indifferently. "But"—as if to make plain the unimportance of such effort—"it won't amount to anything in our time."

I didn't agree that it wouldn't amount to *anything* in our time. Also, I wanted to remind him—but didn't—that "he who plants trees loves others besides himself." He was from "Grand Rapids, the Home of Good Furniture," and perhaps loved others through better bedsteads, et cetera. You never can tell.

A few days later I received an invitation to join a three days' Forestry Excursion for the first-hand study of what Michigan is doing toward the preservation and development of her forest resources. And because Michigan's forestry problem is just a part of the great national problem, it was announced that this excursion would enjoy the guidance of a number of state and national forest experts, even that of



This is not the devastated region of France, but once thickly wooded timberland in our own Middle West

the Chief of the United States Forestry Service, Colonel W. B. Greeley, himself. I instantly decided to go and exchange my somewhat vague ideas on the subject for definite, first-hand, up-to-the-minute information.

The party numbered, at various stages, from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five persons, including seven or eight women; among the latter, Mrs. Edith C. Munger, president of the State Audubon Society, and Mrs. G. B. Jennison, of Bay City, an officer of the Michigan League of Women Voters. We foregathered in Bay City and from there the trip was taken by automobile.

We entered the Michigan National Forest Reserves at East Tawas, on Saginaw Bay, off of Lake Huron. This is one of many forest reserves acquired by the Federal Government in various parts of the country in its policy of assisting in forest rehabilitation, which now constitutes an emergency problem of the first importance. The Clarke-McNary bill, which passed Congress in 1924, gives the nation greatly increased authority and funds for this purpose.

We Michigan women, at State Federation meetings and similar gatherings, sing an official song about our fair State, apostrophizing "thy towering pines and inland seas." The inland seas are still with us. In addition to the Great Lakes, we have some two thousand smaller ones, the summer paradise of recreation seekers from all over America. But there's only one eighty-acre stand of virgin pine left in the Lower Peninsula, which, later, we visited. However, this song was probably running through the mind of some of our party as we came upon the sign, NATIONAL FOREST RESERVE.

"But *where is the forest?*" one woman blankly inquired, beholding in disappointment and dismay the scene before us: a sandy plain clumped over with sweet fern, raspberry and huckleberry bushes, with here and there some ragged jack pine and other little nondescript trees. Wonderful cover for game; but—where was the forest, indeed?

"Why, here!" said one of the official party in a slightly aggrieved tone. "Just sight up one of those furrows. Don't you see the pine trees—thousands of them?"

"Is *that* all!" in disillusionment and distress. Then, quickly recovering herself. "Oh! I *see*! It's a forest *coming*—not going—or gone! Somehow, I'd never thought of a forest except as 'a dim, old forest,' like the one in the poem, you know. Why, those dear little baby trees!" And she stooped to touch caressingly a little tree-top twig.

This reminded me so of our Anna Howard Shaw, of blessed memory, in

her "Forest of Arden," at her home, "Alnwick Lodge." "People say to me, 'Why, these evergreens you dig up from all over the earth'—(she had them from Mt. Rainier, the Himalayas, the Alps, Mt. Ararat)—'are such little



© "Detroit News"
Watchmen in these tall towers 'phone their S. O. S. when necessary to "key men" who dash to the danger point carrying portable fire-fighting implements

bits of trees! They'd take so long to grow up I wouldn't think you'd care for them."

"And," said Dr. Shaw, standing in the midst of her beloved forest, "I tell 'em, 'Don't people like babies? Well, I like my baby trees.'"

Ah, trees that will still be a living memorial to her, hundreds of years from now! And I love to think of her precious little forest, so tenderly cared for by her and those who still love her, as an emblem and incentive for American women to mother all little trees—protect them from marauding ax and fire—that they may be to future generations what our great virgin forests were *meant* to be to us!

The nursery of the Michigan National Forest has an annual capacity of eight million seedlings. The forest (mostly brush and waste land, with small patches of merchantable timber, being planted at the rate of five thousand acres a year) lies scattered in "shotgun pattern" through several of

the northeastern counties of the Lower Peninsula.

Mile on mile we sped through the irregular and scattered blocks of the National Forest and the intervening wild lands. On much of the latter Nature was making a brave effort at reforestation, but here was the difference: On the National Forest Reserve (and the same is true of the State Forest later visited on this Excursion) every effort is made to prevent fires. Each square mile of land is bisected in two directions by fire lines, plowed strips a rod wide, and the highways have such a strip on each side, to protect against the carelessness of tourists or hunters who are prone to toss matches and cigarette stubs along the way. It is incomprehensible how anybody can do such a thing. For all over the wild lands of Michigan are signs like this:

BREAK YOUR MATCH;
PREVENT FIRES.

THIS WAS ONCE A GAME
COVER.—LOOK AT IT NOW.
EVERYBODY LOSES WHEN
TIMBER BURNS.

"KEEP MICHIGAN GREEN"

The devastation of forest fires outside the relatively small preserves of the state and national forests, is truly appalling. We are said to average, in America, 250 forest fires daily the year around, at a cost to the nation of something like \$100,000 a day. Nearly all the waste land in Michigan and elsewhere would "come back" to forest in time, if we would let it. And experts say we need forests on one-fourth of our area, to supply the nation's timber demands. But hundreds of thousands of acres in Michigan, as elsewhere, have been burned and burned till the soil-fertility is all but destroyed. Hardwood will keep on sprouting under almost any amount of discouragement, though quality deteriorates and the forest can make no headway under the scourge of repeated fires. But most conifers do not sprout. They are primitive, simple-minded trees which haven't found any way of getting around the fact that they are dead when they are cremated or have their heads chopped off. And the better quality of pine (white and red) does not begin to bear seed until it is about sixty years old. So, if we want pine forests, we have to take care of them—which means, above everything else in the world, *protection from fire*.

And this, Michigan is sincerely trying to provide. Of our party was Mr. C. A. Peterson, Chief Fire Warden of Michigan's Department of Conservation. He told us that Michigan has 116 observation fire-towers, each sixty feet high, and that in every section of the vast regions where forest fires are liable to occur, even far from any town or

(Continued on page 47)



The Capitol in Winter dress

© Harris & Ewing

Washington's "Season" Opens

With a Diplomatic Reception at the White House, a Flurry in Congress over the High Cost of New Senators, the Acquittal of Fall and Doheny, and a Christmas Present

By CATHERINE I. HACKETT

December 22, 1926.

THE Marine Band blares forth "Hail to the Chief"; the President and Mrs. Coolidge come down the winding marble stairs of the White House into the brilliance and glitter of the crowded lower floor; the diplomats waiting in a long queue flick the last speck of dust from white gloves while their ladies give the final touch to their modish bobs and prepare to be received by the chief of the American Republic and his wife; and the Washington official "season" is on. The diplomatic reception is the first big social event, and the most brilliant of the White House winter affairs. None of your informal touches here; everything ordered, precise and proper; the President

most of all. You take your place in the lower hall lined with execrable paintings of former President's wives, edge slowly up the staircase to the main hall, through the state dining-room, and suddenly find yourself in the Blue Room, being "received" with a most business-like dispatch. If you can find standing room in the East Room you may linger a few moments; then down to the lower regions, and out into the night, with a perfectly good evening before you.

On the night of December 10, the President and Mrs. Coolidge shook the hands of 1,710 persons, by official count, at the rate of nineteen persons per minute. If Mrs. Coolidge could acquire the Presidential knack of gripping an outstretched hand before it can grip his own, and swinging the visitors past before they

know what is happening, the rate would probably be about twenty-six persons per minute. But she somehow finds time to say a word to each person in that long line, and to those she has met before, a special word of friendly interest. This year, she wore a gown of white and gold brocade with a long, narrow train from the shoulders. If she could be imagined as recording such things in a diary, she might justifiably have written, as did Queen Marie in describing her own costume at a New York ball, "I was told that I presented a truly regal appearance!"

WHEN a bill threatens to run into heavy seas on the floor of the Senate, refer it back to committee and proceed to less contentious busi-

ness. The second session of the 69th Congress, which threatens to be one of the dullest in some years, has discovered that this method of legislative technique saves time and trouble. Two important projects with strong Administration backing—the plan for a tax refund in 1927, and that for ratification of the Geneva protocol outlawing the use of poison gas in war—instead of heading the Congressional calendar according to schedule, are resting quietly on committee shelves. Republican leaders who did not see eye to eye with the President on these two measures, realizing that they would be voted down, decided to avoid such an open break with Presidential policies as would have been indicated by a negative vote. So the President's tax refund plan, along with other proposals for tax revision, was painlessly put out of the way by the Republican members of the House Ways and Means Committee.

The surplus will automatically go into reduction of the public debt, which Secretary of the Treasury Mellon believes is sound business. Your grandchildren may get the benefit of that in future tax reduction programs, and you will be spared the task of figuring out whether your rebate on the 1926 income tax is eighteen or thirty-six cents. Secretary Mellon estimated that about four hundred millions in interest will be saved the Government over the next twenty-five-year period as a result of the decision to use the surplus in paying off instalments of the public debt.

Concerning Poison Gas

THE poison gas treaty was on the Senate floor just long enough for some one to suggest the typically cautious reservation that approval by the United States should not constitute ratification until the other twenty-nine signatory nations had ratified. Opposition to the treaty, led by the American Legion and the National Association for Chemical Defense, centered on the contention of some experts that gas is no more cruel a weapon than shrapnel and bullets. Why, they asked, try to humanize warfare? If you are determined to go to war, why not employ the most effective weapon which modern science has yet devised to disable your opponents?

The arguments of those who believe ratification of the treaty would be only a futile gesture were summed up by a veteran Army officer, discussing the subject at tea, and punctuating his statements by vicious jabs into space with a lettuce sandwich.

"When we get into a real war, and we think we're fighting for national safety, all rules go by the board," he declared. "The best way to end war is to make it so horrible that nations will even be willing to swallow a little of their precious pride before they send their citizens to maim and kill each other." This

recommendation concerning pride is not, I fear, typical of Army thought on these lines; but perhaps the heaven is working even in the circles whose livelihood depends upon continued wars and fears of war.

Advocates of the treaty—which covers bacteria as well as poison gas—contend that the United States should go on record as condemning the use of a weapon which was denounced as barbarous when it made its first appearance during the War. Its use means a wholesale destruction of civilian populations. Its condemnation by the nations would be a forward step toward limitation of armament. That is the point of view of the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War (see page 7), held by nine national women's organizations during the first week in December. Friends of the protocol stress the fact that the United States has twice, with the support of public opinion, been the leader in urging a ban on poison gas and can not now consistently refuse to ratify the pact.

Ten New Supercruisers?

HARDLY had the conference on the Cause and Cure of War adjourned, when Mr. Butler, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, introduced a bill authorizing the construction of ten supercruisers, a class of naval armament not regulated by the Washington treaty, at a cost of \$140,000,000. The bill was understood to have President Coolidge's approval, a fact which surprised many congressmen outside the "Big Navy" school who approved of his recent declaration against competitive armaments and his failure to include in the budget recommendations funds for building three cruisers authorized by Congress in 1924. The measure was reported favorably by the committee, which also went on record for an immediate appropriation to begin work on the three cruisers already authorized.

The presidential approval for the Butler project was announced after a conference between Mr. Butler and the President. At this conference, it is understood, President Coolidge was told that the Naval Affairs Committee, "viewing" with more than its usual state of alarm, claims that the United States is now third instead of second in the 5-5-3 ratio set by the 1921 Washington Conference.

One explanation recently volunteered to explain the apparent change of presidential views on naval building is that the new program, carrying no appropriation in itself, merely puts the additional ships "on paper," and serves as a warning to foreign powers that further agreements to limit naval building are the only alternatives to a race in which the United States could easily take the lead.

A New Senator Challenged

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES had hardly let fall his gavel to call the Senate to order, when things began to happen. Not good, constructive legislative accomplishments, but things unexpected and exciting. As the three new senators elected to fill unexpired terms stood before the rostrum to take the oath of office, with the usual formality connected with such proceedings, Senator Thomas J. Walsh (Democrat) of Montana, rose nonchalantly and introduced a resolution challenging the right of Arthur R. Gould, newly elected senator of Maine, to take his seat. He did not expect, he explained, to prevent the seating of Senator Gould, but he would like a little more light thrown on alleged questionable payments made by Mr. Gould to a former Premier of New Brunswick in connection with a railroad deal. Could the Committee on Privileges and Elections conduct a probe?

The resolution was laid on the table till the next day so that Mr. Gould should not be stopped midway in taking his oath of office, leaving him partly in and partly out of his senatorial seat, as it were. Two days later, however, a special sub-committee was appointed to look into the charges. The report to the Senate will be made sometime in January.

Fireworks over the "slush fund" campaigns of William S. Vare, of Pennsylvania, and Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, elected in November, began with startling suddenness when it was announced that Colonel Smith had been appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator McKinley. Senator Borah and others who have taken the lead in the campaign against the seating of Vare and Smith found ready ammunition in the preliminary report of the Reed campaign fund investigating committee. Their report on the Illinois primaries showed a total expenditure of \$458,782 which, it was stated, "does not represent the possible total expenditures on behalf of Frank L. Smith's candidacy."

"Ninety-three per cent of the disclosed contributions to Frank L. Smith's senatorial primary campaign," the report added, "were made by traction powers and public utility owners"—Mr. Smith being Illinois Public Utilities Commissioner!

When the announcement of Mr. Smith's appointment to fill the vacancy caused by Senator McKinley's death was made to the Senate, few Republican members and no Democrats would predict that he could be seated.

The prize for constructive action during the first few weeks of the session goes to the House Ways and Means Committee. After putting a quietus on agitation for tax revision, the Committee drew up a bill on one of the most

(Continued on page 49)



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"All Movement Is Dancing"

In Her Dance Patterns Angna Enters Personifies Those Strange Elements Men Call Feminine and Eternal

By ANNE MORROW

THICK black lashes falling like a jet curtain, echoing the thick black fringe of her hair. A straight-sided, quietly pale face, dark eyes that watch. Angna Enters in a strange black frock, black slippers, black stockings, a wide-bowed black hat—clothes that whisper of the canvases of Manet.

A few people saw her when, an unknown dancer, she gave her first recital some four years ago. They treasure that memory, for Angna Enters is now heralded as a creative genius by the most eclectic group of artists and critics in New York.

She calls her performances "compositions in dance form." They are sug-

gested to her by a mood, a memory, a painting, a bit of music, a phrase. They are dance and pantomime and drama and something more. Miss Enters says, "You see, I don't know what people mean when they say this thing is or is not a dance. To me all movement is dancing."

Angna Enters can express (Con., p. 45)



*There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger—*

The Lady and the Tiger

Or, the Woman Voter and the Political Machine

By WINIFRED STARR DOBYNS

Drawings by Elmer Hader

WITH the biennial election behind us, women voters are again confronted with the necessity of taking stock of their political activities to see what they have accomplished. Those of us who went into the political parties to play the "great game" from the inside have had many illuminating experiences. As one who has been frankly partisan, it seems to me that the time has come to look the situation in the face and see things as they are.

The election scandals brought to light in Pennsylvania and Illinois are but symptoms of a disease which exists in all states and in all parties to a greater or less degree. Can we women who are members of these political parties cure these conditions by remaining partisan? Can "party loyalty" accomplish party regeneration? At first I thought it could. But after several years of intimate acquaintance with party politics I have changed my mind. Regeneration will not come that way.

When woman's suffrage had become a reality there were many well-defined reasons which presented themselves why we should join the parties if we

hoped to accomplish anything with our hard-won citizenship. It will be well to consider these reasons in the light of practical experience to see whether they hold good.

The first argument was that the isolated vote counts for nothing, that only by the voter's joining with others who believe in the same principles and desire the accomplishment of the same ends can his vote be made effective. American women understood this argument. Their achievements in organization have been notable. They could see the need of party organization. But when the voter who desires good gov-

ernment joins the political organization is she, in fact, joining a group who are working for that end?

Let us be frank. With some possible exceptions, the aim of the political organizations is not good government, patriotic service, public welfare. These are but phrases used for campaign purposes. Political organizations are, for the most part, designed to fill the pockets of politicians at public expense, to give jobs to thousands who find politics an easy way to make a living, to maintain men in office who can do favors for business big and little, to give protection to evaders of the law.

Political machines are in reality highly efficient business organizations which are run three hundred and sixty-five days a year by professionals for their own profit. Most of those who join these organizations do so for what they can get out of it. It may be to have their taxes "revised," it may be to avoid compliance with the building regulations, it may be in order to secure a fat contract for some public work, or it may be for so-called political honors or power. Whatever the motive, it is almost sure to be some form of self-interest.

Some time ago the CITIZEN published "A Plea for Party Partisanship," by Mrs. John T. Pratt. This article, not written in answer, is the other side of the argument. Both women write from practical experience; both with conviction; both reflect the point of view of many other women. Mrs. Dobyns was the first chairman of the Republican Women's Committee of Illinois and held the position for three years; she was chairman of the National Women's Committee on behalf of Governor Frank O. Lowden in his campaign for the presidency, and for three years president of the Woman's Roosevelt Republican Club of Chicago, one of the largest and most influential women's political clubs in the country.

A political machine is an army of mercenaries, beginning at the top with the boss, who is the general, down through the ranks of well-organized officeholders, to the precinct captain and his workers who are the privates and get five dollars on election day.

Into this incongruous company come the idealists trying to leaven the lump, the reformers hoping to "reform from within." Having different aims, talking a different language, using different weapons, they are hopelessly outnumbered and seldom, if ever, reach the inner circles.

We women thought at first that this was because we were women. We thought it was because of the prejudice of men against us on account of sex, but sex had nothing to do with the matter. The door was shut against us because we were outsiders and reformers.

During the years when I was chairman of the Republican women of my state I was not once called into a conference of vital importance with the men of my party. Was this because I was a woman? It was because the leaders of the party in my state could not count on me to play the game. My goal was not their goal. I might not "go along." They could not afford to let me see the inner workings of the machine. So I and the women of the party were kept outside. We were up against a stone wall. We could accomplish nothing.

We only learned this gradually. In the beginning we had the vaguest ideas as to what these parties we were joining really were. We knew the conditions were not altogether as they should be, but we felt that we could gradually come to have a voice in party affairs and be an influence for good.

It was the old story of the lady who went out to ride on the tiger,

"They returned from the ride

With the lady inside,

And the smile on the face of the tiger."

The tiger not only smiled, but he laughed at us behind our backs. How easy it was for the politicians to welcome us to the "full participation in the privileges and responsibilities of party membership." It was much easier to watch us inside than out. All they had to do was to give us a few meaningless titles, seats on the platform, badges with the words "Woman's Division"; give us a few unimportant positions, talk to us about "party loyalty," and the trick was done. Once in the organization, we could be controlled. Our nuisance value was gone. Not only that, our power for good was gone.

ANOTHER powerful reason for the choice of party is the principles for which the party stands. What principles? Even in my early partisan enthusiasm I failed to find any great fundamental principles which today divide the two major parties. There are historic differences, to be sure, but these have almost entirely been lost sight of. I simply felt that one party func-



*They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.*

tioned more efficiently in government than the other, that the country was better off under one administration than another. Purely local issues have of course nothing to do with party principles. Upon national and international questions leaders seem to disagree with those in their own parties as much as with those of the opposition.

It is conceivable that the parties might some day divide squarely upon prohibition or some other issue of equal importance as they once did upon slavery, but that day is not yet. At present on the question of prohibition the leaders of both parties are trying to solve the difficult problem of how to occupy two diametrically opposite positions at the same time. To see them struggling to straddle this fence is a pitiable spectacle.

In campaigns, issues are deliberately created by political leaders as vote-catching devices. Campaign orators must be supplied with "talking points." In seeking popular approval, the platforms of the two major parties are so nearly identical that it is difficult for the bewildered voter to tell which is which. Anyone who has had a glimpse behind

the scenes and watched the platform makers at work knows how little the party platform has to do with the working principles of the party.

Issues are used in campaigns chiefly as a screen behind which the bosses can work undisturbed. We women set such store by certain principles that it is very easy to divert our attention. If they can only cause us to become engrossed in the discussion of better schools, child labor, law enforcement, the League of Nations, the bosses can meanwhile be making their deals and combinations. Often we are induced to support candidates who will apparently advocate our cause, ignoring their other qualifications, and ignoring the ease with which campaign pledges may be forgotten.

As party members we have less power in forcing our parties to adopt certain measures than if we were independent voters outside. If the party is sure of our votes it need not hold out inducements to us. Fear of public opinion from outside is a more potent argument than the pleas and protests of patient party members inside. How often have the women of my party raised their voices unavailingly! The strongest argument we could ever use with the bosses was that the women of the country demanded this or would refuse to accept that. Which meant that the power lay with the women outside the party and not in.

Another argument for joining a party is that only by so doing can the voter have a voice in the selection of candidates. This would be a good argument if the rank and file of the membership had indeed anything to say about this important matter. The fact is that the tickets are made up by the machine leaders and the candidates are carefully selected with two things in mind—their vote-getting power and their value to the machine if they are elected. The fitness of candidates for office enters no more into the calculations of the bosses than do the desires of the "high-brow" members of the party. Candidates are selected for their ability to carry the German vote, the Irish vote, the dry vote, the wet vote, the farmer vote, the labor vote. They must be geographically situated so as to carry doubtful territories. Above all, the machine must be sure that they will be loyal during tenure of office, that the "patronage" controlled by the office will be turned over to the machine, that the candidates will be obedient.

NOTHING is given for nothing in politics. If the candidate receives machine support he must
(Continued on page 44)

Has Your Husband Made a Will?

By GRACE TURNER

According to an Approved Interview with Dorothy Kenyon

WHEN he is thirty, a wife's mind does not trump up

any very imminent spectre of death about the person of her congenial and affectionate husband. Neither does he himself incline to serious consideration of the matter. Life has just begun for them both and for their children. The fortune they are going to accumulate together is very much in the future, and the total of their present worldly possessions is very small. Therefore, why make a will? Too often, the husband laughs at the suggestion and the wife shudders, while they both share a false humility that it would be ridiculous to be too serious and legal about so little. What they should share is a common concern to ensure by will that the little shall not become considerably less, if not zero.

Certainly twenty-six hundred dollars is a small amount of money with which to be left to face the world and provide for a young child. But it is a good deal more than eleven hundred dollars. It was the lack of a will, however, that left a young widow and her child with the latter instead of the former. The husband had been a lawyer, promising, ambitious and confident in his thirty-one years. When a college classmate came to him asking to have a will drawn up, there was genuine amusement on the lawyer's part, for his friend's estate was indeed small. He himself, he said, looked forward to twenty years in which he was going to make a real fortune so as to leave his family well provided for. But, lawyer though he was, he had not made a will disposing of his immediate possessions.

A few days later the lawyer was taken to the hospital, suffering from sudden and acute illness. He never came home again and he was from the first too ill to put his affairs in order. After his death there followed, for his



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All over the country are homes like this built up by the wife's service as well as the husband's money. Yet if he dies without making a will, she will get only half of the household goods where there are no children, or a third where there are, and only a third of the rent of the house. If the case were reversed, the husband would get ALL the rent

wife, stunned with grief, months of legal formalities. In the end she found herself and the child in possession of eleven instead of twenty-six hundred dollars.

It is expensive to settle an estate not protected by will. Fifteen hundred dollars is a stupendous sum for a poor widow to lose; and the estate could easily have come to her almost in its entirety—if only her husband had acted as sensibly as his friend did. But there is an obligation in this upon the wife as well. Whatever she may feel about herself and however unwilling she may be to admit even the possibility of her husband's death, she can not in all conscience humor herself when she has also a small child to consider. And the duty devolves upon her not only to encourage her husband to make a will, but, if need be, to urge him to do it with whatever wifely tact and persuasion is her individual method.

There is no great burden about making a will, and the small fee which a lawyer will charge for drawing one up is well worth paying. A layman should never attempt to draw up his own will. It has been said by no less a person

than Daniel S. Remsen, specialist in law of wills, that "scarcely more than twenty-five per cent of wills of living persons are above reproach and fully fifty per cent contain some obscurity, flaw or omission that may defeat the testator's intention or lead to litigation after death."

There is a case in point. A man whose estate consisted mainly of real estate drew up his own will, leaving all his property to his wife for life and after her death to the children. Unfortun-

nately he failed to name an executor or to give power for the sale of the real estate. As the law stood in that state, therefore, it could not be sold because there was a minor son. When the son becomes of age, the real estate can be sold; but meanwhile at the time of the war it became highly desirable to sell at once in order to avoid serious losses. Since this was not possible, the real estate had to be carried on at a loss and there is serious question whether, by the time the boy is of age, there will be more than a pittance left.

Yet almost any good lawyer can draw up a fool-proof will—and the smaller the estate, the more necessary it is.

The first requisite before approaching a lawyer is to make a list of possessions and decide to whom they are to be left and whom you want as executor. Then your lawyer will draw up the will for you to sign before two witnesses who know you and are fully informed that this is your will. Once drawn up no alterations can be made, but with further legal advice a codicil is easily added at any time or a new will drawn up to take care of desirable changes.

When a widow has been thus protected her procedure is simple. She has simply to get the witnesses into court to swear that they saw her husband sign the will. Fees are light and legal red-tape reduced to a minimum. It is true that creditors are generally

given a year in which to present their claims, but the small inheritance is meanwhile not eaten up by expenses, it goes to exactly the persons the husband wanted it to go to, and relatives who have no conceivable moral right to a share in it are out of the picture.

Quite different is the situation of a widow whose husband dies intestate. In the first place, how is it natural to suppose a husband would like his property divided up? Wouldn't he want his wife to keep on living on the same scale as before, or as near that scale as possible? And, if there are children, wouldn't he want the question of expenditures for them left to his wife's discretion and to hers alone? Of course there are unusual cases where this is not true. But generally, a husband wants his wife to have everything. Certainly, if there are no children he wants her to get all there is. And even if there are children, he generally wants her to have it and spend it as she thinks best in taking care of them. Whatever happens he feels that she is sure to have a hard time. A young widow with small children, who has lost the bread-winner of the family before he has been able to save up much of anything, is going to have a pretty serious struggle. Her husband certainly would want everything he possessed to go to her, and he would have confidence that she would spend it for the benefit of the children. If he makes a will, that is what he generally does—gives everything outright to his widow.

BUT suppose instead of that, he dies intestate. Do the inheritance laws carry out his wishes? They do not. In the first place his widow doesn't get all the property or anywhere near all of it. This is just as true where there aren't any children as where there are. The only difference is in the fraction she gets. In most states (outside of her dower, which we discuss later, and which is not of much practical importance nowadays) the widow gets only one-half where there are no children, one-third where there are children. And this applies only to personal property. She gets no real property at all. Her dower-right is only a right to the *income* from land, not to the land itself. Where there are children they get all the land and the remaining two-thirds of the personalty. Where there are no children, all the land and the other half of the personalty go to the husband's relatives. A man's brother might be a millionaire and estranged from him for many years, yet he, who had no need of the money and no just moral claim to it, would be legal heir to one-half or more of the total if the childless deceased died intestate. And nothing but kindness or condescension could wrest it from him for his brother's widow.

Many men and women are ignorant, moreover, of the fact that the law in many states makes no provision for a posthumous child. If the father dies, without having made his will, before his child is born, he will be leaving



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"What Miss Turner has done here, turning a lot of formidable legal jargon into ordinary common sense, seems to me, as a lawyer, tremendously important and valuable. Most women, especially married women, know far too little about our inheritance laws which, while not bad, sometimes work cruel hardship to young mothers struggling to make every penny count. Husbands should make wills leaving their property as they want it left. Wives should see that they do so. That is the whole point of this article."

Dorothy Kenyon

the baby no inheritance except a name. In other words, the little posthumous child has no claim on the part of the fortune which his mother does not inherit and which passes, therefore, to the other relatives—certainly not a situation which a father would wish to bring upon his son or daughter.

WHEN the worst has happened and a woman finds herself unprovided for by will, she must, to protect even what the law assures her, act quickly. Within two or three

days she must seize all her husband's possessions and appear before the court to have herself appointed administrator of the estate and guardian of her children. This is the moment at which the first drain is made upon her resources, for she generally has to give two bonds, one for each function she is to assume. As soon as this appointment is accomplished, she advertises for claims against the estate, settles all outstanding bills, and then enters upon the administration of her own income and that of the children. At the end of the year she has to submit an elaborate accounting of every penny she has spent.

Where the children's income is concerned, it is necessary to keep these minute accounts every year until they are of age. Not only must the widow furnish the courts with an accounting of the money she has spent in the children's name, but she can not even spend any of it without the court's permission. This applies to income as well as principal. Her discretion in the matter is entirely disregarded and that of the court substituted instead.

"How," a young woman asked, "does she know the way to do all these things?"

She doesn't. A lawyer must do it for her and that means more fees. All along the line there have been fees and taxes and the estate is being heavily drained by them.

It seems astonishing, in view of all these facts, that statistics show nine out of ten Americans dying intestate. Moreover, it seems to be time that capable modern women should inform themselves on the general facts of the law of each state concerning inheritance, and should co-operate with their husbands for the protection of themselves and their children.

More and more it becomes common for a husband to appoint his wife executor. If for any reason a woman does not care to act as executor, if she feels herself too unfamiliar with business to be willing to look after investments and in general to administer the estate, a good friend of the family in whose judgment both husband and wife have confidence will prove the best of all executors.

This statement will doubtless rouse in many minds the question of trust companies. Often we hear them recommended as honorable and trustworthy executors. No one would deny that a good trust company will not jeopardize an inheritance, and in the case of vast fortunes it will administer them with the utmost efficiency. If your husband's estate is small, however, amounting in all to only a few thousand dollars, you must realize that the president of the trust company, for instance, can not give it his personal attention but will be obliged to assign it to one of the minor

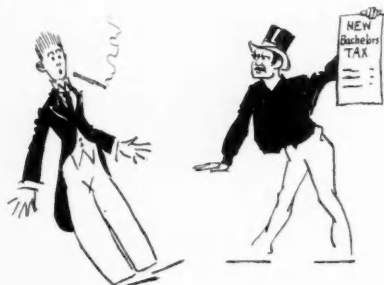
(Continued on page 42)

Current Events

By ETHEL PAINE

ACROSS the Atlantic there is promise for the New Year in the agreement under which inter-Allied military control of Germany will give way to civilian control under a commission of the League of Nations—an agreement that in the "Locarno spirit" further revises the Europe created by the Versailles Treaty.

On this side of the Atlantic the New Year opens with doubt, for January 1 is the day on which the new Mexican alien oil and land laws are to come into effect, and on the question of their application the United States has already joined issue with the Mexican Govern-



Bachelors beware!

ment. Into this uncomfortable situation Nicaragua projected itself when it asked the United States for protection against Mexican influence.

German Control, Revised

THE agreement among France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Japan and Germany, by which military control of German armaments will pass to the League of Nations on February 1, was reached by concessions which left unsettled important questions concerning the new German fortifications in East Prussia, the control of the German Reichswehr, and the export of half finished munitions to Sweden and Russia. These were to be dealt with through diplomatic channels and if no solution was found were to go to the League Council for settlement. In the meantime, Germany ceased work on the East Prussia fortifications.

The question of Germany's fulfillment of the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty has provided an undercurrent of resentment in Germany and

of suspicion in France in the past seven and a half years that has poisoned the international atmosphere more than most of us realize. And the issue is not dead yet. A week after the settlement, the German Cabinet, under Chancellor Marx, was defeated on a vote of confidence whose motive was antagonism to Defense Minister Gessler, head of the German Republic's military establishment. The fall of the Cabinet came about as the result of a party quarrel, but the Socialist charges that the Reichswehr was nationalist at heart, had illegal relations with the Soviet Union, and was secretly buying munitions, were unpleasant reading abroad. The world will watch with concern, not only whether these charges are established, but the outcome of the political crisis, realizing that the continuation of Germany's policy of reconciliation depends on whether the new Cabinet swings to the right or to the left.

The Nobel Prizes

THE League Council, in addition to working out the military control agreement, discussed the Rhineland occupation and Italy's ambitions. Its closing speeches were given in part to congratulating Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand, and Dr. Stresemann on having received the Nobel Peace Prize. The prize for 1926 was divided between the German and the French Foreign Ministers; that for 1925 between the British Foreign Minister and Vice-President Dawes—the latter for his part in the experts' plan for stabilizing Germany's finances and securing reparations payments.

The British Way

THERE are political and economic ways of solving world problems—and there is the British way. The aftermath of the last British Empire Conference shows that. "Last" is written advisedly, for the next conference will be among representatives of the British "Commonwealth of Nations." The conference was a demonstration of how to win by yielding. How much was won by the ability of this great agglomeration of nations to take changes as they come is shown by what General Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union

of South Africa, had to say when he landed in Capetown. General Hertzog was the greatest secessionist of them all, but he redefined his position when he said that his fear of the Empire as a super-state had been ended by the Imperial Conference. This further confirmation of his previously expressed approval of the new Dominion status, together with the defeat of the Home Rule Party in India, has relieved Great Britain of her imperial worries while she faces her industrial troubles at home.

Italy and Yugoslavia

THE Balkan countries are too close together to surmount their crises in the British way. The effect of the treaty recently concluded between Italy and Albania, by which the two countries guarantee each other's territorial integrity and promise not to enter any other treaties harmful to their common interests, is an illustration. It caused a political *crise des nerfs* in Yugoslavia. In a treaty of friendship signed between Italy and Yugoslavia in 1924, these countries promised to keep each



The franc surprises the French



other informed of any new negotiations with Central Europe or the Balkans. Yugoslavia points out that Italy failed to do this in the treaty with Albania. Yugoslavia also reports grounds for believing that the new treaty contains a secret military clause which establishes what amounts to an Italian protectorate over Albania. This Rome has denied.

Now look at Albania. It has an extended sea coast on the Adriatic and it penetrates Yugoslavia like an arrow head in the north. Is not this new treaty, then, designed to extend Italian influence on the eastern side of the Adri-

atic? Outraged honor, unproven suspicion, an irrefutable geographic fact, combined to create a political situation in Yugoslavia that led to the resignation of its able Foreign Minister, and then of the Cabinet, and put the series of treaties negotiated with Italy into jeopardy.

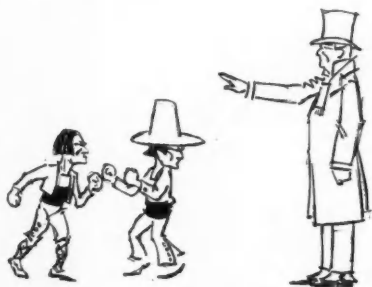
Royal Ladies and a Dictator

IN Roumania the burning of the ancient royal palace at Bukharest, while King Ferdinand was undergoing a serious operation in another palace, illumined, figuratively speaking, the intrigue over the Roumanian succession. Queen Marie, an adept politician, leads one faction against Jon Bratiano, the virtual dictator of Roumania. Marie wants a leading influence in the regency which must be established should her five-year-old grandson succeed the dying Ferdinand. Princess Helena, mother of this small boy, wants exactly the same thing for herself. A third faction is formed by the exiled Queen of Greece, Elizabeth, and Queen Marie of Yugoslavia—daughters of Queen Marie—who want their brother Carol as ruler though he has renounced the succession. But—intrigue within intrigue!—all four women stand firmly against Bratiano, sometimes called "the uncrowned King of Roumania."

It was rumored after the fire that so lighted this unsavory scene that Bratiano was spied making off with incriminating documents in the general confusion. It was also reported that the firemen came out into the palace yard lugging old suits of armor and wearing old royal crowns, to the scandal of all. But perhaps neither story is true.

The Soaring Franc

THE franc continued to rise in France, with a consequent slowing up of export trade and still no appreciable lowering of prices. But no stabilization plan was forthcoming and it was clear that the franc had risen faster than Premier Poincaré's program had prepared for. In Parliament the political truce continued and as a result the balanced budget passed both houses at three o'clock one morning before the Christmas recess.



Tacna and Arica don't pacify



Page the Roumanian Fire Insurance Company

Mussolini's Last Straw?

A NEW statute of the Fascist Party orders local leaders to restore the right of unlimited discussion and criticism. This is the first victory recorded by the Democratic movement in the party ranks and was conceded by Mussolini in order to keep the ranks intact. Mussolini, however, goes on ordering the life and morals and thoughts of his countrymen. His latest decree is a tax on bachelors. For a nation whose surplus population is a serious problem this decree is somewhat of an anomaly. It was issued on "moral" grounds. Spinsters were exempted because the failure of women to marry was said "often not to depend on the desires of women."

Three Grand Old Men

THREE old men, each picturesque in his way, left this earthly scene last month. One was Nikola Paschitch, the "old fox of the Balkans." He died just as he was about to guide his country—Yugoslavia—through another political crisis. Premier of Serbia at the time of the Sarajevo assassination, he answered the Austrian ultimatum, saw Belgrade laid waste by war, lived to rebuild it on a larger scale as the capital, not of Serbia alone, but of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes. Another old man to slip off was Osman Digna, the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" of the Kipling ballad, rebel in the Sudan wars, whose exploits gave him a legendary importance during a long lifetime of trial to the British in Africa. The third was the venerable leader of the Impressionist school of painting—Claude Monet. He died in the arms of his friend, Clemenceau, and peasants drew the little cart that contained his coffin over a country road to a country churchyard.

Mexico for Mexicans

ON our side of the Atlantic the new alien oil and land laws of Mexico, Nicaragua, and Secretary Kellogg's effort to bring about a

solution of the long-standing Tacna-Arica controversy raised issues that are of great importance.

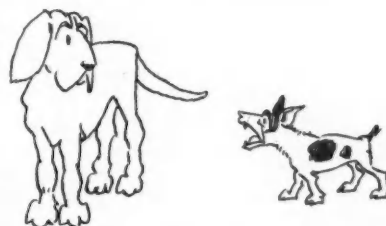
The battle of notes between the United States and Mexico over the application of the Mexican oil and land laws to property acquired by Americans before the adoption of the 1917 Constitution, began last year, subsided, began again last month, and subsided once more. Since then the Secretary of Labor in the Mexican Government has explained that all rights secured before the adoption of the Constitution are to be confirmed through governmental concessions on application within one year.

Fear that these laws would be retroactive gave a sharp tone to the latest notes sent by the United States. These notes informed the Mexican Government that the United States had extended recognition to President Obregon in 1923 on the understanding that property rights acquired by Americans before the adoption of the Constitution should remain intact. The Mexican Government's reply asked the United States to wait until some specific charge of damage was made under the new land laws. This would go in due course to the Mexican courts and after that, if necessary, could be adjusted between the two nations. That the British oil interests are reported to have accepted the petroleum laws indicates that they may not be "dangerous."

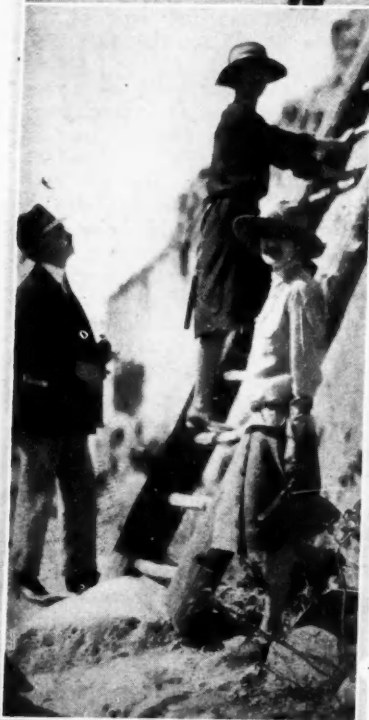
In brief, the laws over which the United States is showing so much concern provide that no foreigner may in future acquire land within a hundred kilometers of the border. Any land now so held may be kept until the death of the present owner, but his heirs must dispose of it to Mexican citizens. Another provision is that foreign companies holding stock in Mexican companies must surrender control within ten years. The oil law requires owners of oil lands to exchange their titles for what are in effect fifty-year leases. In each case the law represents a gain in Mexico's long struggle to win back the bulk of her land for her own people.

Nicaragua's Bolshevist Ghost

NOTHING more was heard of the "spread of Mexican-inspired Bolshevism" in Nicaragua after (Continued on page 36)



Mexico—"Nicaragua has an irritating bark!"



Above—Indians of the Tesuque pueblo doing the Eagle Dance, which is an ancient ceremonial and has a deep religious significance for them. Below—Girl guides showing a visitor over a pueblo on the Indian Detour where ladders take the place of stairways

Eagle Dance and Indians of the Southwest, courtesy of J. F. Kane, from "Picturesque America"

"Ask Miss Fergusson"

The Woman Behind a Service of Girl Couriers in the Indian Country

By FRANCES DREWRY McMULLEN

OUT on the sun-baked mesas of New Mexico, a daughter of pioneers is developing a new profession for women. On most sight-seeing trips in the world, the man-with-the-megaphone conducts you. In the Indian country of the Southwest, a soft-spoken girl courier is your guide. When you meet first one, then the other, on your travels, you will realize that they are not the same thing. One merely shows strangers the sights. The other plays hostess to friends.

The traveler who plans to see the Indian country may expect to find himself dumped on the desert at an early hour of the morning, his heart a bit heavy with that far-from-home feeling. He will be surprised to hear his name called, and, on turning, to

find a smiling feminine face, beneath a ten-gallon hat. His "hostess" has come to meet him, tricked out for the motor trip in her bright shirt and trim boots and enough Indian jewelry to open a curio shop. Before he realizes it he is thoroughly at home.

Early in the conversation one is sure to hear, "Miss Fergusson says this," "Miss Fergusson thinks that." Thus the woman behind the service is introduced. Later, this Miss Fergusson herself will appear, with her contagious enthusiasm and her genial smile, to make sure that every one is enjoying himself.

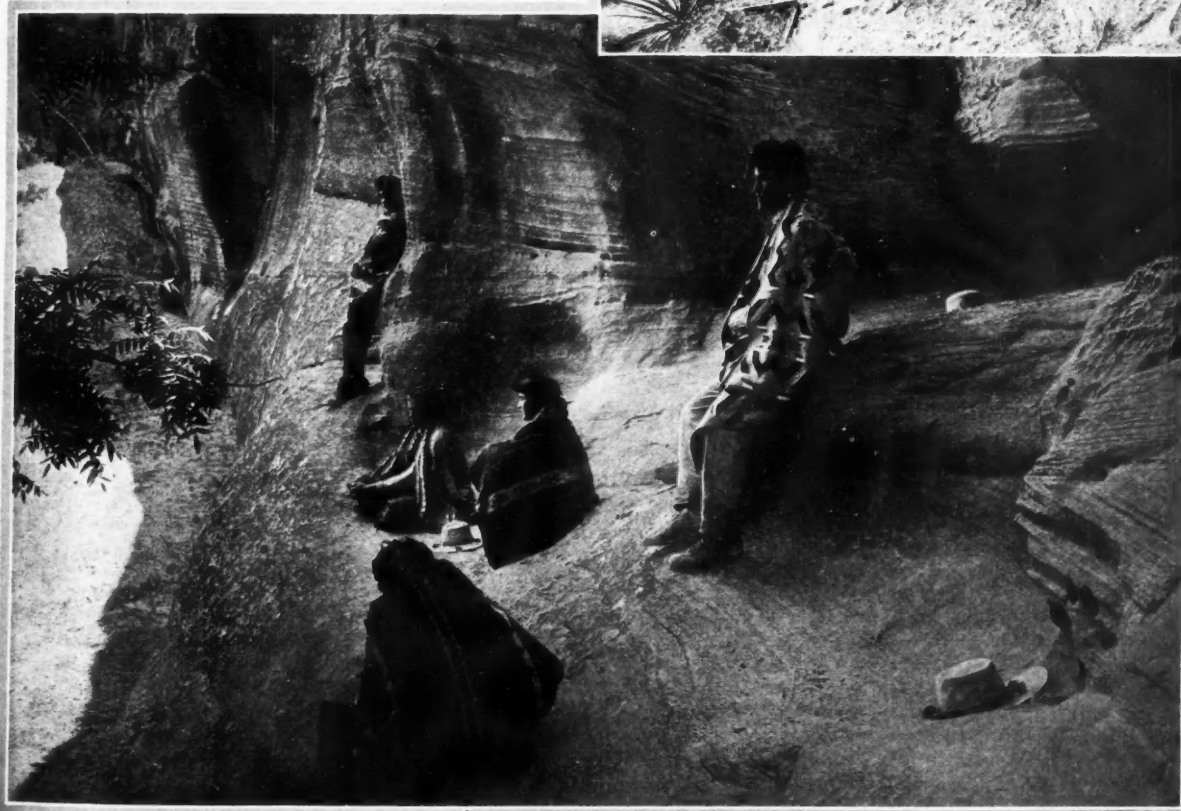
Erna Fergusson is known in the Southwest as a "dude wrangler" queen. Her beginnings as such were informal enough. Once when she was eager to go far into the mountains to attend a

fiesta, but felt that she could not afford the trip, she thought of taking a party along and letting them pay the costs. After this, she found herself arranging jaunts for friends and neighbors, now to see the Hopi Snake Dance, now to distant Taos, now to lonely Frijoles, where prehistoric cliff-dwellers lived. Presently her attention was drawn to coast-bound tourists passing through Albuquerque. They needed to be "hand-led" through the Indian country, she felt, and she decided to do it. Automobiles were got together and circulars mailed; then inquiries commenced coming in and tourists followed. Miss Fergusson found herself possessed of a full-sized guide service.

There were no regular schedules; there were no set tours. Hers was an as-you-please service ready to open up any part of New Mexico at any time, and for five years it continued with marked success. Then Fred Harvey, of restaurant fame, and the Santa Fé Railroad cast their eyes on the Indian country and found its tourist possibilities good. And the next thing Erna Fergusson knew she was ensconced in the busiest office in Santa Fé and told to go ahead, with all the financial backing she could ask, and develop the best guide service possible. To her that meant a feminine personnel.

"Women take the trouble to do little things that men never think of," was the way she put her idea. She herself had demonstrated that. And as a result patrons of her independent tourist service had spread stories of how Miss Fergusson had mysteriously produced a breakfast of iced melon, sliced turkey, hot gravy and hot coffee a hundred miles from a railway station, with no ice or fire at hand; or how a cup of tea and a dainty sandwich were served amid the prehistoric ruins of Pecos. Her Aladdin's lamp was the picnicker's friend, the (Con. on page 41)

Above—Ceremonial Cave at Frijoles canyon. Below—Dwellers in the land and owners of the Southwest before the white man came
© Ceremonial Cave, courtesy of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R. R.



Editorially Speaking

The Admirals and the President

THERE is an interesting political battle going on between the militarists in the Navy Department and Congress on the one hand, and President Coolidge, with doubtless some members of his Cabinet, on the other side. The former want to put on an immediate cruiser-building program. The President, though he did yield to the Naval Affairs Committee's urging to the extent of endorsing authorization of the new cruisers, opposes immediate building and refuses to recommend funds.

It is no doubt natural that men who from boyhood have been trained in West Point or Annapolis, and whose entire education has dealt with the strategy, the duty, and perhaps the glory of war, should see the preparations for war in exaggerated proportion to other calls upon the government. Therefore it is not strange that the admirals of the Navy are calling for more cruisers. They are pleading that our list of ships is not up to the standard set by the Washington Conference.

As a matter of fact, we are quite up to the standard. The ratio does not apply to cruisers unless they exceed 10,000 tons. The way is open for competitive building in these as well as airplanes, torpedo craft, submarines. If the other countries are building light cruisers, the answer lies not in an answering building program but in hastening a disarmament conference.

As all the world knows, Mr. Coolidge is pledged to call another naval disarmament conference if the disarmament commission under the League of Nations does not make progress. That is, he stands committed to call such a conference at any time when it appears probable that the other nations would accept the invitation. If another one is ever held, either in Mr. Coolidge's administration or some other, there might be a destruction of cruisers. To sensible people then it appears asinine to spend millions of the taxpayers' money to build ships which may later be destroyed. When all the world is engaged in the hope and in the actual practical negotiation leading to progressive international disarmament, it is a curious thing for a nation which never fails to make the boast that it is a nation of peace, to begin a building program of more cruisers.

A man in the highest circles, but who does not wish to be publicly quoted, recently said that if the two nations having the best naval equipment should make a joint war upon us, we are even then prepared at this time to make a successful defense. Why then should we have more cruisers and spend more money merely to appease the ambitions of naval men who in all the nations of the world have ever been dissatisfied with the size and the nature of the navy their country provides?

Admirals are the most gallant of men—brave, fearless and loyal to their task of the defense of the nation, but when it comes to the psychology of a world situation, they lack comprehension.

If you, dear reader, want to take a hand in this interesting controversy, let your senator and your representative and your President hear from you.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT.

* * *

Excess Partisanship

A STEP lessening to a degree the influence of women in politics was taken when, following the November elections, the National Women's Republican Club in New York City amended its by-laws so that members are required to pledge themselves to vote at every election for all the candidates of the Republican party.

This is carrying partisanship to a point of absurdity. Women know that party control is a matter of bitter contest, and is sometimes in the hands of one group of men, sometimes another. The most effective weapon which women have exercised as new voters has been their independence of judgment. There is a widespread belief even among political leaders that women demand a certain decency in candidates for public office and do not willingly support flagrantly unfit men.

To promise in advance that no matter how vicious an influence may gain control of party machinery and no matter how corrupt or incompetent the candidate it puts up may be, women will support such candidates, is to put a zero mark on woman suffrage. Fortunately, the fall elections proved that women cannot always be swung by momentary party control and that many of them prefer to exercise their own judgment and be masters of their own consciences.

* * *

International House

OVERLOOKING a beautiful stretch of the Hudson, in New York, stands a big gray stone building which is a living monument to the finer possibilities of the human spirit. It is International House, where several hundred young people of some sixty races live together in order that they may study for higher degrees in the universities of the city. If you are lucky enough to be asked for a Sunday evening supper, you can see the whole idea at once. In the great foyer you can watch the groups form and dissolve and form again—all types, all colors, from the coal black of the Gold Coast to Scandinavian blondness, mingling in sociable unconsciousness of race barriers. Afterward, the same mingling at the tables—a still stiffer test. Of course, you can't really believe it, until you ask questions behind the scenes, and all that you find is the story of a few flare-ups of race or color prejudice reasoned down to coolness by the one who flared. There was the wounded Canadian who sud-

denly saw red at the sound of German, and who made himself join the German group. There was the young white man who, on first entering the big washrooms, found himself near a Negro. Instinct surged—this was too much—and he left the room. Then he began to think: What did International House mean, then? Why had he come if he expected to practice exclusions? He took himself back to the washroom . . . The other day he was made president of Fisk University, that splendid school for colored people in Tennessee.

Really, those are about all the stories. The rest is harmony in difference. Members of different parts of the British Empire discuss imperial problems. "Even Hindus and English?" you ask. "Even Americans and Filipinos," you may have shot back at you with a smile. Of course, these are picked people—yes; but the point is no less encouraging: If the ideal of such friendliness among races can be worked out *at all*, it can be worked out on a larger scale too.

* * *

The Fall-Doheny Verdict

IT is no wonder that some of the young jurors in the Fall-Doheny oil case were "disturbed" when they learned afterward of the difference between their verdict and that in the civil court which passed on the leases. Eighteen months ago the civil court took away from Mr. Doheny, millionaire oil operator, the Government oil lands he had leased because it held the lease was made in "conspiracy and fraud." The young jurors in the criminal case found no proof of "conspiracy" in the story unfolded before them—of the famous brown satchel which carried a "loan" from Mr. Doheny to Mr. Fall just before Mr. Fall, then Secretary of the Interior, secured the enormously profitable lease for Mr. Doheny.

There the two verdicts stand, denying each other. Press comment rather generally regards the second as acquittal in only a narrow legal sense. As Senator Walsh, who was so largely responsible for bringing the facts to light, pointed out:

"It must be borne in mind that conviction in a criminal case can be had only when the evidence removes all reasonable doubt of the guilt of the defendant." And he added: "The verdict will scarcely remove the widespread view that the transaction was reprehensible in character."

It is to be hoped that it won't. Said the decision of the civil court, the United States District Court of Los Angeles: "The injury that has been done the nation, as well as the distrust of public officers that it has caused, can not be overestimated." The corruption of that period is beyond question. If the trial, sadly belated as it was, has served to increase alertness in watching our public officials, if it has sharpened indignation against those who take advantage of their high place to serve personal interests, the actual fate of the two men concerned matters little.

* * *

IF by any chance you overlooked the account of the National League of Woman Voters' current list of publications in the November issue, turn back and read about them. They are a condensed paperback library of vital information for the woman who

is a citizen, covering interests that range from the nation's foreign policy to such intimate matters as "The Economic Status of a Wife Working at Home." Such a file within easy reach—if often reached—would greatly heighten a woman's usefulness.

* * *

Be Younger by 1928!

NOTHING could be more suitable for a first-of-the-year magazine than Dr. Alsop's article in this issue—"Don't Be Your Age." (By the way, Dr. Alsop's academic dignity should be cleared of responsibility for that slangy but appropriate title.) We were so exhilarated and encouraged by it ourselves that we are tempted to start "Don't Be Your Age" clubs among women of our acquaintance. Briefly, Dr. Alsop says we can keep our bodies young—or anyhow younger than the average for our years—by *working* at it. There, of course, is the rub. Exercise, air, right food, sleep—and all the rest of the sane ritual must be observed regularly; assorted forms of self-indulgence must be forsworn; the will must be tautened. But the results would be richly worth all the cost. Out in Chicago there is a well-known woman poet and critic, well past sixty anyhow, who loves to *run* when she gets to a nice stretch of beach. Why *not* run at sixty? Of course don't overlook Dr. Alsop's warning about the proper precautions—a run, for instance, isn't recommended to start with!—but let January, 1928, find you younger in body than January, 1927.

* * *

Voters' Mirage

MUSSOLINI seems to have an unfortunate sense of humor. With a grand gesture he announced some time ago that women might vote in municipal elections—that is, certain carefully designated classes of women. Then he canceled all municipal elections by reviving the ancient office of podesta. Roughly, a podesta corresponds to a mayor, except that he is appointed by the government instead of elected by the municipality. The one slender political privilege women had gained disappeared. However, many feminists felt that something might be rescued from the ruins. A voter is eligible for the post of podesta—surely now a woman might hold that office. A small town near Rome bravely offered a test case. The city fathers strongly recommended that a woman be appointed podesta. As soon as the point was raised the Ministry of Internal Affairs (i.e., Mussolini) decided that the old municipal law should apply. Only a voter might be podesta, women had not had time to become voters, therefore no woman might become podesta. Italian suffragists are back at the beginning, starting from the ground up once more.

* * *

HAVE you told your Senators that you are looking to them for renewal of the Sheppard-Towner Act? State legislatures must soon make their appropriations to carry on this fine work of co-operation for the lives and health of mothers and babies. Don't let the Senate forget!

The Woman Voter

The Following Four Pages Are Edited for the National League of Women Voters

By ANNE WILLIAMS WHEATON

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Headquarters

532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Is the League a "Movement"?

IS our League a "movement"—or is it merely a kind of good government club?

Do its complex program, its elaborate organization, its infinitely varied activities have the significance and emotional unity of a central purpose?

Does it relate itself to the common problems of democracy?

The answer of all recent development seems to be "Yes."

Like many human beings, the League was born, grew amazingly and only became critically conscious of itself as it grew. During the first years one might hear it variously defined according to the viewpoint of an individual or a locality. Some saw it simply as "first aid," to the new voters; some as a new broom for cleaning up politics; others as an educational agency of a purely academic kind; others held that it should crusade for one or another cause. But these partial conceptions have either died or been included in the synthesis of our present program. Furthermore, this unity seems to have come from a germinating seed within the League itself, whose growth was stimulated and forced by political conditions surrounding it.

Women gained full citizenship at a time when our democratic institutions were under fire and when the failures of the electorate seemed to justify skepticism of democracy itself. This situation was a clear challenge to the body of women voters coming on the scene in 1920. They could hardly fail to see the rôle that they might play. However many problems might clamor for their attention, the problem of the electorate itself confronted them as underlying all others. Twenty million new voters with no bad political habits (as yet!) coming into the situation at this juncture suggested possibilities that the most superficial could not fail to appreciate.

All parts of our program fall into

place when related to this central need of democracy. All experience in putting it into effect has forced us from the opportunist and the concrete into the general and the fundamental. Experiments in the political education of women are a contribution to the general field of citizenship training. "Get out the Vote" campaigns lead us to the question of why voters do not vote, and from that to the more inclusive question of the quality as well as the quantity of the electorate. Legislative work inevitably leads back to the voter who must provide the motive power in securing good laws and the vigilance needed to see that they are enforced.

All roads have led us to Rome, to the central problem of the "quality" of the electorate. Voices are still heard complaining that the League is not dramatic enough, that it should concentrate on a "Cause," and we are summoned, in turn, by the crusaders for one or another of the pressing issues of the day. Of course these critics may safely be left to destroy each other, Kilkenny fashion, since obviously to crusade for any one of these controversial issues would thereby preclude us from crusading for the others, a lesson soon learned by all of us who have ever crusaded.

But have we not a "Cause" already? Do not our critics miss the real significance of the League's central purpose? Isn't it something to contribute to the electorate the kind of voters who can be trusted to see with clarity and work with intelligent persistence for all moral issues?

Need we ask for a more dramatic or unified cause than to better the working of our democracy—or one more profoundly patriotic?

—KATHARINE LUDINGTON.



© National Photo
 Miss Katharine Ludington, first vice-president, on the steps of the League's Washington headquarters

Start the New Year right by joining the "\$3.00 a year" publications mailing list of the National League!

Congress Opens

At the close of the last session, the League's measures stood as follows:

The Maternity and Infancy Act (H. R. 7555): Passed the House April 5, and is now on Senate calendar.

Civil Service and the Prohibition Unit (H. R. 3821): Passed the House and was favorably reported to the Senate.

Department of Education (H. R. 5000) (S. 291): Is still in committee in both houses.

Muscle Shoals (S. 4106) (Not endorsed by the League): Is on the calendar.

Opposition to the Wadsworth-Garrett Amendment (S. J. Res. 8) (H. J. Res. 15): Still in Judiciary Committees of both Houses.

Opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment (S. J. 11) (H. J. 81): Before Judiciary committees of both Houses.

In the first week of the session, little business is usually transacted, and thus far no definite advance has been made on measures included in the League's legislative program. Several of them, however, are mentioned in the President's two messages to the Congress.

Maternity-Infancy Act

Extension of the Maternity and Infancy (Sheppard-Towner) Act heads the list of measures for which the League is working. Since 1921 there has been ample demonstration that Sheppard-Towner work is needed, that it can accomplish much in lowering infant and maternity death rates, and that there has been too short a time to lay more than the foundations of a sound program. The states are not yet sufficiently prepared to carry on the work alone. The League is in receipt of letters from all parts of the country telling how well the Act is working and urging extension of the period of its operation.

A bill to extend the operation of the Act for two years passed the House at the last session. In the Senate it was reported out of committee with an amendment making the period of extension one year only. As we go to press it is on the Senate calendar and the League is exerting every effort to get it to a vote and to defeat the one-year amendment.

In his message to the Congress the President commended the work under the Sheppard-Towner Act. His exact words were, "But there are unfortunately a multitude of workers who have not yet come to share in the general prosperity of the nation. Both the public authorities and private enterprise should be solicitous to advance the welfare of this class. The Federal Government has been seeking to secure this end through a protective tariff, through restrictive immigration, through requiring safety devices for the prevention of accidents, through the granting of workmen's compensation, through civilian vocational rehabilitation and education, through employment information bureaus, and through such humanitarian relief as was provided in the maternity and infancy legislation."

In his budget message, the President was more definite: "No estimate is submitted for carrying on the work under the Maternity and Infancy Act, approved November 23, 1921, inasmuch as the authorization of appropriations for this purpose was fulfilled with the appropriation for 1927. A bill is now pending before the Congress extending the provisions of that

Act to the fiscal years 1928 and 1929. If and when that measure becomes law I propose sending to the Congress a supplemental estimate for an appropriation to make its provisions effective. I am in favor of the proposed legislation extending the period of operation of this law with the understanding and hope that the administration of the funds to be provided would be with a view to the gradual withdrawal of the Federal Government from this field, leaving to the states,

who have been paid by Federal funds and schooled under Federal supervision, the privilege and duty of maintaining this important work without aid or interference from the Federal Government.

"I have referred in previous Budget messages to the advisability of restricting and curtailing Federal subsidies to the States. The Maternity Act offers concrete opportunity to begin this program. The States should now be in a position to walk alone along this highway of helpful endeavor, and I believe it in the interest of the States and the Federal Government to give them the opportunity."

Supporters of the Sheppard-Towner Act rejoice that the President has come out in definite terms in support of the two-year extension. It is to be regretted, however, that he cited the Maternity and Infancy Act as an Act on which to begin in curtailing Federal subsidies to the States, although he advocated gradual, not drastic, withdrawal.

Foreign Affairs

On the subject of our international relations, except for mention of our debt settlements, the Chinese customs tariff, and the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference, the President spoke in general terms: "All the world knows that the whole extent of our influence is against war and in favor of peace, against the use of force and in favor of negotiation, arbitration, and adjudication as a method of adjusting international difficulties. We look with disfavor upon all aggressive warfare."

Two resolutions have been introduced, one in the House and one in the Senate (H. Res. 323) (S. Res. 282), urging the Senate to rescind its action in regard to United States' membership in the World Court. On December 9, Senator Trammell tried to get immediate consideration for his resolution, but in spite of his efforts it was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

As we go to press, a vote is pending on acceptance of the Geneva Protocol to do away with chemical warfare as between the signatory powers.

Living Costs

Among the measures which have advanced the interests of the farmer, the President mentioned the packers and stockyards act, the Purnell Act for agricultural research, the Capre-Volstead Cooperative Marketing Act, and the cooperative marketing Act of 1926. He continued, "The advantages to be derived from a more comprehensive and less expensive system of transportation for agriculture ought to be supplemented by provision for an adequate supply of fertilizer at a lower cost than is at present obtainable. This advantage we are attempting to secure by the proposed development at Muscle Shoals, and there are promising experiments being made in



At the Wisconsin League convention, Mrs. C. J. Otjen, president, Mrs. Frank P. Hixon, national treasurer, and Mrs. Lee Wandell of the state finance board

synthetic chemistry for the production of nitrates." Indications do not include Muscle Shoals among the matters that will be active in this session.

With the President's pronouncements on law enforcements, every citizen may heartily agree: "Failure to support the Constitution and observe the law ought not to be tolerated by public opinion. Especially those in public places who have taken their oath to support the Constitution, ought to be more scrupulous in its observance.

Officers of the Department of Justice throughout the country should be vigilant in enforcing the law, but local authorities which had always been mainly responsible for the enforcement of law in relation to intoxicating liquor, ought not to seek evasion by attempting to shift the burden wholly upon the Federal agencies. Under the Constitution the States are jointly charged with the Nation in providing for the enforcement of the prohibition amendment. Some people do not like the amendment, some do not like other parts of the Constitution, some do not like any of it. Those who entertain such sentiments have a perfect right to seek through legal methods for a change. But for any of our inhabitants to observe such parts of the Constitution as they like, while disregarding others, is a doctrine that would break down all protection of life and property and destroy the American system of ordered liberty."

Iowa Women Win

DESPITE some added intricacies in the voting procedure, and a disconcerting, if not open, opposition, women in Iowa have concluded a successful fight against discrimination and have succeeded in removing the last barrier to women holding office in that Middle Western state.

Iowa, up to November 2, 1926, was the one state which had not acknowledged the right of women to sit in the legislature. When the framers of the Iowa Constitution wrote the qualifications for members of its General Assembly, it was probably quite by accident, but it may have been by design, that they specified "male citizens." The qualifications before 1880 were not only twenty-one years, but a "free white male."

Iowa, like many other states when attempts are made to amend the Constitution, requires that an amendment must pass two legislatures. In addition, Iowa demands three months' publication of the proposal, following approval by the two legislatures. Ordinarily this procedure arouses interest in an impending change, but in Iowa there was little apparent interest in the proposed amendment until a couple of months before Election Day, when the Iowa League decided to campaign more vigorously than it had been doing to heighten interest, and make certain the passage of the amendment.

There did not seem to be any organized opposition to the amendment, but the results showed either that there was a determined underground political opposition or there were still a number of people who held to the idea that Iowa should still maintain its position of being the only state in the forty-eight to exclude women from state legislative service. The final count was 239,999 for the amendment, to 133,929 against. The old belief that women's sphere of activity should be confined to the home—perhaps a few minor places in the business world, but very few in the political field—dies slowly and dies hard.



Miss Amy G. Maher, in a world-surveying mood

The World Over

Keeping us in touch with the progress of women's and children's rights in foreign countries is what Amy G. Maher purposes to do in this column from time to time. She will keep us informed of the work of the International Alliance for Equal Suffrage and Citizenship, of which the League is the American auxiliary.

MRS. CORBETT ASHBY, President of the International Suffrage Alliance, and remembered by all League members who attended the convention in Richmond, Virginia, has been selected by the Liberal Association as their candidate for the Hendon Division, whenever the next election in England may be. The "Woman's Leader" feels that such an offer would be good enough for an untried new party worker, but that the Liberal Association should have given something much better to Mrs. Ashby, as the last election gave the Conservatives 11,000 majority. In reply to the "Woman's Leader" Mrs. Ashby explains that she has been offered safer constituencies farther afield, but that because of her family and her work in London, she has had to refuse them. She says: "The eighty-two constituencies of London do not offer safe Liberal majorities at the moment, yet if I fight at all, I must fight here."

A motor coach conveyed twelve French suffragists this fall on a three weeks' intensive speech-making tour over France, to Chartres, Angers, Nantes, La Rochelle, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Poitiers and Tours, with the warning that France is the only civilized nation that has not given the vote to women. League delegates at the Alliance Congress last summer were impressed with the number of high officials who addressed the Congress in favor of woman suffrage, leading us to hope that the speeches were more than a gesture—what the French call "la belle parole."

A Committee of Women for Social Reform has been founded in Barcelona, Spain, with the object of changing some of the laws as they affect women, to permit women to act as guardians, or witnesses, to retain parental authority over their minor children if they re-marry, to have equal rights with men under the separation laws, to have the right to make contracts in their profession, and to have the usufruct of a share of the husband's estate equal to the share of any other natural heir.

The Government of Japan has ratified the convention on the minimum age for child workers, adopted by the first International Labor Conference in 1919. Fourteen countries have now ratified this convention, which fixes the age of children working in industry generally at fourteen, admitting certain concessions to India and Japan.

Women in Madras, India, now have political rights on exactly the same terms as men. The Madras Legislative Council passed a resolution to admit women into the Council. It is suggested that the "example of what has been so freely granted to women in Madras will help the British women to get similar rights of representation."

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, President of the National Union

of Societies for Equal Citizenship in Great Britain, is standing as an Independent candidate in the municipal election in Liverpool, and is being opposed, for the first time in fifteen years, by a Conservative candidate. In the Liverpool press, several letters have appeared, deploring the fact that the Conservative Party has decided to contest Miss Rathbone's constituency. One describes her as "possibly the best known and most widely respected of our citizens. Her ability, and her profound knowledge of social problems have been praised by public men in the press of all political parties in this country and many other parts of the world."

The Three Laws

"WITH three laws and public opinion behind their enforcement, commercialized vice can be eliminated"—so runs the foreword of the new pamphlet by Mrs. Ann Webster, National Chairman of the Committee on Social Hygiene. To quote from the summary in the text:

"The Anti-Prostitution Law provides for the arrest and trial of those who profit by the business of prostitution, and of men and women who commit acts of prostitution.

The Injunction and Abatement Law provides a tool for the use of the citizen herself, if officials will not enforce the Anti-Prostitution Law.

The Ouster Law provides for the removal of officials who neglect to perform their work."

Concise and without technical words the provisions of each law are more fully set forth, the reasons back of them given, and their effect foretold.

Appended is a copy of each of the three laws as they have been enacted by New Mexico, Iowa and Tennessee "in forms which can be recommended to the citizen who is looking for examples of legislation."

Ohio Retains the Primary

TO the Ohio League of Women Voters the most gratifying result of the November election was the defeat of the direct primary Amendment to the state constitution. Those interested in the future of women in politics realized that this question was the most vital one that had come before the voters since suffrage had been granted to women. With the defeat of the so-called Knight Amendment by a two-to-one majority the League brought to a successful close a well-thought-out educational campaign which had been carried on for the past two years.

When the direct primary was first under fire in the last session of the Ohio legislature members of the League realized that no time should be lost in preparing for the attack which was bound to come. Consequently when it became known late in the summer that a referendum vote was to be taken, which if voted upon favorably would give to the legislature the power to provide any method of nomination it desired, the League was ready to take an active part in defeating the measure. To return to the convention system of nominating candidates was the undisputed object of

those initiating and sponsoring the Knight amendment.

There was nothing new or spectacular in the campaign to retain the direct primary—nothing new to members of the League of Women Voters. "Vote No on the Knight Amendment," was the advice given by state board members, local League officers and workers who made speeches; debates and public meetings were held where the primary versus the convention system was discussed. Special leaflets which were ready for circulation almost immediately after it became known that this amendment would be placed on the ballot were widely distributed. The three issues of the *Ohio Woman Voter* published preceding the election were filled with informational material and articles contributed by authorities on the direct primary. Finally the League Ford, which was purchased this fall for the use of the state organizer, helped in a very practical way by taking the state president and field secretary on a tour of the state.

It was not long before the League was known as headquarters for information on the amendment, and many bundles of leaflets were sent out to women's study clubs, to high school pupils who were preparing debates on the question, and other interested groups.

A great deal of spirit was aroused among leaders in the Direct Primary Defense League and the other organizations working for the defeat of the amendment when, upon investigation, it was found that many of the signatures which appeared upon the petitions which had been circulated during the summer months were false. Then, too, when it became known that certain of the party leaders were urging voters to support the amendment, misleading them by stating that it was a means of "improving" the existing primary law, many were fearful as to what the result of the election would be.

The direct primary has been retained in Ohio by such a large majority favoring it that it is doubtful if the opponents will soon launch another attack against it. The Ohio League is aware of the fact that the existing law is not perfect and that certain changes in the election laws of the state are essential in order to make the direct primary a more effective method of nominating candidates. The friends of the primary hope to see these changes brought about in the near future so that there will be no need to consider again a return to the convention system.—SYBIL BURTON, President of the Ohio League

THE fifth "Foreign Affairs" school, held by the Massachusetts League of Women Voters in cooperation with

Radcliffe College, will be in session January 11, 12 and 13, at the Agassiz House, Radcliffe College. The school will seek the facts on the more significant international issues of the day, stressing especially the situation developing in the Far East.

The Cambridge three-day gathering will be addressed by distinguished publicists, college professors, and authorities on international questions. Several nationalities will be represented.

Round table luncheon conferences will be a feature.

Applications should be addressed to the Massachusetts League, 607 Boylston street, Boston.



New Voters in Kentucky dramatize the "League's place on the front page" for the enjoyment of Kentucky convention delegates

The Curfew in Portland

By MARTHA RANDALL.

This page is furnished by the International Association of Policewomen, which is solely responsible for what appears thereon

IT is well understood that when our Mayor—the Mayor of Portland, Oregon—sees necessity for action, he takes a personal hand. After a recent crime wave of the newspaper variety he made a quiet survey of the city's night life. His visits to the public grilles—both Chinese and fashionable hotel—and the sight of car loads of young people starting for outlying roadhouses, led to further investigations on succeeding week-ends. Nine cars were commissioned, each manned by a driver, an officer in plain clothes and a member of the Women's Protective Division, and each was assigned one section of the city. Our instructions were to look for unaccompanied minors about the motion picture houses, grilles, school grounds and other rendezvous of youth. Our curfew ordinance applies to persons under the age of eighteen and becomes effective at nine P. M. during the school months and at ten during the summer vacation period. We found many groups which included minors, all of them under twenty-one. Girls of fifteen or sixteen years of age were with boy escorts of eighteen, who were far more in need of a guardian than the girls themselves, if the aim of guardianship be protection; in some cases liquor had been freely dispensed.

The Curfew Sounds

WE decided to hark back to the legal presumption that a boy is not capable of assuming guardianship until he has reached legal age. The result was the much-discussed amendment to our Curfew Ordinance, extending the age of an escort of any minor to a person of twenty-one, having care and custody.

This change met with strong opposition, many feeling that young folks should have greater rather than less freedom, and that "the fool thing can't be enforced anyway." After two meetings with school principals, Parent-Teacher leaders, and recreation directors, it was concluded that with cooperation of home and school, and thoughtful planning for more afternoon affairs the desired condition could be brought about. Almost without exception the motion

picture theatres fell into line; some by flashing the curfew warning on the screen before nine o'clock or by installing clocks in prominent positions, and at the



Martha Randall, Superintendent of the Women's Protective Division, Portland, Oregon, and Regional Director of the International Association of Policewomen

Rialto Theatre this notice appeared on the program: "We observe the Curfew Law for kiddies by letting out at a quarter to nine."

I fear that too literal a meaning has been placed upon the admonition "More and better parents." Many children have acquired more parents *via* the divorce mill, but the change is not always for the better. Etta, aged seventeen, was found after midnight in a grille with her "boy friend," just twenty days her senior. When discovered she was alone and, under questioning, she said, "I am with my brother." When the boy returned he stated with some dignity, "I am her friend." The plot thickened! When it was thinned by persistent questioning, we found that both statements were true, inasmuch as Etta's father had married Ben's mother, thus making Etta and Ben sister and brother. In time, Etta's father took unto himself another wife and yet another, each preceded by the

necessary divorce. Etta and Ben drifted apart, but they met later and became sweethearts and they were out for a lark when the clean-up cops interrupted their tête-à-tête.

Another night we drove up to Central Station at two A. M., feeling that we had frustrated the plans of enough minors and disturbed the slumber of enough guileless parents, when, lo! Jerry and Minnie staggered across our path en route to their automobile. Jerry was sufficiently drunk to tackle the Mayor, the Chief and the Desk Sergeant. He did take on the latter and meanwhile "told the world" he'd never die happy until he had killed a policeman. Minnie, in a whining and affected voice, said she was nineteen and a "sorority girl." "Went to the University a term or two to get in a good sorority. That's what I went for, of course." I took her home. The boy's father was sent for, and took him home to a hysterical and heartbroken mother, who had no idea what Jerry was doing when out late nights.

Enforcing the Law

THE Mayor set his jaw and said, "Well, I am going to do something to keep such kids as these off the streets if their parents can't."

AND THE MAYOR DID JUST THAT.

Rome was not built in a day and the parents and children of a city like Portland are not educated to observe the Curfew Law at once, but the city officials and the police did their part, the newspapers gave widespread publicity, setting forth the measure fairly and explicitly, and the citizenry responded. This regulation is enforced, regardless of social status, much to the surprise of one little miss who said to our Dance Hall Inspector, "Oh, you go and work down on B street where you belong." No longer do children tell us, "I didn't know anything about the Curfew," although occasionally one will say, "I knew better, but I just took a chance."

NOTE:—For further information on the work of policewomen, address the International Association of Policewomen, 220 Evening Star Building, Washington, D. C.

World News *About* Women



Last month this picture of the Reverend Olympia Brown was crowded out by "Women Who Won." A life-long suffragist, no one would have made way for them more gladly than Mrs. Brown

THE triennial meeting of the National Council of Jewish Women, held in Washington this winter, saw the downfall of a well-known member of the Old Order of Things. "Rule of Thumb," constantly routed from business circles by the efficiency expert and even from politics with the advent of the city manager, may now have to resign from national women's groups in favor of the more promising survey plan. Through the leadership of Mrs. Herbert E. Ottenheimer, of Louisville, Kentucky, honorary vice-president, the council's methods and accomplishments will undergo periodic surveys by an independent group of experts to insure the readjustments necessary in a changing world.

The first survey—made by the Bureau of Jewish Social Research—met a favorable response at the triennial meeting this year. Each section president had discussed the findings with her own delegates and section members and the result was an intelligent, wholehearted cooperation.

THREE women won honors in the medical field this month—Dr. Mabel E. Elliott, who has just received her license as a practitioner from the Japanese Government; Miss Effie J. Taylor, appointed professor of Psychiatric Nursing at Yale University, and Dr. Brian Garfield, the first woman surgeon in France.

Dr. Elliott has had unusual experience in foreign parts. Right after the war she served as head of the American Women's Hospitals Service in Turkey, the Caucasus and Greece. At present she is the only American woman doctor allowed to practice in Japan. Professor Taylor has conducted many studies and had extensive nursing experience in psychiatric work. Her appointment at Yale is a striking indication not only of her own achievements but of the increasing esteem in which the nursing profession is held by scientists and the public. Dr. Garfield, the wife of an American, has just reached the ranks of practitioner after several years as an interne in hospitals in France.



Eva Le Gallienne, actor-manager of a repertory program at New York's old Fourteenth Street Theater, where devotees of the play may see Ibsen and Tchekov for a fraction of the usual Broadway prices

WHEN the final count of the State canvassing board was made in Wyoming the returns revealed a very interesting fact, and that was that a woman led each party. The famous case of Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross, candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket, ends with the report that she was defeated by little more than a thousand votes, and that she led the next highest candidate on her ticket by

eleven thousand votes. Bravo!

On the successful Republican ticket Mrs. Katherine A. Morton, candidate for reelection to the office of State Superintendent of Schools, secured over a thousand more votes than the next highest Republican candidate.

Wyoming is certainly true to her first principles.

THE December list of women who won in the election omitted one state representative, Mrs. Pamela Francisco, Republican, from Bergen, New Jersey. This changes the total number of women representatives throughout the country to 99 instead of 98. Official reports from New Mexico, just recently received, add Jennie Fortune as Secretary of State and Lois Randolph, as State Superintendent of Education. Another interesting item is the reelection of the all women's ticket in Winslow, Arkansas. This village, situated at the highest point of the Ozarks, has a resident population of four hundred.

(Continued on page 36)



© Wide World Photos

In 1900 there were two women lawyers in France. Today there are one hundred and fifty. These "maitres" are often consulted by men, several have conducted famous trials, and many of them take an active part in all social and political questions concerning women

LAST month a service of special interest took place at a church in Tarrytown, New York—the unveiling of a memorial window to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, beloved suffrage leader, whose vivid personality still lives for all who know her. It was in this church, the North Tarrytown Methodist, that Dr. Shaw was ordained for the ministry and the clergyman who performed that ceremony was present at the unveiling. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Michigan, once a minister herself, made the dedicatory address.

SEVERAL American papers and not a few in England hailed Mrs. Foster Welch, recently elected sheriff for the County Borough of Southampton, England, as the first woman ever to be King's Officer. But only two years previously Mrs. Lucy Green Wells was elected Sheriff of Canterbury, an office which she served with distinction for a year. And a peep into mediaeval times reveals several women so honored. The twelfth century saw Ela of Salisbury, sole heir of the earldom, appointed Sheriff of Wiltshire. When her oldest son became twenty-one he challenged her right to the office. Undaunted, the Lady met the challenge and won. In the fifteenth century Isabella and Idonea of Veteripont served jointly as High Sheriff of Westmoreland and established a new custom by insisting that their burghers bring their cases to them personally. Anne, Countess of Pembroke, also held the office of High Sheriff of Westmoreland in 1644. She was a stern woman and had a firm hand with her tenants, who could not be held guiltless of anti-feminism. One, a clock worker, persistently refused to acknowledge her as his seigneuss and held back his yearly rent of one hen. She spent £200 on suing him, but she secured that hen and the right for which it stood. In those times the office of Sheriff was hereditary and a source of income. Today it is purely honorary.

TRADITIONALLY, the École Normale Supérieure, France's highest center of instruction for future professors, is reserved to young men. Actually, there is no absolute law, and when Marie-Louise Jacotin presented herself for examination and came out second on the list, the authorities began to be puzzled. Sensing the impossibility of placing a *jeune fille* among the *garçons*, they tried to escape from their dilemma by changing her place from second to twenty-first, just outside the ranks of the twenty successful candidates. For compensation, they offered her a special scholarship in the University of Paris. But Mlle. Jacotin was not to be outdone. She insisted that she did not want to live at the school, that she wished only to attend the lectures and other academic functions. And so

strongly did she protest that, after considerable reflection, the authorities accepted her application. She is even to keep her title—a valuable one in France—of *Élève de l'École Normale Supérieure*.

Current Events

(Continued from page 25)

the first alarming dispatches had conjured up the spectre of a Mexican Bolshevik movement menacing the Panama Canal, but coming, as it did, on the eve of the final American note to the Mexican Government, it startled political circles in both Mexico and the United States and distracted public attention from the real issue. Developments in Nicaragua show the United States and Mexico as rivals in an effort to influence the destiny of the revolution-ridden republic, with the United States well in the first place. The Mexican effort to get a finger in the pie was shown by its recognition of Dr. Juan Sacasa, vice-president under the Solarzano régime, who has recently been proclaimed president by the undaunted Liberals.

TACNA and Arica came into the headlines again when Secretary Kellogg offered an old plan for settling the long-standing dispute of Chile and Peru over the two provinces. His proposal, which has been offered again and again in the past, urges Chile and Peru to let Bolivia acquire the disputed provinces, making Arica a free port and reserving the famous headland of Morro as a memorial to the end of the strife. Bolivia accepted Secretary Kellogg's proposal, Chile accepted "in principle," but Peru's first official communication was a query as to whether the doctrine of self-determination was to be applied to Tacna and Arica. As the inhabitants of the provinces are largely Peruvian, it was thought possible that Peru still hoped for a plebiscite, but the reports of both General Pershing and General Lassiter show the obstacles to this now abandoned plan of settlement. What purports to be Peru's reply has appeared unofficially in *El Diario*. She wishes to retain Tacna and Arica, ceding, by agreement with Chile, certain territory south of the two provinces to Bolivia. By this plan Chile would still hold her nitrate field. Such a solution is doubtful.

AWAR that began more than a century ago came to its official end when Chief Tony Tommy, leader of the Seminole Indians in Florida, wrote President Coolidge that the tribe was at last ready to swear allegiance to the United States. Their opposition to the advance of white men into their territory turned into flaming hatred when General Andrew Jackson captured Chief Osceola, their greatest hero. The

kindness of the American people has now softened the memory of this injury and all they ask is to live in Florida, the only home they have ever known.

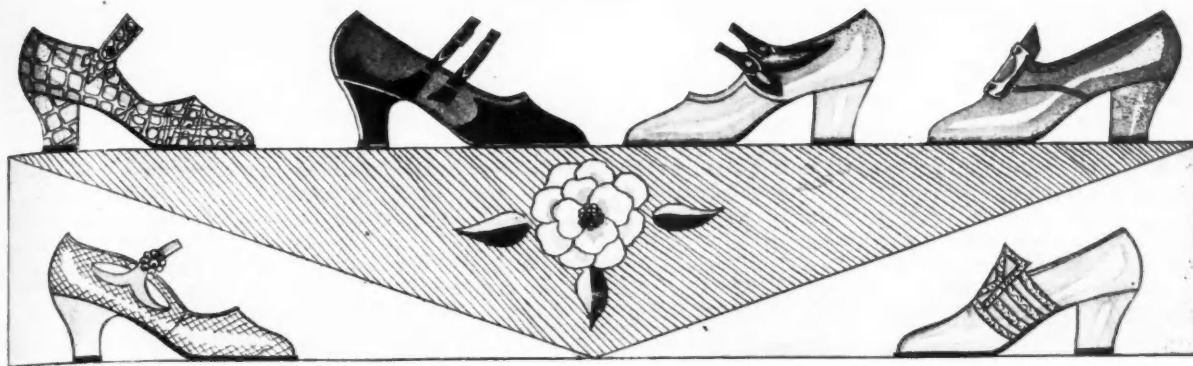
IMPORTANT developments marked the history of China in the preceding month. The representative of China at the League of Nations announced that all unequal treaties will be allowed to lapse as they expire. The possibility of foreign intervention disappeared when Great Britain finally decided not to attempt to use force in China. The report by the Commission on Extraterritoriality, created by the Washington Arms Conference to look into the special privileges by which foreigners make their own laws and have their own courts in China, was made public. It says that interference by the military chieftains made administration of the courts by Chinese impossible, but advises that the foreign courts base their decisions on Chinese law as far as possible and that foreigners should pay taxes and obey the Chinese regulations. In further recognition of China's rights as a nation, it recommends the progressive abandonment of extraterritoriality as a province comes up to the standard of Japan or the Western nations in the administration of justice.

Another development, whose full meaning is yet to be demonstrated, is in the position of the Canton Government of South China. General Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the Cantonese, came forward with a definite program for a committee form of Government, movement of the capital from Canton to Hankow on the Yangtze, the subjugation of the northern militarists, and abolition of all extraterritorial rights and unequal treaties. Shortly after, General Feng once more began to move from the north in an attempt to unite his forces with the Cantonese. No wonder the remnant of the Peking Government resigned in despair.

Soviet Russia appears in the picture through the support it has given to General Feng. It has suited the Cantonese to use Russian advisers for a time, but last spring the Canton Government suddenly decided on a more conservative policy and dismissed some of the extremists. Now Canton, through General Feng, has something to gain by getting in touch with Moscow again.

The moving of the South China capital from Canton to Hankow was followed by the threat of a general strike and a boycott against the British, both of which were called off following an intimation from Great Britain that it was preparing to give some sort of recognition to the Canton Government. But this was still in the stage of rumor as we went to press. In the meantime, foreign warships remain prepared for any eventuality.

December 23, 1926.



Tying Shoes to Costume

*Problems in Footwear Must be Successfully Solved
by the Woman Who "Dresses the Part"*

By VIRGINIA DIBBLE

Drawings by Ruth Hutton

THOSE who realize that shoes must be thought of in planning any costume have gone a long way in the art of dressing. Footwear is a far more critical factor in making a perfect costume than women think, and many a perfect gown fails to register because the harmony is broken by the shoes and hosiery.

For daytime there are only three choices of color: black, brown and gray—white is naturally limited to summer—and all costumes must conform to a choice from one of these groups. For evening, of course, satin slippers may be dyed to match any color of gown, if that is preferred to the metal brocades or black satin which are often chosen.

For dresses of the new shades of red, such as Burgundy and Chanel, perhaps the best choice is a black shoe and sheer gunmetal or stone gray stockings. All brown, henna and rosewood shades should be worn with brown shoes and either brown or buff stockings. Greens

when worn by the brown-eyed woman should be accompanied by brown shoes, but the gray-haired woman should choose gray or black shoes. Dark blues will blend with both black and brown footwear and the lighter blues look their best with gray.

When

both black and brown shoes fail to harmonize, the gray suede slipper with a little brown in it, such as the castor and beaver shades or a pure cold gray, will often solve the problem.

There seem to be two major patterns of shoes—the American and the French. The French type has a short vamp and a very high heel. It makes the foot look shorter and broader. The popular high-heeled tie is an example. This is a dainty shoe and should be worn only by a dainty woman. The French-heeled sandal type of slipper is especially becoming to the woman with a high instep.

A large woman is expected to have a large foot, and the longer and slenderer it is the more of an aristocrat she will appear. Bows of ribbon on the instep do not suit her. The Cuban-heeled regulation oxford and the strap shoe with medium heel are the best every-day walking types. For more formal wear, the Colonial pump or any pump that does not go to extremes in trim or cut-out suits her best.

The various kinds and combinations of reptile skin on the market now are interesting and smart; snakeskin, lizard and alligator serve for those who enjoy a change. But the large-framed type must choose the plainer, more severe model. In fact, the very elaborate fancy shoe is seldom found on an extremely well-dressed woman. To wear a garish shoe, which calls all the attention to the foot, is to lose one's sense of proportion completely. A perfect costume leads the attention to the face.

Nevertheless, it is no wonder that

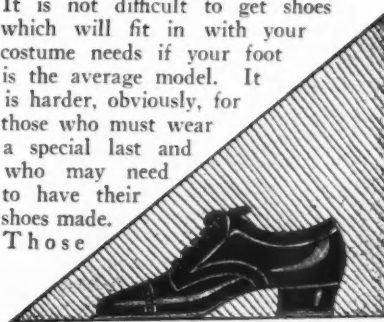
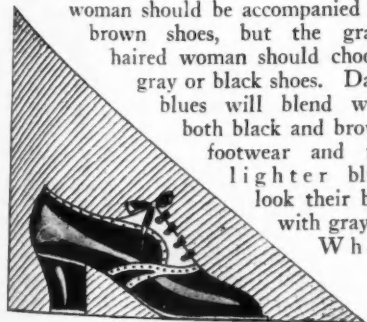
women choose conspicuous footwear. The intricacy and variety of the slippers of today are bewildering. Sparkling bands and buckles of colored rhinestones, bead and sequin embroidery, and metal mesh in gold and silver—all these garnish the modern slipper profusely. Some of the two-texture slippers with the instep band of a contrasting color and material are exquisite, and extremely flattering to a pretty foot.

Colored and jeweled heels are having their day again. They may twinkle pleasingly on a small and coquettish foot, but they are certainly out of place under the heavy woman.

As for buckles, it is interesting to find a famous glass designer decorating a lady's slipper. The Lalique buckles of translucent glass come from the same workshop as the stopper of one of the most expensive bottles of perfume that finds its way to a dressing table. For the street, buckles should be of leather or possibly a plain solid metal such as gunmetal; but for indoor wear buckles of cut steel are very often appropriate.

It is not difficult to get shoes which will fit in with your costume needs if your foot is the average model. It is harder, obviously, for those who must wear a special last and who may need to have their shoes made.

Those



who must wear, or choose to wear, some of the broad-toed, flat-soled shoes will not find them a great disability provided the general costume has been picked with the shoes in mind. The woman who has a large flat foot must go in for unpretentious clothes. The quality of the fabric should be excellent, the cut simple and smart. There should be no furbelows, but that does not mean that the style should be masculine. The hosiery should be in medium shades.

For semi-dress, or evening, a woman who wears a flat-heeled model would be wise to choose a satin shoe, which makes the foot look smaller than a suede or velvet. Her evening dress should be a dignified model of interesting, subtle color. The heavier weaves of georgette or crêpe Roma in myrtle, olive, russet, dull peacock blue, dark claret, deep violet, dull rust or amethyst—according to her coloring—plain or embroidered in a metal thread, will be appropriate. A simple beaded border or decoration may be becoming, but the gown that sparkles is to be avoided.

Tall women who wear low heels to lessen their height, and others who wear them from preference, have a wide choice if they will find out what shops make a specialty of the low-heeled shoe. If the last is good the low-heeled shoe is as smart as the high-heeled. What is lost in conventional prettiness is made up for in individuality. Granted that the low-heeled type of shoe makes the foot appear less graceful, there will be compensation in a freer poise and carriage which is certainly not possible for feet clad in shoes that throw out the axis of the body.

As for the medium heel and semi-rounded toe, which have become increasingly popular of late, shoes of this type offer the perfect compromise—attractiveness coupled with grace and ease of bearing, and require no such adaptation of the costume as does the flat-heeled shoe.

On any type of foot the pump, sandal or strap shoe is better than the French-heeled tie *unless the stockings*

match the shoes exactly. It is awkward to see a light stretch of stocking cut off in a straight line around the ankle by a dark mass. The low cut of the pump is much more flattering.

The heavier low-heeled oxford is usually worn with a stocking of the same color and in this case the ankle line is not noticeable.

Hosiery should be darker for street wear in winter than in summer. A wise plan is to try to match the shoe in color but to choose one degree paler in tint. When the stocking is on it looks lighter, and it washes still lighter. Mistakes are often made by forgetting that the hosiery—especially the sheer evening shades—change color when stretched tight over the skin.

For evening, the light shades are still worn more than colors matching the dress, but this choice should depend on the dress itself and the slippers. A silver-hued stocking worn with a silver brocade slipper, which has been dyed to match the gown, is pleasingly harmonious, for the silver threads are not changed by the dye and will match the hosiery, thus tying up the different parts of the costume.

Women Who Work for "Uncle Sam"

Brief Reviews of Long Reports No. 1

By ALICE ROGERS HAGER

TOURISTS walking along Pennsylvania Avenue at four-thirty in the afternoon of any week-day in the year are always audibly impressed by the numbers of women who come from the Federal office buildings thereabouts. And if they were to wander into the farther reaches of the city, where the other Government departments find their habitation, they would be firmly convinced of the fact that "Uncle Sam" is the largest single employer of women in this country.

The Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor has confirmed this impression in a recent report, written by Bertha M. Neiburg, and called "The

Status of Women in the Government Service in 1925." Women are finding a far greater opportunity than formerly in the Federal service, according to the report, and many of them, as Bureau chiefs or scientific experts, have become national figures. They are scattered in positions as widely varied as those of patent examiner and plant pathologist, and their proportions, in executive and professional rating groups, while not great in any one department, have increased perceptibly in the past few years. The largest numbers, however, are, of course, in the stenographic and clerical positions.

It was in 1919 that the Woman's Bureau issued its other report on this subject, and its findings then were of such a serious nature that the Civil Service rulings were immediately changed to correct the worst offenses against feminine employees. Until that time, over sixty per cent of all Federal examinations had been closed to women. Since then, women are eligible to competition in any examination given by the Commission, and since the Reclassification Act of 1923, are supposed to receive "equal pay for equal work." But the new report points out that this last concession still is truer in theory than in fact, for the men are still proportionately better paid in all classes. There are individual exceptions, but, while the total number of employees studied by the survey was almost equally divided between the sexes, seventy-nine per cent receiving the minimum professional rating of \$1,860, or more, were men, and only twenty-one were women.

Women clerks and typists begin work at \$1,140; stenographers at \$1,320. They may reach \$2,700, in theory, but only one stenographer and eight clerks, out of many thousands, have done so! In the professional and technical classifications, the highest paid woman received \$5,200; the highest paid man, \$6,000. Only thirty-five women in the entire service received \$3,600 or more.

It would seem to be an appropriate moment for Miss America to ask some pertinent questions.

The next report to be reviewed is "Good Working Conditions for Women."

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The BOOKSHELF

By M. A.

Political Novels, Two Brands—Stella Benson's Eerie Wisdom — A Hundred Married Careers—Women in Trade Unions.

POLITICAL novels are not very common in this country, and it is an interesting coincidence that brings two of them, one English and the other American, to public attention in the same season. There are points of similarity in the two books. Samuel Hopkins Adams's "*Revelry*" deals with political life in the highest circles during an administration that resembles the one recently ended by a President's death. Arnold Bennett's "*Lord Raingo*" is laid among the affairs of the British cabinet during the World War. Both of them picture men of national importance behind a very thin fictional veil. Both of them are written from the detached viewpoint of an unbiased reporter. Both of them handle men and events in a manner which might certainly be called familiar.

But there the resemblance ceases. "*Lord Raingo*" is the novel of a man, but "*Revelry*" is the novel of an American political situation.

Discussed at a White House luncheon, made the subject of a question to jurors being picked for the Fall trial, "*Revelry*" has attracted official and unofficial attention. It is the story of a small-town politician with a handsome, if poorly equipped, head, who is carried through state politics, the Senate, and into the White House by a combination of "Markham luck" and astute politics. The politics are played by a powerful and crooked boss, who works entirely behind the machine. The President himself is pictured as personally honest, charming, and utterly loyal to every man whom he calls his friend. These "friends," petty politicians who are used to grafting on a small scale, bring their talents with them to Washington. Hospital stores are looted, oil leases are juggled, but through it all the President holds to his blind loyalty.

Considered as a picture of contemporary American political life, the book tends to crystallize our sometimes vague feeling that graft should not prevail in high places. County graft and ward

politics we tolerate with complacency, but the picture becomes shocking when the habits, the language and the moral code of a livery stable or a speak-easy appear in the haunts of the mighty.

Taken purely as a piece of fiction it has power and vigor. It bears every evidence of hasty writing, it is journalistic and more than a bit crude. But it carries the impatient reader along through sheer force of interest.

BENNETT'S "*Lord Raingo*" makes vivid something of the same contrast between government as we like to think of it and government as it really is when it pictures Cabinet meetings ruled by personal vindictiveness and a Prime Minister swayed by whim and vanity. The



Martha Ostenso, twenty-four-year-old school teacher, won a \$13,500 prize last year for the best first novel out of 1,500 submitted. As far back as the days of the Vikings the Ostensos have owned land along a certain fjord in Norway. Two-year-old Martha was brought to America and grew up, as she says, in seven little towns—"towns of the field and prairie, redolent of the soil from which they had sprung and eloquent of that struggle common to the farmer the world over." From such primitive clay, in an artist's hands, has been fashioned "*Wild Geese*" and "*The Dark Dawn*."

book's protagonist is Sam, Lord Raingo, who was not born a gentleman and never succeeded in becoming one, in spite of the millions he made and the title he "wangled." He is a perfect subject for Arnold Bennett's art, domineering, temperish, wise in his business and childish in his emotional life, afflicted by a malady whose course his creator follows with all the ghoulish delight of a medical student or a hypochondriac. With unusual success Mr. Bennett combines the skill in detail of a super-reporter with the creative ability of an artist.

IN "*Goodbye, Stranger*" Stella Benson points up the criticism of the United States which has run through her last two books, and molds it into a biting analysis. She puts it into the mouth of her most unpleasant character, old Mrs. Cotton, half paralyzed, sniffing, much too sharp of tongue and eye for comfort. "We all fell away from high standards," Mrs. Cotton wails, "but America's teaching us how to live up to low ones . . . Blighted with imitations—with substitute intelligence—substitute ethics—substitute art. . . . The true-born bodies of the young are nourished on substitute foods—their habits and desires are taught them by American magazine advertisements—a substitute soul, ready made out of the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is all the young may pray for. And even that they send to sleep with radio bedtime stories."

She tells the story of Clifford Cotton, who on his honeymoon suffered a strange change which psychologists might call "amnesia," but which his mother declared was due to the fairies, who stole him away and left a changeling in his place. His attempt to live in the world of men as exemplified in a Chinese village is the material of the book. Stella Benson's novels burn with her own peculiar viewpoint, and sting with the acid of her wit. She is always herself, never following

Revelry, Boni & Liveright, 1926. \$2.00.

Lord Raingo, Doran, 1926. \$2.00.

Goodbye, Stranger, Macmillan, 1926. \$2.25.

Marriage and Careers, Channel Bookshop, 1926. \$1.00.

The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions, International Publishers, New York, 1926. \$1.75.

novelistic styles, never mechanized, completely lacking in standardized parts. Her wit and her fancy are vagrant, playing wide and far. They have tenderness and wild beauty, eerie wisdom and sharp-edged malice.

"MARRIAGE AND CAREERS" is the stimulating title of a small book issued by the Bureau of Vocational Information. Unlike the flood of articles on the same general subject that flow through nearly every current magazine, this deals with facts more than with fluid theories or pleasant generalizations. It presents the result of a study made by Virginia MacMakin Collier, in the course of which she talked with a hundred professional women who were making the difficult combination of homes, children, husbands and jobs. "The question," she says in a foreword, "is no longer, should women combine marriage with careers, but how do they manage it, and how does it work?" Her report confines itself to the practical details of why these women tried the admittedly difficult combination, what kind of jobs they hold, what salaries they receive, how they manage to dovetail child care, house management, recreation and professional work, what kind of homes they keep, how their children prosper or languish, how their husbands like or dislike the arrangement. Her study gives glimpses into a type of home which is admittedly selected, and makes

no pretense of being typical. Yet it is important, not only because of its modernity, but because the people composing it are inherently the energetic ones who do affect public opinion. If they are successful, and Mrs. Collier believes they are, they will inspire followers.*

TO the general question, "Can women be organized into trade unions?" Dr. Theresa Wolfson, in *"The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions"* answers emphatically "Yes." The reasons she advances are particularly convincing, not only because of her own personal experience in the labor movement, but also because her intimate knowledge of the historical background of woman's position in society has not led her into the camp of the extreme feminists who refuse all external props to their shaky backbones.

Dr. Wolfson claims that the fact that only 250,000 women are organized when 8,500,000 are gainfully employed, and when the number of jobs open to women has increased from seven in 1840 to two-hundred and thirty-two in 1920, is largely due not to characteristics inherent in women, but to causes subject to social control. We are all still inclined to consider woman's work as "inferior," and her job as a temporary source of pin money, although her work in industry today is the result of the same machine

* An article based on Mrs. Collier's study will appear in a later issue.

process that has relegated hundreds of thousands of men to the unskilled class, and a large proportion of women workers are middle-aged and married. Consequently, the author sees the special problem of organizing women partly in terms of the general problem of organizing the unskilled, which has as yet not been firmly tackled by the American labor movement. "A new approach must begin with the women themselves who do not now appreciate that although individually their industrial experience may be temporary, as a group they are a permanent and increasingly important factor in industry."—EVELYN PRESTON.

Mrs. Harriman

(Continued from page 13)

tains under antique brass cornices, Lord Balfour and Senator Hiram Johnson will meet in amicable discussion; Lord Thompson, head of the British Air Ministry, will talk aeronautics across the room with our once "General" Billy Mitchell; or the fine turbaned head of Shrinivasri Shastri will be seen under the old portraits on the wall; while the French Admiral Du Bon and our own Admiral Long, from different tables, go into military affairs.

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And when I think about her, it seems to me the supremest commentary that, although she is one of those women of whom people say, "She knows *every one*," every one who knows her speaks only words of praise. That may be because her most intimate friend has never heard her speak unkindly of anyone. And most especially of all, because she is thus "kind," not from any sickening Pollyanna quality of determined charitableness, but from the natural impulses of a profoundly generous and affectionate nature.

Miss Fergusson

(Continued from page 27)

thermos bottle. But where was its magic save in the woman's touch? She felt faith, too, in feminine aptitude for smoothing ruffled spirits and oiling troubled seas.

The first thing Erna Fergusson did on her new job was to sell these ideas

to the promoters. The next thing was to recruit the girls and have them trained. They should be college girls or girls with the equivalent of two years' college education. That was an early decision, because Miss Fergusson had decided to mold her courier corps along professional lines. They should also be girls who knew the country—either natives or settlers thoroughly imbued with its spirit. The value of such understanding had manifested itself in Miss Fergusson's own career. She was born within the three-foot walls of a twenty-room adobe house in Albuquerque and played in its *placita* under its cottonwood tree. Her grandfather walked out from St. Louis in 1848, having missed the wagon train; and her grandmother was a prairie schooner passenger. Her father was New Mexico's first Congressman. Such is the proper background for one who would interpret the Great Southwest.

The training of the recruits had to be at once intensive and extensive, Miss Fergusson felt, since the country was to be overrun with travelers—Easterners, Westerners, home folks, foreigners. Many would come knowing little of the Indians except what impressions they had taken from "Custer's Last Stand" and the Wild West movies, others would be specialists. There would be no end of questions, and the girls would be expected to answer them. Bearing these requirements in mind, the newly installed director of couriers arranged a three weeks' training course under instructors largely recruited from the Museum at Santa Fé, experts on archaeology, geology and the history and customs of the Pueblo people. By the time this was over the couriers were prepared for all comers.

The young women meet their west-bound travelers at the little foothill town of Las Vegas, and after seeing them breakfasted, load them into the waiting automobiles and busses, one courier to every vehicle, the largest of which holds about a dozen passengers. Over hills and through valleys they speed past lonely clumps of little adobe huts, gay with geraniums at the window and grass on the roof, until they draw up before a quaint little church and stop for a look around a typical Mexican village. Then on again into the Pecos country, where archaeologists have dug zealously in recent years to

uncover the story of a long-buried civilization. The party lingers amid the ruins, then proceeds, *via* lunch at a dude wrangler ranch, on to Santa Fé.

The following day the courier of yesterday takes one off again, this time over wild, desert country and jolting roads to the cliffs of Puyé, pigeonholed with the remains of cliff dwellers' homes; then, after a basket lunch there or a table lunch at the nearest town, to the pueblo of Santa Clara and perhaps one or two other Indian villages, with their rambling adobe houses enclosing a central plaza and circular kiva, or ceremonial chamber, and on the outskirts scrambling corrals, government school and tiny cross-bearing mission church. The third day's journey carries one from Santa Fé to Albuquerque, with a stop at the pueblo of San Domingo, on the way, and, in the afternoon, a run out from Albuquerque to prosperous Isleta beside the Rio Grande. This is the regulation trip. Others may be arranged at a word to the director of couriers.

As one rides with a courier through the deep-gullied hills of pueblo land or tarries in the parched square of an Indian village, he hears the story of everything from the genus of the roadside bushes and the structure of the mesa rocks to the building methods of a vanished tribe and the baking of pottery jugs. The girls bear valiant wit-

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ness to their lecture-room training. But supplying information is only the beginning of their job. One day a courier was seen to pull a paralytic up the ladder that leads to the cliff-dwellers' caves and to feed him at lunch. Any day any of them may be seen taking charge of tourist-bought pottery, packing and shipping it to given addresses. And every day they may be seen greeting their tourist guests at the breakfast table, arranging for any special things they wish to do, and, after a day on the road, escorting them to lectures in the evening or taking them through Santa Fe's shops. These attentions are their interpretation of Miss Fergusson's private teaching, "Be hostess as well as guide."

Perhaps the most important phase of this courier profession for women, as it applies to the Southwest, is achieving the proper understanding with the Indians whom the tourists come to see. Long ago Miss Fergusson herself saw in her work an opportunity to lead

white men and red men to an appreciation of each other, and under her tutelage her couriers see their job in the same light.

Miss Fergusson probably has more Indian friends than any other white woman in the United States. She is "Indian by affiliation," she says. Ever since she was a child she has visited in their thick-walled adobe dwellings, often spending the night rolled up in a blanket on the bare clay floor. She has even achieved the signal honor of Indian names. At a Hopi village she was invited upon one occasion to join a race the girls were holding, and accepted, outstripping all the copper-skinned maidens, with the result that next day one of the old men announced her election to the Fox clan, as *Sikawaynim*, "beautiful swift fox." At another time she took a party of friends to spend the night in an Indian village and in the morning several of their hosts gathered in the hut, according to their custom, to watch the toilet of their guests. The boys in the party announced that since this was a holiday, face-washing would be omitted. But Erna Fergusson insisted on the white man's standard and carried her point by force. The Indians laughed heartily to see her win the day and called her *Yamatsu*, "white wash."

When a new, large-scale tourist service was about to be initiated last spring, Miss Fergusson took it upon herself to make the rounds of the Indian pueblos, where already she was well known, and ask the permission of the governors for an influx such as they had never seen before. She promised to keep the visitors away from the pueblos that objected to their coming, but everywhere the governors agreed to try them out on the strength of Miss Fergusson's endorsement. After the service had commenced, she persuaded the company to set apart a Sunday for entertaining all the governors and caciques, or priests, at dinner, and thus sealed their good will.

The visitor in the company of a courier soon learns the simple but important lesson of proper pueblo conduct. One must not take photographs without permission, for some of the Indians object violently to the camera; one must not wander into huts unasked or pauperize the children by offering them coins. Strict adherence to principles of fair play, however, has opened the hearts of the pueblos to the couriers; and one who goes with them will most likely be invited inside the humble huts, will be shown all the attractions of the village, will be chatted with like a friend. On a very special occasion Miss Fergusson might request a pueblo to get up a dance for the benefit of visitors; but she never offends them by asking for dances that have religious significance, and she does not pay for their

services. Instead, she delights their childlike hearts with gifts of feathers and handkerchiefs.

Miss Fergusson's hostess-courier occupation for women was launched last summer with a corps of fifteen girls or so, whom she routes on the various trips. As the service grows more will be added, and those who enter it will find full-time employment the year around. The director of couriers intends that this shall offer an alternative occupation for well-educated girls who do not wish to teach school. She herself passed through the experience of trying teaching and finding it altogether out of her line.

"Our opportunity is unusual," she said. "Here we are with plenty of capital at our command and a free hand, with a fresh field to work. Here is something different for women to do, opening up a new pathway, rather than making a place for themselves in fields that have been men's. The girls may go just as far as they like and develop their jobs to whatever extent they wish. I am with them in whatever they want to try and the company looks kindly on the experimental attitude of mind."

Your Husband's Will

(Continued from page 23)

employees on whose astuteness we should not, perhaps, care to depend. Again, the trust company must be paid—and paid well for its administration. A friend, on the other hand, probably gives his services. No, as between trust company and reliable friend, when a small estate is in question, choose the friend as executor.

On occasions, the trust company proves very desirable as a second executor. A young, clever woman married a much older man, a widower with grown sons and daughters. The husband, wishing to leave part of his fortune to the children by his first marriage but the bulk to his second wife and her younger children, drew up a will providing for this and appointing both his wife and the trust company executors. The result was most happy. The widow's stepchildren were satisfied because the trust company gave the assurance of impersonal interest and of justice to all parties concerned.

Best of all, however, was her own

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Perhaps not so well, one can not help thinking, for this would be to the company but one of many estates. To the widow it was the only estate in the world, and her own. Her heart was in it and her mind furthered her heart's interest.

Women, nowadays at least, prove able executors. It is both interesting and gratifying to realize that many men appoint their wives sole inheritors and executors. Among self-made men the choice is practically universal. And indeed the wife of a self-made man has probably helped in no mean measure to the acquisition of the fortune.

When a widow comes into her husband's estate she is immediately in the position of a person who must make a will. At her death the property will pass as a rule to her children. But there are frequent occasions when it would be better for the children not to share and share alike. One or two of them may still be in need of education, or, for some other reason, of greater financial protection than the others.

The widowed mother of three daughters, who were married to wealthy husbands, and of a fifteen-year-old son, who was entirely dependent on her, had received from her husband an estate of sixty thousand dollars. She intended to make her will in favor of the boy, but delayed doing so because she could not decide upon a trustee for him. Her indecision lasted too long and she died intestate. The boy accordingly received fifteen thousand dollars and by the time he has been educated there will be no inheritance for him. There is but one safe rule for one and all, old and young—make a will and have a good lawyer draw it up for you.

Seldom, nowadays, do men or women use wills as spite-weapons. It is possible, of course, to do so and a husband may disinherit his wife of every penny, except her "dower right." The "dower right" is that old rule of law which entitles every widow to one-third of the income of all the land her husband owned during their married life. In other words, he may will away from her or sell or give away during his lifetime all his personal possessions and every penny not invested in land and property built thereon. But her right to one-third of the income from the land she can not be deprived of. It is in

rural communities that this "dower right" provides the greatest protection. No woman helps her husband more than a farmer's wife by the sweat of her brow and often at the cost of her health. And there are occasions when a farmer's widow would find herself destitute were it not for her "dower right."

This "dower right," however, is often the source of great trouble. It means that a man can not deed away his land to anybody else during his lifetime without his wife's giving her consent by signing the deed. If she doesn't sign

it, her dower right still attaches to that piece of land and the buyer hasn't received good title. But a way has been found to get around this difficulty. A man like Mr. Vincent Astor, for instance, whose enormous transactions are concerned so largely with real estate, would be fearfully hampered if he had to consider "dower right" in every case. It would interfere altogether too much with the buying and selling of land and the transacting of his business. What happens in such a case, therefore, is that a company is formed and chartered as such under the laws of the state. One



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individual may own every share of the stock, but because he acts as a company the land belongs to the company, not to him, and so can be sold without interference by his widow and without any restriction as to "dower right."

There is conversely the "right of curtesy," which, when a wife dies intestate, insures her husband the income for life from *all* her real estate.

In some states legislation has been passed abolishing dower and curtesy. They are old provisions in the law, descended from feudal England, and while they insure a certain measure of protection, it is not enough. Far better is a law such as Massachusetts has passed, which, while retaining dower, in addition, insures to either surviving party a substantial share in the entire estate, both real and personal. This kind of legislation is needed in many of our states and could and should be brought about by the intelligent action of women voters. First let us understand how to meet the requirements of the laws as they stand and then let us work for the passage of more adequate ones.

In detail, the various states of the

union vary as to the protection they offer to the widow whose husband died intestate. In no case, however, do they by fees and bonds and taxes fail to drain far, far too heavily a small estate. In every case, on the other hand, a will, carefully drawn up by a capable lawyer, will insure the distribution that is wanted and will do so with the least possible expense. One way or the other you will have it: Protection as the fruit of the wisdom of having made a will or loss as the fruit of the folly of neglecting it.

Lady and Tiger

(Continued from page 21)

in return pledge his allegiance to the machine. This, according to political ethics, is fair enough. Anything else is political treachery. To win he must have this machine support and for it he must be willing to pay the price.

We women in the parties have met this situation every time we have tried to put forward women candidates. If we asked the machine to support them we had in return to endorse the rest of the machine ticket no matter what the caliber of the candidates upon it. Often expediency wins the day. The machine will elect its ticket anyhow and we want to save something out of the wreck. We must be "practical" and so we "compromise." Which is to say we make a political deal. In this way we have elected some women, but at what a price!

The predicament of the woman voter who works through the regular party organization is often worse after the primary than before. She has worked for weeks, canvassing, holding meetings, making speeches, to nominate what seemed to her the best candidates. They have been defeated. History has repeated itself and the less desirable, or it would be more accurate to say the more undesirable, have been nominated. Is she bound by virtue of her membership in the party to support these men? The politicians tell her that she is. She must "abide by the result" of the primary. She must play the game according to the rules.

I came face to face with this problem when I had helped to conduct a bitterly fought primary campaign against a machine candidate for governor in my state. I had visited every county telling the voters what a calamity it would be for the state to be dominated by this man and his machine—and I meant it. We lost the fight and the machine was victorious. By the code of party ethics it was my duty as an officer of the party to swallow my disappointment and take up the cudgels for the successful candidate. How could I do so? I had said that I believed him to be totally unfit to hold office. Needless to say, I resigned.

Occasionally the machine, weakened

by the attacks of the opposition, must make a bid for the support of the better element. It is at such times that a really good candidate may be put forward as a drawing card on the ticket. This accounts for the few good men and women who are holding office. These rare occasions give them an opportunity to seek office without putting themselves under too great obligation to the bosses. Such situations come about as a result of pressure from *outside* rather than from *inside* the organization.

From practical experience, it seems to me that the only power of the voter to compel the machine to put up good candidates lies *first* in the active participation of every good citizen in the primary campaign. Strange as it may seem, this most strategic point of attack has been overlooked by those most prone to criticize the parties for the poor caliber of their candidates. (Only a fraction of those who vote at the election go to the primaries.) And *second*, in demonstrating that if the machine defies the efforts of the better element, and nominates unqualified men, the party label will not insure their election and that the voters will repudiate the party which nominated them.

In a country governed by parties, the voters are compelled to express a party preference. The primary demands that we accept a party ballot for the nomination of candidates. The voter becomes automatically a Republican, a Democrat, or other as the case may be. This is vastly different from acknowledging a "party loyalty" which says "my party right or wrong," or from joining the party as a "member" of the organization. True, the work of the party is done through the organization or party machine. The power of the party lies in the machine. But the machine and the most redoubtable boss tremble before the "landslide" that sweeps them out of control. Landslides are not caused by the votes of patient party members who value "party loyalty" above principle. They are made up of the votes of those who will stand by the party so long as it merits support and no longer, who are in the party but not of the "organization," who will vote for those of the opposite party when they are the more deserving. A landslide is the force of public opinion, which is after all the determining factor in our elections.

It is in the creating of this public opinion that the woman voter can answer the question as to how she can accomplish anything toward the improvement of an admittedly deplorable condition. She can make her great contribution by developing an uncompromising demand for the right character in candidates for office, to replace the present apathetic expectation of mediocrity and worse.

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well enough if we elect the right men and women to office. Any system, even if we could achieve all the reforms we know to be desirable, will fail if we allow those whom we know to be unfit to govern us. This is nothing new, but until we have an aggressive demand for something else, an awakened public opinion, we shall have just what we have at present.

How this change is to be achieved is not the subject of this article. The means are at hand and the woman voter has her opportunity and her responsibility to do her part. The point to be emphasized is that it *cannot be done through the regular party organization.*

After years of sincere and continuous effort as a member of a party, I am forced to admit the futility of attempts at political reform by this means. I believe the political machine is the greatest menace to democracy that exists today. I believe it appeals to the worst side of human nature—to greed, class hatred, to international suspicion. I believe it to be nourished by dishonesty and corruption.

There are still hopeful souls who hope to reform it "from within." This is a delusion. To join it means to condone its actions, to accept its standards. This is not the way to carry on the fight for decency.

That fight will be carried on by other

means. In fact, our politics have reached such a pass that we may now be on the eve of a new offensive against the sinister forces which control our governments. But it must be a fight in the open with the enemy in clear sight if there is to be victory.

Angna Enters

(Continued from page 19)

a mood in the flick of an eyelash or the turn of a wrist. She never "does steps" for the doing of them. Her genius lies in the richness of life that goes on behind her outward expression. Every movement, every posture has in it a rigorous simplicity and a deep feeling for design. But they live because she infuses them with subtle and evanescent meanings.

She sees life in terms of individual women in particular situations, and that point of view underlies all her dance compositions. Too wise and too witty ever to entertain the hackneyed idea that one can "portray Woman," she presents one woman of a definite age—the '80's, for instance—meeting a special situation as only a woman of her class, tradition and background could meet it. And in that composition, shorn of all attempt at universality, there lives that strange compound of elements that men have called eternal and feminine.

She is not interested in technique in the classic sense. She is a follower of no school. Indeed the brilliant originality of her compositions may owe much to the fact that she had so little to unlearn. There was a bit of ballet training, but Angna Enters was not a child prodigy. Born in Milwaukee, of Austrian-French parents, she grew up wanting to be an artist, and after her childhood in Europe she came to New York to paint at the Art Students' League.

"The trouble was that paintings, after they are done, always look the same," she meditated. "I tried all sorts of experiments in painting movement. But pictures will not move. One day I decided it would be amusing to give a recital."—Her face warmed with a slow smile.

"It was as casual as that. I had no philosophy to expound nor any method to exploit. All I wanted was to entertain."

That she has succeeded is attested by the most rigorous of proofs—Metropolitan critics have come again and again, and have even gone to the unheard of length of buying their own tickets. They write about her with enthusiasm and yearning. They try to analyze her charm and the fascination of her art, and they agonize over intangibilities with the passion of men held by a beauty and a mystery that defies words.



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Don't Be Your Age!

Our False Idea of Athletics Is That They Cease With College and Are Unsuitable for Middle Age

By GULIELMA F. ALSOP

RECENTLY, many famous physical educators have been advising, in print, what might be called *menus* of physical activity for each decade of life. And from their programs one must conclude that the human animal enjoys a very brief period of physical exuberance and activity. At forty, for instance, one is confined to a sedate round of golf, or else an equally sedate horseback ride in the park. No tennis with the youngsters is allowed, not even with those who are a mere ten years

less aged. Basket-ball is quite taboo!

According to such a theory of the early decline of the body, one dances at twenty, swims at twenty-five, plays tennis until thirty, and then peters off as gradually and as gracefully as possible, in a constant delusion that one is sensible and wise and living according to the better part of valor.

To accept such a theory, however, it will be necessary to wipe out the memory of certain feats of the middle-aged—the phenomenal success of the Scandinavian runner, Nurmi, at forty; the recent winning of the world series in baseball by Grover Cleveland Alexander, a pitcher of thirty-nine, who pitched two days in succession after all the youngsters had given out; the triumph of Norman Brook, the forty-year-old Australian tennis player, who won the American tennis championship. According to these physical activity schedules, the famous English jockey, Steve Donahue, should be confined to a rocking-chair instead of being in his prime for riding.

In reviewing the habits of a quite different class of men—those in the literary and musical world—we find that Wordsworth, at sixty, walked twenty to thirty miles daily; Carlyle, at eighty years, frequently walked five miles; at fifty-eight, Tolstoi walked one hundred and thirty miles in three days; and Beethoven had his walk or "run" of five miles in all kinds of weather.

Women are worse offenders than men in their acceptance of early physical weakness. When Atalanta lost a race because of her fondness for a golden apple, or the Amazons went to war, or the migrating Teutonic women defended their ox carts, women still were physically strong. Slowly through history the glory of the strong woman faded into the imbecile helplessness of a Victorian heroine. When that heroine died a much applauded death, woman's aspirations turned away from weakness once more toward strength, and the twentieth century saw the birth of the athletic girl. The future has yet to see whether this husky child will survive the thirties and forties or succumb to the modern ideals of economic success. We now understand enough of the laws

of health to obtain health, but it takes a woman of independent character and vigorous intellect to pursue the way.

Calendar age is not physical age. While sanitarians, by the control of epidemics, have lengthened the span of life, a changed community ideal, with its emphasis upon external bodily comforts instead of internal bodily vigor, tends to shorten existence. We provide in our schools and colleges ample opportunity for the creation of vital bodies and then we allow those carefully trained and scientifically created bodies to degenerate during the rest of life. Young people use their bodies beautifully and extremely well in college athletics and sports, but they give up athletics and sports, as soon as they get into business, and then inevitably, inexorably begins the physical down hill, instead of the steady increase toward a real physical prime.

I must not be understood as urging any one who has spent ten or twenty or more financially successful years in a sedentary occupation, suddenly to take up a vigorous athletic life. It would be ruinous of whatever health remained. But I am most strenuously urging every one never to become a modern, financially successful, old person at forty, unable to participate in natural sports.

For those who are still young, it is only necessary to live in such a way as to prolong youth. This means vigorous activity, both bodily and mental. For those who have, in vain, tried to cultivate the proper philosophy and resignation of middle age, I would say, refuse to be middle-aged, go back to youth,

Resolved!

The First of the Year is now very near,

So take and keep this vow:

"I pledge that my feet will always be neat

And quite devoid of pain;

My feet I'll beguile and walk with a smile

The reason's very plain;

My joy is complete, I've got happy feet—

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begin again to learn the activities that make and keep the body supple. The same rigorous training is as necessary now as it was in the teens. The oldster who contemplates becoming and remaining a youngster, should first be examined by a doctor to make sure she has not in any way damaged her physical apparatus beyond repair. She and the doctor together should outline a plan for the return to youth, and this she should follow carefully.

If a person is, then, according to the years that have passed over her head, forty, but, in reality, according to the sluggishness of her body, sixty or seventy, by all means let her refrain from tennis. If an individual is seventy according to the calendar and thirty according to the vitality of her body, then by all means let her go on playing tennis to her dying day. The women who is a sad forty and wishes to be younger, can make over her body with vital food, vital exercise, persistently pursued, and vital sleep, sufficient for daily recuperation. This is possible for any one with a mind capable of understanding the ways of health, and a modicum of earthly means.

Each individual will gravitate toward the age she prefers. If she prefers sloth and over-feeding and old-age, she will have the inevitable results; if, with much pains, she elects vigor and right eating and eternal youth, she will play tennis with impunity and delight at sixty.

Reforestation

(Continued from page 16)

village, telephone wires have been strung to key-men, equipped with autos and portable fire-fighting implements, including plows for making fire lines and shovels for fighting the fire by throwing earth upon it. Fire-fighting tool-caches, for the use of any one who chances to come upon a fire, are to be found at various points along the road.

The three greatest sources of fire are incendiaries, the careless camper who doesn't completely extinguish his fire and the smoker who carelessly empties his pipe or tosses away match or cigarette stub.

But, in those regions where lumbering is still going on, or has been, in the last few years, there is one pre-eminent fire-danger which certainly should be abated by law. This is the so-called "slash"—the limbs and tops and general leavings after the timber has been logged out.

Earlier in the summer I had visited a mixed hardwood forest in the western part of the state, out of which the hemlock was being cut and peeled in a dry mid-summer. I peered into the close-up cut-and-dried inferno waiting for its spark, and thought of quite a number of things that could be said for a slash-disposal law at all costs. For instance, at the time of my visit many families were living in the very midst of the forest.

"What would you do," I asked a woman with four small children clustered around her in her little cabin, "in case there were a fire?" A worried look came into her face. "The men would plow and throw dirt on it"—(smother that tall tangle of tinder, indeed!) "The company promises to send a train in for us, if it gets too bad."

I thought it wouldn't take long, on a dry day, with a high wind and the enveloping clouds of smoke in which fire-fighters are so often overcome or lost, to do away with that settlement.

On our forest excursion we visited one lumber camp where they are really beginning to do some selective cutting, so as to save the young timber. (We noticed, too, that the slash had been pulled in from the road.) In the old logging days, a lumber company built a temporary railroad to the main line or the saw mill or the edge of the stream down which it was intended to float the logs to market. They cleaned up everything they could use, left the rest to rot or burn, and then tore up the tracks and departed for the next lumber front. (They still call it "going to the front," and a forest of trees is just so many acres of "stumpage.") But now, in these automotive days, it is possible to keep open a sort of road that can be traveled again and again by powerful trucks. As evidence that lumbermen are now interested in forestry, let me say that the Secretary-Manager of the National Lumbermen's Association made the entire forestry trip with us.

The furthest point of our excursion was the Michigan State Forest Nursery. This, to our pride and satisfaction, was pronounced by Colonel Greeley the finest one he had ever seen, of all the twenty state forest nurseries in the country. This nursery, in the midst of the extensive forest plantation, is twelve acres in extent. It is divided into several courts each surrounded by a wind-break of Scotch fir and other evergreens. A thing of beauty, indeed, is one of these enclosures with its dense walls of varied green, its clean sand paths, straight as an arrow, between beds of infant pines so dense that each strip looks like a rug of vivid green plush—5,000 tiny seedlings in every bed; 25,000,000 in this nursery. Here, indeed, in nurseries like this, is hope for Michigan and for the whole country which has so thoughtlessly wasted a priceless heritage of wealth and beauty. Truly a nation's timber supply is one thing which cannot be improvised. But—this is the comforting thought—it can be re-created if America as a nation—great, powerful, enduring, with a fixed beneficent purpose looking far past all the individual lives now being lived on this earth—wills to bring our forests back for the blessing and, let us hope and believe, for the vastly wiser use, of the generations to come.

Public meetings were held each of the three evenings of our Excursion, at which the experts (and even a mere forest lover like me) told the people all they knew about forests and folks—their relations and mutual dependence. The last meeting was at Alpena where Colonel Greeley was given a banquet by the large number of local men who had served under him in the 20th Engineers in France. Among the many inspiring things related by this able and modest Head of the United States Forest Service, was the story of the difficulties and near-collisions of American engineers with French foresters in the process of obtaining the necessary timber for military operations. (Continued on page 48)

Women as Buyers

WOMEN are a tremendous factor in the world of business and manufacturing. Most of the world's goods are made for their use or pleasure.

Women are said to do 80% of the buying in this country. Upon them devolves not only the purchase of food and clothing for the family, but they are largely instrumental in selecting and buying the more expensive things—jewels, houses and cars.

This powerful buying force receives its impetus and guidance from the advertising columns of magazines and newspapers. Women have come to look upon the advertising pages of their periodicals with as lively an interest as they give to the editorial contents.

Advertising is highly specialized news. It tells the busy woman of affairs about inventions and devices to simplify the business of living and in this way gives her more time for her many duties. It shows what the well-dressed woman is wearing and how she is furnishing her home. It saves her many weary hours of futile shopping. Advertising is distinctly worth reading.

The advertisers who are using the pages of the **WOMAN CITIZEN** have a profitable story for you. They will appreciate a word from you saying it has been helpful.

"So many regulations! so much red tape," complained the Americans. The climax was reached when a disgusted lieutenant came and said, "What do you think they're asking *now*? Want us to shin up those big trees like monkeys and chop off the limbs before we fell them—so they won't break down the smaller trees in the fall!"

"But," said Colonel Greeley, "the more we saw of French and European forestry methods generally, the more we became convinced that they were right. They had the timber so absolutely vital to winning the war, because, in the south of France, on barren soil, *France had planted these trees in Napoleon's time*, and had jealously cared for them for more than a hundred years. And here is a lesson that we in America have got to learn—and," he added with conviction, "we are learning it, before it is quite everlastingly too late."

Healing the Nations

(Continued from page 9)

like the ever-ready "I told you so!"

The conclusions of the Conference, made after strenuous and devoted listening from Sunday to Friday, were put into the form of findings by two committees chairmaned by Henrietta Roelofs, of the Young Women's Christian Association, and Ruth Morgan, of the National League of Women Voters. They were then presented to the Conference for action, and it was explained with gentle insistence that their sense, not their wording, was the important thing. After debate and amendment, in round table meetings of the whole Conference and in smaller sectional discussion, those which passed the searching

gaze of the delegates were referred back to the committees for editing and recasting in accordance with the Conference desires.

When they emerge from that kneading they will be presented to the executive committees of the nine cooperating organizations for rejection or acceptance. And if they pass unscathed through that ordeal, they will filter down to the rank and file of club, league, association and council members in the form of recommended programs, lecture suggestions, study outlines, conference plans, etc.

The Conference voted to continue its own life as a cooperative effort, and to meet again, the time to be determined by the Executive Committee.

By direct resolution, and by a letter which Mrs. Catt put into the hands of President Coolidge when he and Mrs. Coolidge received the delegates on the last afternoon at the White House, it voted to reaffirm its "complete confidence in the Permanent Court of International Justice as an essential part of the necessary machinery for the peaceful settlement of international disputes, and urges the President of the United States on the basis of non-partisan support to keep the way open for negotiations with the signatory powers to the end that the United States many eventually participate as a member of the Court, in the great purpose of the World's Nations to substitute peace for war."

It also endorsed the action of the Foreign Affairs Committee in passing to the Senate the Protocol prohibiting the use of Poison Gas and Bacteriological Weapons, and urged "favorable action by the Senate."

Although the Conference findings are still in an amorphous and unedited state, their sense is fairly definite. In the general field of causes and cures, they declare for continued and aggressive work for the World Court and the Poison Gas Protocol. They ask for a new American neutrality stand, so that nations which are declared aggressors and have defaulted their arbitration agreements shall not benefit by our aid. They plan a careful educational campaign to the end of urging the negotiation of "general treaties of unlimited obligatory arbitration" between the United States and other nations. And they determine resolutely "to educate ourselves in a more thorough understanding of the relation of economic forces to world unrest and the war system."

Concerning the relations desired between the United States and the countries discussed in Conference meetings, there was much debate, and the recommendations as finally passed had about them a vagueness which was due to lack of time, and which will undoubtedly be removed by the editing committee. They declared for a revision of the existing unequal treaties with China on a basis

of equality, and for more courtesy and understanding in dealing with Japan. Recommendations regarding Mexico and the countries of the Caribbean will not emerge for reliable reporting until the "findings" are issued, but it was obvious that a detached study of the history and the implications of the Monroe Doctrine was thought desirable.

The sentiment of the Conference was for the cancellation of war debts, but it was recognized that the whole subject was so complicated that no action could be taken at the present time. Nor was any action taken regarding the Lausanne treaty.

The findings, if they pass the executive committees of the cooperating organizations, will go as a leaven of education for peace, working in the tremendous mass of material which is handled by organized women from Maine to San Diego and Florida to Seattle. Their far-sighted goal is clearly one of established peace between nations, but their way stations are all things, political, educational, economic, diplomatic, which will operate to clear barriers from the path to that goal.

Your America

¶ Beginning with February, you are invited to take a good look round your world—you being a modern woman in a complex civilization. A series of brilliant articles will provide the magic lenses. The series begins with the country's beginnings: the real, not the conventional, story of the forces that molded the institutions which mean "America"; which bind together the woman of Colonial days and the much-discussed modern. Later—the story of the Constitution—How we are governed—The modern household, etc. But begin in February, and watch the unfolding picture.

¶ Also in February: The first of a series of articles on Investment by women who are themselves investment experts—short, pointed, practical.

¶ And a candid study by Frank R. Kent of the faults of women in politics.

¶ Soon—The story of Marietta Johnson's famous schools.

¶ The experiment Dr. Ethel Puffer Howes is conducting at Smith College to see how women can plan a sane combination of home and job.

¶ The story of Margarete Dessoff, a woman choral conductor, and the difficulties she had to hurdle.

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Washington

(Continued from page 18)

complicated and vexatious problems of post-war years—settlement of alien property claims. The alien property bill, which is declared to be acceptable both to German and American claimants, has been approved by the House and sent to the Senate. The plan provides for immediate return of eighty per cent of the seized property belonging to German nationals, valued at \$270,000,000, with the remaining twenty per cent used to pay American claimants when the amounts involved are not over \$100,000 in each claim. So that no flavor of confiscation may attach to the proceedings, the owners of this twenty per cent would receive certificates of indebtedness guaranteeing future return; which it is estimated could be completed in six to nine years. The \$11,000,000 coming to the United States annually under the Dawes plan with other available funds would be used to satisfy the rest of the American claims.

WITH a probable coalition of Western and Southern senators behind it, the new farm bill introduced by Senator McNary of Oregon appears to have a better chance of success than the dozens of its ill-fated predecessors. President Coolidge in his annual message suggested that all was not as it should be in the rural areas of the United States. That has been known for some time; but the situation has been aggravated by the recent cotton débacle which threatens to bankrupt hundreds of Southern farmers, and by the realization of Republican leaders that the continued assertions of national prosperity would impress the farm voter more if he saw an effort being made to spread some of the national wealth over the rural districts.

The so-called "equalization fee" provision of the old McNary-Haugen bill, which would pay the farmers a subsidy every time crop prices fell below a specified level is vigorously opposed by President Coolidge. The compromise represented by the McNary bill carries the equalization fee under another name which smells as sweet to the more radical members of the farm bloc, and, by calling this fee a "revolving fund" assessed against certain commodities instead of producers, the opposition of the more conservative Republicans has been removed. As explained by Senator McNary, "the bill is essentially a surplus control bill." To stabilize prices on cotton, corn, wheat, rice and hogs, a fund would be drawn from the marketed units of each commodity, to be loaned to co-operative associations to dispose of the surplus which is the cause of low prices. Loans would be made from the revolving fund of \$250,000,000, administered by a central board.

A member of the House who has been working for farm relief for three years said hopefully, "Wheat gave us a bloc in 1924, corn in 1925, cotton in 1926, and this combination will give us farm relief in 1927."

FROM a jury which included tobacco clerks, plumbers, and salesmen, who confessedly knew nothing about the oil investigation which shook Washington to its respectable foundations in 1924, and had not read the novel "Revelry," came the verdict acquitting Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior under President Harding, and Edward L. Doheny, millionaire oil producer, of conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the leasing of 30,000 acres of the Navy's richest oil reserve lands at Elk Hills, California, to Mr. Doheny's company.

In the little court room of the District Supreme Court, presided over by Justice Hoehling, was carried on a three weeks' drama which led to one of the most surprising verdicts ever rendered in an important Government case. For two and a half years Owen Roberts and Atlee Pomerene have been building up the Government's case against Mr. Fall and his old friend, Mr. Doheny. In two lower courts they had won suits to cancel the Elk Hills lease on the ground

that the lease had been fraudulently secured.

The same facts were produced in the criminal suit; and the defendants were found not guilty.

Albert B. Fall, three times senator, former Cabinet officer, came back to Washington a broken and discredited man. Back from his New Mexico ranch to the city that had been the scene of his halcyon days when he sat in the seats of the mighty and a crowd of friends made life pleasurable. Back as a suspected criminal, charged with accepting a bribe, while occupying one of the highest posts in the Government, and with bartering away the Navy's oil supplies to a man who estimated that he could make \$100,000,000 profit from the lease. Though acquitted, he is not a free man yet. In the company of H. F. Sinclair, he must again appear as a defendant in the same court to answer charges that he gave to Sinclair's Mammoth Oil Company a lease to the Teapot Dome naval reserve in return for \$232,000 in Liberty bonds. Doheny, however, is technically cleared; the indictment charging him with giving a bribe in connection with the Elk Hills lease will probably be dropped, since it rested entirely upon the \$100,000 loan to Fall, which the jury in the Elk Hills case found to be untainted with "conspiracy to defraud."

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The facts upon which the case was tried were brought out in 1924, when Senator Walsh, referred to by counsel for the defense as the "gaunt gray wolf from Montana," acted as investigator for the Senate Committee empowered to look into suspicious circumstances surrounding the leases. Briefly, they are:

On November 30, 1921, Mr. Doheny's son delivered to Secretary Fall, "an old-time friend," a small brown satchel containing \$100,000 in cash, receiving from him a demand note which was later torn in two.

On April 25, 1922, Mr. Doheny received a contract from the Interior Department, to which the control of the Elk Hills and Teapot Dome naval oil reserves had been transferred from the Navy by executive order of President Harding, to construct naval oil storage tanks at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. In return Doheny was to get royalty oil from a California naval reserve, which he leased simultaneously, with a "preferential right" on the Elk Hills reserve.

On December 11, 1922, Doheny received drilling rights to the 250,000 barrels of oil in the Elk Hills reserve. This second lease was granted without competitive bidding, and Doheny was to get two-thirds of the oil extracted from the California reserves as payment for storing the other third at Pearl Harbor.

The Senate Committee in 1924 reported that it did not doubt the connection between the "loan," and the subsequent lease of the oil lands.

The most sensational point in the entire trial was the novel contention advanced by Frank Hogan, head of the defense, that Mr. Doheny had agreed to construct the oil storage works at Pearl Harbor from "patriotic motives," because he had been told by Rear-Admiral Robison that Japan was mobilizing its force for an attack on the United States and that tanks to store oil at Hawaii were essential to the national defense. This at the time when the representatives of Japan were sitting around a table with those of the United States and other powers agreeing on a plan to limit naval armaments!

The idea that "an admiral was tiptoeing around with a war scare in his pocket" was mere "bunk," declared Government counsel. They contended that Doheny's estimate that he would make one hundred million dollars profit from the Elk Hills lease discredited this.

The decision in the criminal suit can not efface the findings of the United States District Court at Los Angeles, which on the same evidence ordered the Elk Hills leases cancelled and labeled the \$100,000 transaction "a colossal infamy regardless of whether it was a bribe, a gift or a loan."

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With Our Readers

THIS reader has a practical suggestion to make about a small but insistent problem. "When in doubt, say Miss."

Do you think it would help if an effort were made by women in the professions and industry to standardize on a uniform title or method of addressing a woman in a business letter?

When "Miss" or "Mrs." is a matter of conjecture on the part of the correspondent, the difficulty is almost invariably avoided by addressing the letter to the company or organization of which the woman is a member. Even though the correct title be known it is exceedingly difficult for the average business man to reply directly to a business woman's letter. He nearly always compromises with custom or his personal feelings by dictating the letter to the company, with the result that when the organization is large the personal mail is sorted and delivered first. Other mail directed to the company is then opened in the mailing department, read and routed to the various departments at the discretion of the mailing clerk. This makes for delay.

My point may seem of trifling importance, but it will grow to large dimensions as more women hold managerial positions or handle large quantities of mail in the big corporations. Unless there can be a recognized method of address it will continue to be a matter of offense to be addressed Mrs. Blank when it should be Miss Blank or visa versa, and the business man will continue to avoid any break by sending all mail to the company at large. I would like to see Miss Blank become the usual address when in doubt and would like to know if other women in business find this a matter worth consideration.

K. P.

Rochester, N. Y.

We liked this letter, we admit:

Not long ago I wrote you a letter to the effect that I wanted to discontinue taking the WOMAN CITIZEN. That evening I happened to mention the fact to my twelve-year-old daughter, who looked at me in surprise and said, "What! Not take the WOMAN CITIZEN any more?"

I felt rather that way myself, but had not realized that it would be missed by anyone else in the household. It has been in our household since 1917 and has never failed to give me first-hand news of the women of the world, not only in politics but in the arts and sciences. Now that I analyze my motives, I see that I was only trying to eliminate a magazine from the crowded table, but I had chosen the wrong one.

The December issue came as usual, to cheer me while I was busy in a maid-less kitchen. I found time to read it between meals. It is invaluable to a shut-in. Now I'm sending you a check for a two-year subscription. In addition I want to send the magazine to a cousin as a Christmas present.

In closing, let me express my gratitude for the WOMAN CITIZEN's policy of giving all sides of a question. Your opportunity for writing history in which women have figured is a privilege not to be overlooked.

H. B. H.

New Haven, Conn.

The following request could be printed with a large number of signatures—it comes to our desks so often:

Please keep up Dr. Alsop's interesting articles. They have been splendid.

F. B. S.

The Banner Year 1927



He's
Talking
To
You

THE year 1927 promises to be the best the WOMAN CITIZEN has ever known.

During the past five years the CITIZEN has been winning the confidence and respect of women the country over, and it is receiving increasing co-operation from women who write, women who read, and women who do things.

New Readers

The extraordinary cooperation of CITIZEN readers has been especially proved this Christmas time. Every mail has brought heaps of subscriptions, letters from subscribers telling how valuable the magazine is to them, congratulations from friends, old and new. This December has brought more subscriptions than any other month in the CITIZEN's history and has been filled to overflowing with Christmas cheer and good will. Our subscribers are organizing CITIZEN drives, CITIZEN reading clubs and giving CITIZEN gift subscriptions in order to share their enjoyment of the CITIZEN with others.

New Contributors

From the beginning the CITIZEN has had as Contributing Editors many of the best-known women experts in many different lines. Added to their number now are some of the well-known women writers who have generously promised to cooperate in this new kind of woman's magazine published by women, and to contribute to the CITIZEN pages during the coming year. Among them are Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rachel Crothers, Ida Tarbell, Inez Haynes Irwin, Louise Closser Hale and Dorothy Canfield.

New Activities

Other women are giving time and service in other ways to make better opportunities for all our children, for protection of women wage earners, toward safeguarding public health and morals, for a literate and intelligent citizenship and for a world of peace and good will. The CITIZEN is proud to cooperate with them. The most authoritative and up-to-date news of their activities will always be found in its pages.

New Covers

To the living history of women of today the remarkable series of cover paintings add the contributions which women of the past have made to the upbuilding of America. The Pilgrim Mother; Anne Hutchinson, standing for Religious Liberty; Margaret Brent, pioneer in demanding Representation; Lydia Darrach, a Patriot type, have already passed in this panorama. Coming are Sacajawea, the Indian maiden who led the Lewis and Clark expedition into the Northwest, and pictures depicting the winning of women's right to Education, to Justice in the Law, and the great crusades against Slavery, for Temperance and for Suffrage.

The vision of what the combined forces of the women of the United States, expressed through the WOMAN CITIZEN, might mean in terms of human progress has led the women whose names fill the next column to guarantee the upbuilding of the magazine in the spirit of public service.

A Happy New Year to you all!

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The WOMAN CITIZEN

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February, 1927



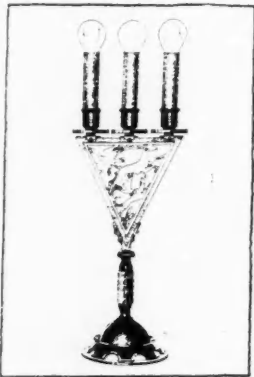
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In this Issue

We Look At Our World

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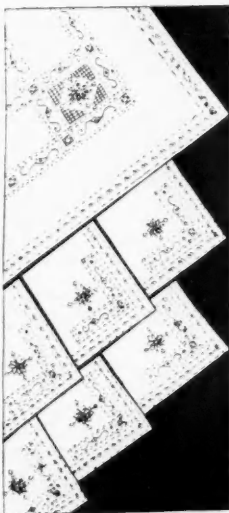
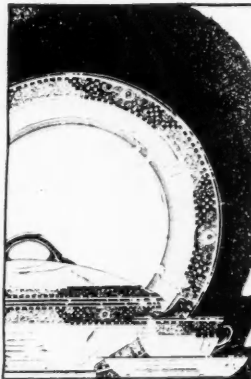
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Founded June 2, 1917, continuing *The Woman's Journal* founded in 1870 by Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell and published weekly from 1870 to 1917.

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Managing Director, MRS. RAYMOND BROWN; Editor, VIRGINIA RODERICK; Contributing Editors, CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, ALICE STONE BLACKWELL; Associate Editor, DOROTHY BUDD; Art Editor, E. BUCKNER KIRK.

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Vol. LV Old Style. Vol. XI New Style. No. 9

The Cover Picture

Sacajawea Helped Discover the Northwest

THE modest, womanly, unselfish, patient, enduring little Shoshone squaw . . . who uncomplainingly canoed, trudged, climbed, starved, with the best men of the party. . . . Her skin was the color of copper, her heart beat as true as steel. Through all the long, dreary, racking months of toil, she bore her part like a Spartan." Mr. Olin D. Wheeler so characterizes Sacajawea, the Indian and the only woman who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition into the Northwest.

It was in 1804-'05 and '06 that Lewis and Clark broke the trail to the northern Pacific. At the Mandan Villages, which were near where Bismarck, North Dakota, now is, they picked up a French-Canadian interpreter, Charbonneau. Sacajawea was one of his three wives and the only one who went with him when he joined the expedition.

As the expedition pushed its way westward Sacajawea was increasingly useful because she understood and spoke the language of the Indians through whose land the white men made their way. She had been brought over much the same route as a child when she was sold away into captivity. Or, perhaps, she was lost to her tribe in some gambling game. Now she was going back again, a woman with a tiny papoose strapped to her back.

Once when starvation stared the little band in the face Sacajawea proved her resourcefulness. She robbed the nests of the prairie dogs and dug into the ground for edible tubers. From this simple spoil she concocted a palatable stew that tided the party over until game was found.

Another time a canoe had overturned in a swift stream and papers, records and scientific instruments went flying into the water. After them went Sacajawea, righted the canoe and salvaged the kit entirely in her own fashion while her hysterical husband howled directions at her from the bank.

It was Sacajawea who pointed out the pass—now known as the Bozeman Pass—through which she guided Captain Clark and his men down the Yellowstone River. The Pass led them into her own country, but Sacajawea left her people again—this time of her own free will to help her husband guide the white men over the mountains to the sea.—GRACE R. HEBARD.

FRILLS

and furbelows are out of date for the intelligent woman. Styles have changed (n.b. not an advertisement for *The Tailored Woman!*). The successful woman in society, business, or at home is alert, on her toes, for the newest in literature, science, politics, and contemporary thought.

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Emily Newell Blair, Viscount Astor, Richard Washburn Child, Willa Cather, Agnes Repplier, Wayne B. Wheeler, Carl Van Doren, Clemence Dane, are among contributors to the next two issues.

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WC 2/27

OUR OWN DINGBATS

WELL, now we know about winter ♦ ♦ ♦ and from now on it is our favorite season. ♦ ♦ ♦ Of course, we do not refer to City Winter, which is an abomination, but to Country Winter—and Mountain Country at that. ♦ ♦ ♦ Imagine snow that actually stays white as long as it's snow ♦ ♦ ♦ whole roads and banks and drifts of it. ♦ ♦ ♦ We kept watching to see it turn dim, dirty, black, but in spite of being walked on, skied on, slid on, it remained serenely white. ♦ ♦ ♦ Add to this astounding purity air that stings your cheeks but refuses to chill your backbone, hills purple and blue in the distance, a clear little river, of talkative disposition, the rich dark-green of rhododendrons below all the happy families of evergreens and birches. ♦ ♦ ♦ That's the kind of winter we've just tucked away in our memories. ♦ ♦ ♦ It also includes the Right People, a sled with a movable jigger to guide by (unlike our proud Rover of childhood days), snowshoes (which we disesteem) and the alarming fascination of skis. Whether or not we shall buy a pair of skis for home use remains to be debated. ♦ ♦ ♦ It is just possible they wouldn't be welcome either in our apartment or in the janitor's domain, and perhaps the policeman wouldn't let us exercise them in the park. ♦ ♦ ♦ We should love to have them long enough to master the famous kick turn, though, by which one foot points north while the other still points south. ♦ ♦ ♦ But we have a suspicion we should never care to tackle a slide down a very steep hill. ♦ ♦ ♦ Experts are so candid about admitting that the only certain way to stop is to fall, and in all cases of what you might call swift sports, we have a great fancy for stopping right in the middle to—well, let's say to savor the experience, though crude persons might interpret it differently. ♦ ♦ ♦ It was a revelation to us, though, to find how soft and downy snow is to fall on. ♦ ♦ ♦ At least when not already occupied by another fallen skier. ♦ ♦ ♦ Also it was a revelation to see what kind of a dinner you can eat if you eat it outdoors, at the end of a trail near a big fire built right in the snow. ♦ ♦ ♦ Such combinations as ham, eggs (scrambled in the grandfather of skillets), fried potatoes, bacon, cream-puffs and COFFEE are hospitably received by tummies that would call for painkiller if offered such unorthodox diet over a table. ♦ ♦ ♦ The trouble with us on vacations is that we never get the right clothes until afterward. ♦ ♦ ♦ Now, instead of looking for a new evening dress, we shall have to shop for knickers and sweaters. ♦ ♦ ♦ And then probably go next time to a place where the specialty is bathing suits. ♦ ♦ ♦ That's the dark side of being a non-repeater on vacation places. ♦ ♦ ♦ City Winter answered us back and sent a snowstorm that even New York couldn't dirty in a few hours. ♦ ♦ ♦ It has added to our list of acquaintances a dozen or so sparrows who have consumed from our window sill a good share of a box of crackers. ♦ ♦ ♦ Evidently they eat heartily on winter picnics, too. ♦ ♦ ♦ Mentioning skis, since our return, has been disappointing. ♦ ♦ ♦ The others have all skied down the Alps.



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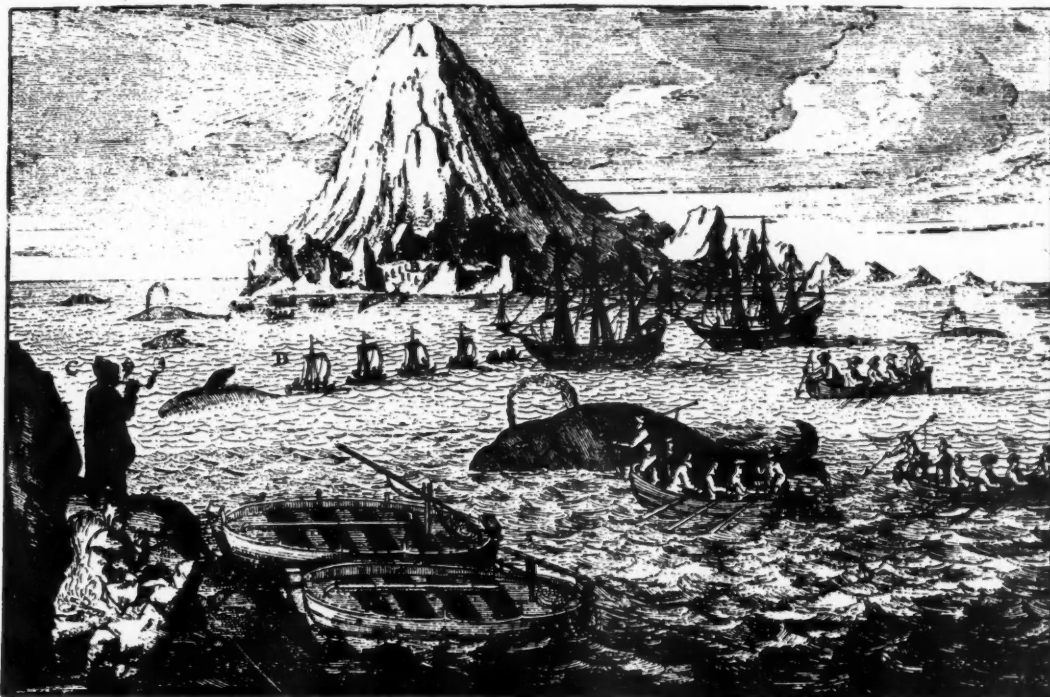
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We Look at Our World

First of a Series of Articles in Which We Turn Back to Our Past to Account for Our Present. Here Is the Real, Not the Conventional, Story of the Forces That Molded "America." Later Articles Will Unfold the Picture of Our Developing Civilization, Our Growing Problems, Our Job as Citizens of a New World

By McALISTER COLEMAN

THIS is being written in the long, low-ceilinged room of a New England farm-house looking over a countryside, dreaming in the heat of the summer of 1926. Outside the window a man is cutting grass with a scythe. In the purple and black shadows of a titan elm, a child is drawing water from a well, bending gracefully to the wooden sweep. From the fields there comes the persistent droning of insects, broken only by bird-calls and the muffled stamping of farm animals in the distant barns. Easy enough in such surroundings, with stern pictures of the founders of this home staring down from the walls, with records of their intimate thoughts and hopes and fears and visions lying close at hand—easy enough to go back one

hundred and fifty years when the dark beams above you wore the fresh scars of the axe, when the soil of those fields beyond the window first turned beneath the pioneering plow. There is surely nothing in the immediate scene to destroy the illusion of living in a British



A glimpse of our stagecoach past

colony of the eighteenth century. From all that the framed view discloses, the industrial revolution might never have taken place. Men and women are here performing tasks without the aid of elaborate machinery. They are taking their sustenance from the ground that fed their fathers and their fathers' fathers. Their interests would appear to be almost wholly personal, untouched by the world outside, the same interests in food, shelter, clothing and family that were the concern of those who laid the roof-tree on this house.

And then, of a sudden, around the corner comes the Twentieth Century. It is riding in a highly articulate Ford, bearing the cryptic words "Thanks for the Buggy Ride" emblazoned on its rear window. Its spokesman is a boisterous,



The Stadthuys at Pearl Street and Coenties Slip—the center of that neat little commercial town, New York, in 1679

aggressive, good-looking young woman in knickers who flips a cigarette across the lawn as she informs you that your presence is demanded at a local club meeting at which there will be discussion of the rise of the student movement in the new China.

It is at times like these when the American mind scrambles from its stage-coach past to its subway present, that the need for some sort of orientation cries aloud. Next to bread, the finding of oneself and one's place in the common scene is the chief preoccupation of any intelligent being.

What forces, for example, have been at work to produce that Ford and its attractive occupant at this precise moment, one hundred and fifty years after the framing of the Declaration of Independence? Has that girl somewhere deep within her any cords of tradition that bind her to the past; bind her who seems so essentially of the immediate present to the folkways and philosophies of the eighteenth century colonials?

With the new Renaissance of Learn-

ing, beginning at the opening of this century, checked by four war-torn years and just now re-emerging to fresh conquests, there has come a new sort of history, history that is slowly recognizing the all-important part played by such things as bread and butter, or the lack of it, coal and iron, hay and corn, waterways and prairies, in the development of a national character which we call American. The latter-day historians invade the fields of sociology and anthropology and psychology as persistently as they have stormed the strongholds of economics and as a result it is paradoxically so that we have a truer picture of the men who framed the organic laws under which we live than was possessed by our grandparents.

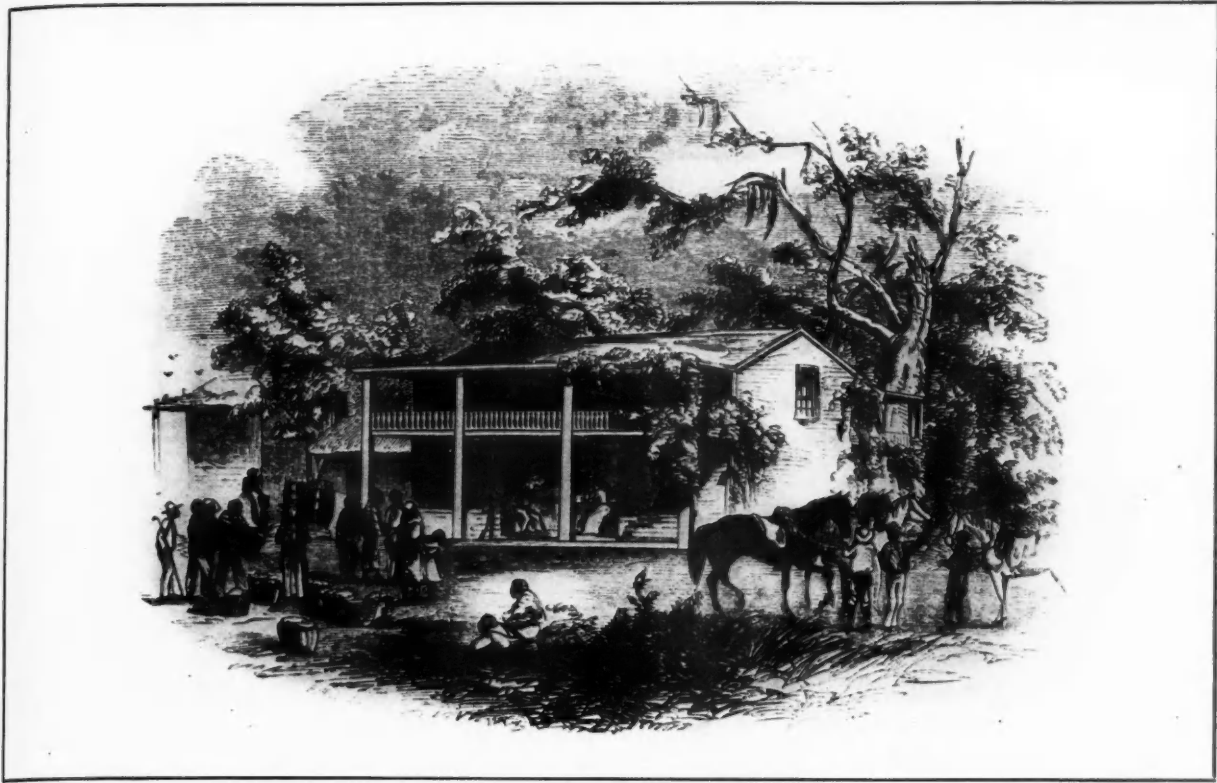
With this new approach to history it is possible to discover in the nation's past certain movements and forces that are of the utmost significance to every one of its citizens today. Out of our common American experience we can extract those habits and tendencies and controls that are still potent with us, because of which, "in spite of all temptations," we remain Americans. With such an approach we can begin to find our place both as citizens of a nation and individual members of a community. We have discov-

ered that history can be used as an invaluable tool in the building of that Good State to which we are all dedicated.

Exactly what forces were there which gave form and substance to the institutions under which 110,000,000 of us live today, institutions that touch every phase of our collective life, profoundly influence our thinking and at once limit and tend to make secure our individual liberty? The old-line historians have a glib answer to this troublesome question. They tell us that this country was settled by colonists, mainly from England, who had crossed the ocean in search of religious freedom and who, after clearing the land and clearing out its aboriginal owners, arose in righteous indignation against the tyrannies of a short-sighted English king. Having successfully waged a decorous warfare against the king's forces, these colonists proceeded to frame a Constitution providing for a democratic form of government under which we live today, a prosperous and united people, most of whose problems were settled one hundred and fifty years ago. A legend, this, grown out of all true relation to the facts, and one which obscures the more faithful and fascinating story of our origins.

The truth in this case is stranger than the old-fashioned historians would have us believe. While the desire for religious freedom was, no doubt, a compelling





Rich Southern planters lived leisurely lives on great plantations where cotton and tobacco were cultivated by slave labor

motive among many of the early colonists and especially among the more articulate and influential of the New England Puritans, the explanation for the movement of such masses of mankind as came to America from the time of its discovery to the Revolutionary War cannot be caught in any such easy formula. It was, in the beginning, part of the general movement of the Aryan peoples toward the setting sun, a movement which had come to halt at the shores of the seemingly impassable Atlantic. Once the invention of the compass had given to the mariner his landmarks out of sight of land, this movement was continued. The economic situation in Europe all through the period of the first colonization of America was a prime factor in this large-scale westward voyaging. Feudalism, doomed from the day when the use of gunpowder first showed the foot-soldier how easy it was to pop a full-panoplied knight from his saddle, was still hanging on in various parts of Europe. The newly arrived merchant class was everywhere busy routing the rear-guards of feudalism and all Europe resounded with the battle. Peasants and serfs found themselves freed from their old-time security but still bound to the grim economic necessity of keeping alive under new circumstances. Wars raged up and down, nominally fought in the name of religion but actually against state and clerical authority over the individual. The Protestant Reformation

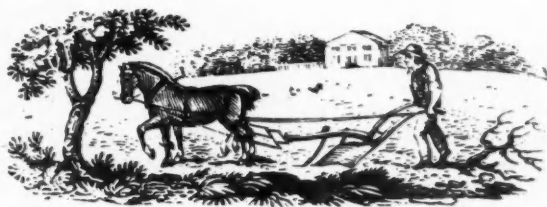
had loosed the heady doctrine of *laissez faire*.

From a world torn loose from old and oftentimes comfortable moorings, it is small wonder that thousands turned in disgust, willing to risk all the unknown hazards of adventure in new lands rather than to remain in a European mad-house. With nothing to lose and a world to gain, the poorer colonists sold themselves as servants for a term of years in order to pay the passage money advanced by wealthy ship-owners and colonizing corporations. Probably one-half of all the immigrants of the colonial period landed on these shores as "indentured servants." Add to these the criminals sent from England and sold to the colonists as slaves, the white workers who were spirited away from England to be forced into servitude in the colonies and the hundreds of thousands of Negroes enslaved in the Southern colonies and it will be found that the early colonies were largely reared on a structure of forced labor.

Up and down the Atlantic seaboard, held back by the barriers of the Appalachians, human beings, come from every walk of European life and bringing every sort of Old World culture, started in on the perilous making of a new world.

Three groups survived the rigors of pioneering to become dominant over the American scene, the New England colonists, the Middle colonists and the Southern. Each had its pronounced characteristics, its separate folkways and culture derived from its Old World origins. We must not suppose that here was any closely interwoven community of interests, presenting a solid front against European aggression. As a matter of fact, the interests of each group were more closely tied up with the home countries than with one another. To the North, fighting for sheer existence against the attacks of climate, the poverty of soil and the hostility of the Indians, the first settlers developed a stern and individualistic philosophy. Because of the nature of the geography of New England, large-scale farming operations were impossible and it was on the sea as fishermen and sailors and in the forests as trappers that the Puritan pioneers made the beginnings of their industrial civilization. Colonists from the

(Continued on page 47)



Mary
Roberts
Rinehart



© Harris & Ewing

Author
Traveler
Sportswoman

FRIENDLY IMPRESSIONS

By ANNE HARD

FIRELIGHT from beneath the high mantel, over which a dashing cavalier looks down from his painted canvas, soft light from shaded lamps, and the last of the cloudy Washington sky through tall windows, mingle at twilight in the long, pleasant room. It is a room of comfortable spaces, comfortably simple furnishings; a room easy for conversation.

And by the tea-table, the silver-cloth of her dress rosied by the firelight, sits one of the best talkers in Washington. It is a woman. This is a rare thing, for women are more apt to be fluent talkers than good talkers. It is a still more rare thing, because good writers are infrequently good talkers.

How many times has the

chairman of a club program committee lured a distinguished writing-success to a public appearance and learned that fact to her sorrow?

But Mary Roberts Rinehart—the lady

by the hospitable tea-table—is both.

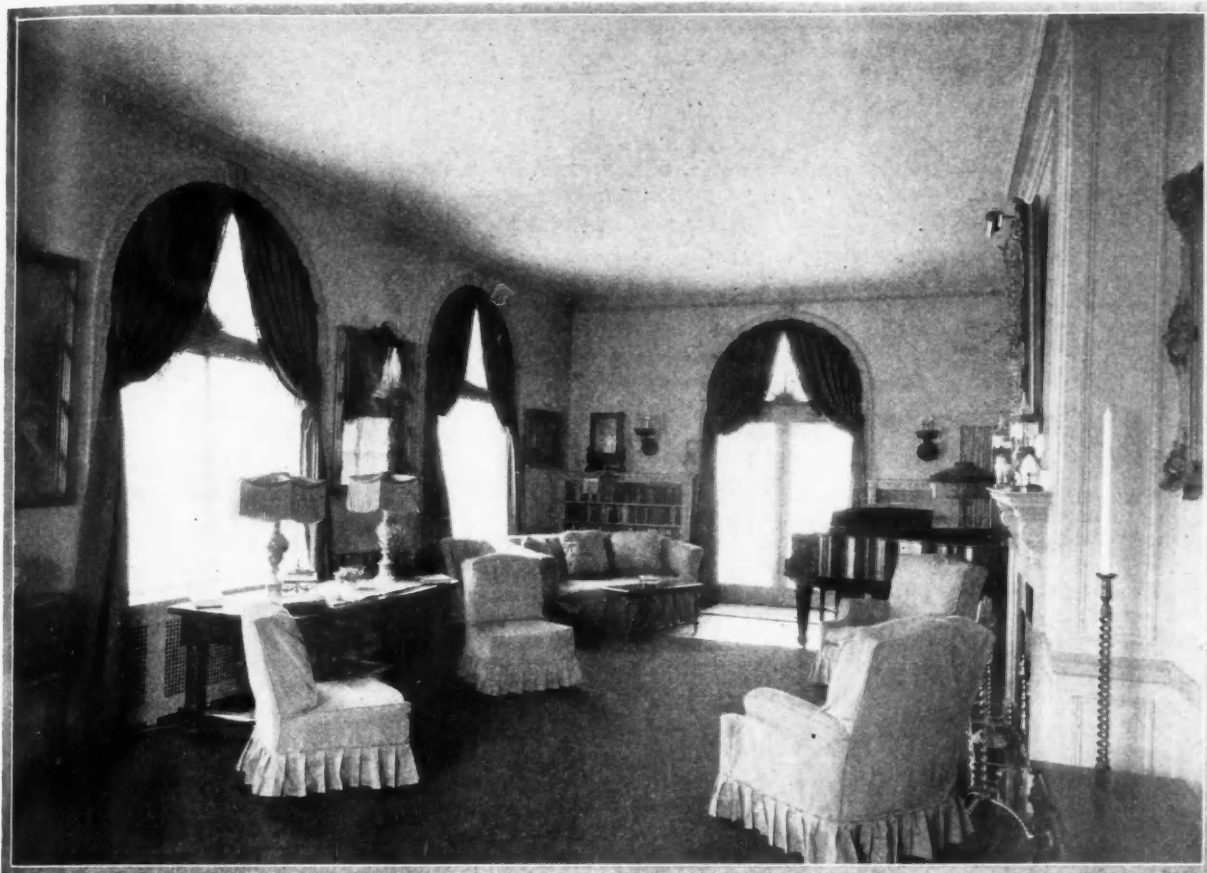
Moreover, if she were not the most successful woman writer in the country there isn't the slightest doubt she could have been among the country's most successful comedienues.

In the first place, she has presence, and in the next place she has a fine speech, clean-edged, and in the next she has a sense of humor, and in the next she has a sense of drama and—of course they should be listed in the reverse order.

She never twists her face about into disconcerting overemphasis; it is a composed yet always animated face. Her large, round, really blue eyes are always bright; her cheeks are always rosy; her hair is always shiny black; her eyebrows are always impudently arched; her hands



Trout fishing is one of her favorite sports



© W. F. Roberts Co.

The drawing-room in Mary Roberts Rinehart's Washington home. In the capital, Mrs. Rinehart is almost as noted a hostess as she is noted as an author throughout the country

make swift, explanatory gestures; her figure is always firmly and beautifully carried; she is never in the least "stagey," yet you know how completely she would tie the scene together if she were upon the stage.

At a dinner, when the talk turns into discussion veering close upon an argument, you might see her catch the balloons of her opponents and toss them back with light fingers. At a committee meeting where something is to be done for charity, you might see her produce a concise, well-arranged plan about which the other women cluck as if she were tossing corn to hens.

"I want to write! I want to be an author!" cries the young woman who longs for a "career." "I want to write!" says the young woman full of vague dreams and unexplained ambitions. "I want to write!" says the young woman who reads "Tish" and sees "The Bat" and finds the pictures of Mary Roberts Rinehart stepping out of her motor in Washington, of Mary Roberts Rinehart on her horse in Wyoming, on a camel in Egypt, under fire in France.

"What a wonderful life!" she thinks—that young woman—"What a wonderful career!"

Let that young woman first pay the price of that career. When Mrs. Rinehart left for Egypt last winter she was barely over a serious hospital operation. With a high temperature still pounding in her temples, she wrote a long story, two long articles. If it were not for the constant and skilled devotion of her husband, Dr. Stanley Rinehart, she would never have been permitted to go at all. But she had made up her mind she would do it. And once that will of hers gets turned in any direction, Fate seems just to lie down and curl up in ineffectual resignation.

Let that young woman pay the price Mrs. Rinehart has paid in steady grinding years of hard work. Let her keep her dreams, as Mrs. Rinehart has kept them, yet let her convert them into tangible effort.

There was a little girl in Pittsburgh who used to sit on the steps under the poplar trees and see visions against the red sky in the sunset. She dreamed of being a gypsy, the wide world over. But most of all, she dreamed she would be a doctor "when she grew up."

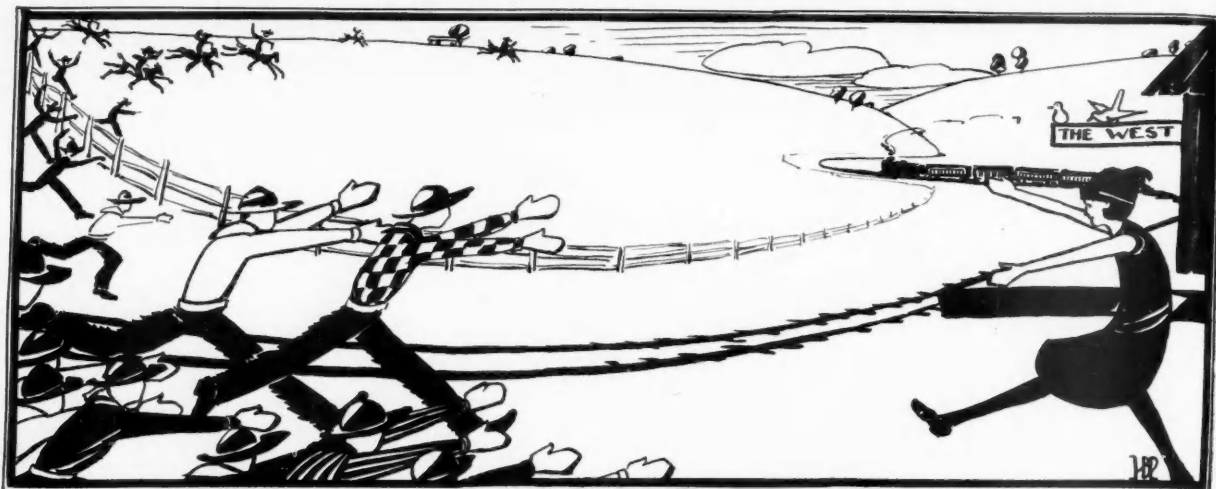
It was not, in those days, a polite ambition for a girl. It was an ambition to be frowned upon by elders and

laughed at by contemporaries. But the little girl with blue eyes and rosy cheeks and shining black hair held her head high and went on saying she was going to be a doctor and got away with it because she was something of a leader in the high school in speeches and in editing the school papers and in all the other things that little girls and boys are busy about in high school.

Then, suddenly, her father died. There would be no money for the long college training, the long medical school training. But then—after all—there was the hospital—nursing—it was the inevitable choice for the little girl who now, for the first time, tucked up her hair, tried to look like eighteen and so got into the starched uniform of the nurse, into the discipline, the drudgery, the back-breaking, heart-breaking work of the hospital ward.

Then across those weary hours struck one of her dream's realities. There was a young surgeon. He was a sturdily built young man, with light hair and brown eyes and a genial manner and a very sweet smile. He was the kind of man who can recognize when a little girl is pretending to be grown up. He was the

(Continued on page 44)



Go West, Young Woman!

By KATHARINE CROSBY

Drawings by Helen B. Phelps

EXTRA women—surplus women—women who can never marry because there are no men—there's an army of us here in the Eastern states. And let me say, we're a problem. We're a problem to ourselves and we're a problem to the states we live in.

But don't blame us. We are conscripts to spinsterhood, not volunteers. We don't want to feminize the arts and professions. We don't want to cause a race of ladylike men. We don't want—least of all—to wreck the morals of the nation, or to bring back open polygamy. Yet all of these things we are likely to do in spite of ourselves, if somebody doesn't come to our rescue.

You rarely find an unmarried woman here in the East who knows why she is unmarried. She thinks, poor dear, it must be her luck, or her looks; sometimes she even persuades herself it's her choice. But it isn't any one of them. It never seems to occur to her that the reason she stays single is simply that there aren't any men for her to pair off with. She is a "spare."

There is a cheerful game called, "Going to Jerusalem," with more players than there are chairs for them to sit in. When the music stops and every one scrambles for a seat there is always somebody standing.

Well, in New York City when the music stops there are sixty thousand

women left out in the cold—sixty thousand women of the "better" class, native white Americans. They are the women who can't marry because there aren't any men for them in this part of the country—they are the left-overs.

But New York isn't alone. There are ten states and the District of Columbia in the same plight. They range all the way from little Maryland with her modest six hundred extras to Illinois with nearly three hundred thousand. Now in both these states and in several of the others the census figures show more men than women in the population. It is in the class which the Federal

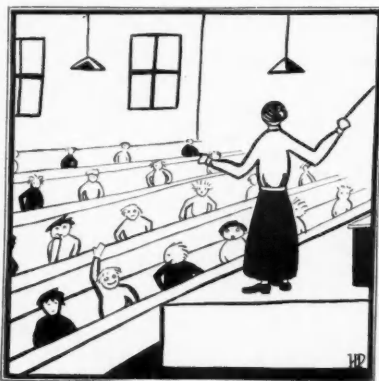
reports term "native white" that the excess of women occurs. It occurs in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Maryland and South Carolina, in the New England states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Connecticut, and in Washington, D. C. All told, our army totals something over six hundred thousand.

I'm going to take conditions in Massachusetts as fairly typical of this part of the country. The population has been unbalanced here for a long time and you begin to see the results.

We've always been famous for our old maids but nobody ever thought to find out why we had so many.

Our state has a population less than half the size of greater New York's. But we have sixty-four thousand more females than males—by which I mean, now and henceforth, in the classification of white native-born. In other words, old stock Yankees. I am one of these extras, and so are most of my friends and indeed most of the women I know.

Instead of being highbrows and blue-stockings, though, as the funnies would have you believe, we're most of us the marrying kind—normal everyday women who would like to have homes and husbands and babies like anyone else. Nor are we any homelier than the run of modern women. If we haven't married, it is simply because we live in this state



"Teaching is one of the hardest jobs to sublimate in"

instead of, say, Montana or Nevada.

Of course now and then a woman breaks away and marries a man of foreign birth. That does happen even here once in a great while. There was a girl up on Beacon Hill, the very heart and citadel of caste distinction, who married her mother's Greek fruit man. He was the only bachelor she ever met so she threw her hereditary silver door-knobs into the discard and took him. But this isn't any real solution, even if one wanted to do it, because there are not nearly enough foreigners to go round.

Tourists from the West comment on the mass of women everywhere—the Common is teeming with them, the streets too; theatres, concert halls, art exhibitions, churches, show them in appalling numbers—out of all proportion to the men.

ALL the men one knows are either boys or else married. The others are naturally skirt-shy and keep out of the way—I don't know where. One never sees them. It must be even worse for them than it is for us, we're so submerging.

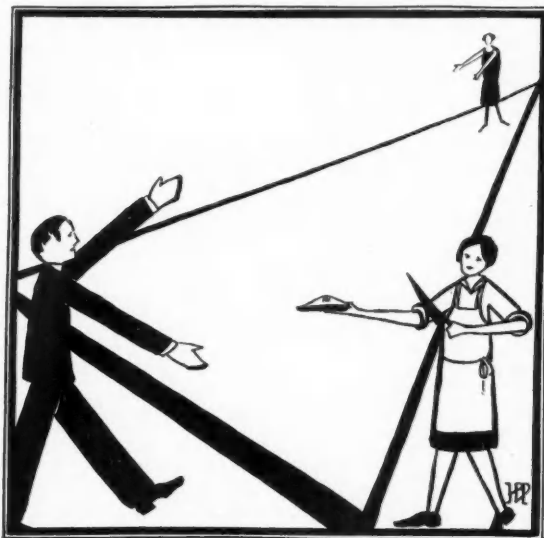
And it is having a funny effect on them. You know the psychologist's dictum that we grow to look like what most we gaze upon? Well, from much inevitable gazing upon us girls, the men are becoming more and more ladylike. In fact, many of them are much more ladylike than the girls themselves. This is especially true in esthetic circles where we more than usually abound.

In the colleges many a girl stays away from her own class parties because she doesn't know a man to invite. Nobody thinks anything about it—it's just a commonplace. I went to a co-educational university here; in our class of a hundred there were, as I recall, eight men. Of course our professors came in for a lot of attention. Dear things, they must have suffered. One day a girl broke down and wept in class because the professor frowned upon her.

But still we are NOT old maids. The unmarried women I know aren't neurotic and queer and crabby, we aren't prim and too easily shockable. We don't wear square-toed shoes (unless the flappers get them first), and we do dress as well—say, as well as Boston women ever do dress. Most of all, we aren't repressed—at least, not as repressed as we used to be. Our lives are not one long bout with our natural instincts, such bouts as used to leave the poor old maids with ragged nerves and frazzled dispositions. We seek in various ways to evade the issue and while the results which we attain are never ideal or satis-

fying, they are likely to be fairly presentable.

The blow falls upon us in the early thirties. Up to then we keep kidding ourselves along. "Some day I'll meet the right man." Then it's—"Some day I shall meet a man who isn't married to



"There is here in the East a lot of triangling—the kind of triangle where two women and one man are involved."

some one else." And then—"Why, this is 'some day' and I haven't met him yet, and maybe I never will, and what shall I do? What *shall* I do?"

Social workers, doctors and psychologists agree that the thirties are a tricky time for us Boston women. The shock of discovering that we aren't going to be able to do the things we were made to do, the things we've always expected to do, is sure to be upsetting. We are all at sea and wretchedly unhappy. But after we've blinked our eyes and ceased to count the stars we stagger up and begin to fight. What we're fighting for is a right to expression of some sort, a right to happiness.

Our whole viewpoint shifts. Economic, moral. We've got to get used to the idea of earning our own living permanently, perhaps caring for a dependent, too, like a man. Then since we can't get what we want from life, honorable love and marriage, we've got to consider what we *can* get. We try various methods.

Experts tell us to sublimate. "If you can't mate, sublimate!" is their simple slogan.

With the right kind of a job this can be done, although at the best, as a friend of mine remarked, "It contents but does not satisfy!" If a woman is trying to make a career, or to build up a business, or to do any kind of creative work, or if indeed she thoroughly enjoys whatever she happens to be doing, she gets along very well.

Teaching is one of the hardest jobs to sublimate in—it seems to cast an occupational blight over the girls who go into the city schools, making them more easily old-maidish than most other work. But they are making a gallant stand against it, breaking away more and more from the drudgery and repression of the system. They are getting small cars and cruising around the countryside, they are buying week-end farmlets, they are going in for outdoor sports.

ONE woman I know has made quite a success of her spinsterhood. In a burst of confidence she told me how she had done it. To begin with, she is doing creative work—interior decoration; that gives her a chance to use up a lot of enthusiasm. Her home-making instincts are fully satisfied in her own home where she can have things just to her liking without any man to come tracking in mud. Religion means much to her. So, too, does a man friend who comes to see her occasionally. And then, besides all that, she really hasn't much of any temperament. It's a case where all things work

together for good.

I was sitting in one of those informal little restaurants on the Hill the other day eating my lunch when a girl came in and sat down at the same small table with me. We fell to talking, and because neither of us knew the other's name we talked more intimately than we should have done otherwise. She was a teacher in a grammar school and this was her first day back after a week's vacation.

"I'm more tired than I was before," she said.

"What's the matter—play too hard?"

"Yes. Theatres and concerts—something every night. I've been getting so restless lately, I thought I'd try to find some outlet in music, and maybe in romantic plays. So I just put my whole vacation into it. I suppose it sounds foolish, but oh, I don't want to be like those crabby old teachers, all soured on life the way they are!"

"Didn't the concerts work?"

"No. They just tired me out, that's all."

I suggested going out West where there were some men, but she answered as so many do, "Oh, I can't do that—there's mother." She wouldn't want to leave Boston."

I think of her often, wondering what she will try next. She was a sweet, womanly sort of girl, not alluring but just plain nice.

Whether or not she was one of them,
(Continued on page 40)



© U. S. Department of Agriculture
Soy beans are up for discussion. A county agent is demonstrating the best agricultural methods to a farmer and his boy. Such work comes under the Smith-Lever Act

Uncle Sam's

By DOROTHY KIRCHWEY BROWN

This is the Story of Federal Aid—Old Style and New, the How of It and the Why of It.

The Nation helps the States care for their Roads, Crops, Farms, Forests, Factories, Schools, and (thanks to a Recent Vote in the Senate) their Mothers and Babies

THERE is a phrase which, of late years, has been certain to excite the passionate States Righter and lead him on to paint woeful pictures of a centralized government rapidly modeling itself on the Soviet plan and abandoning all the sacred traditions of our Constitution. The deadly phrase is "Federal Aid." And it is safe to say that it is seldom understood even by its ardent opponents. So it may be as well to begin with a clear definition. Federal aid means the giving of financial aid to the states by the Federal Government for matters affecting public welfare on condition that the state or its component parts "match" the Federal allotment it receives by at least an equal amount to be spent for the same purpose.

The attacks one reads upon the Sheppard-Towner law and other Federal aid measures would lead one to think that this system had sprung into being over night, risen like Minerva from the Jovian heads of our national legislators. It is a picturesque but inaccurate idea.

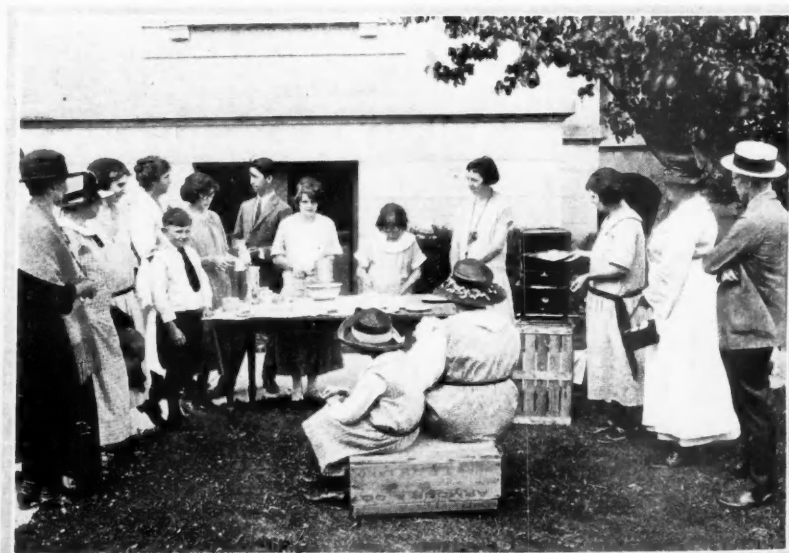
The fact is that Federal aid to the states has an ancient and honorable lineage, going back to the very founding of the republic. Seven of the thirteen original states claimed land to the westward, because of the royal charters of the colonies or the companies or proprietors who founded them. Lands west of New Jersey to the Pacific Ocean were claimed by Connecticut, "up into the land from sea to sea" by Virginia, and so on—and naturally the claims conflicted. After much bitter controversy, a compromise was reached which de-

termined that all this western territory should be the property of the United States, to be developed and later "parceled out by Congress into free, convenient and independent governments." Thus the Northwest Territory became the public land of the United States.

But to develop the West, the Government gave its land away with a lavish hand to the new states as they were admitted or to companies which would build railroads to open up the new territory. The grants to the states were of

all kinds—salt lands, or land around mineral springs (so that, as George Washington put it, "the public, instead of the few knowing ones, might receive the benefits which would proceed from the sale of them"); swamp lands for aid in constructing levees; land by the half-million acres for internal improvements—roads, canals, bridges and so on.

But the most interesting of these grants, as precedents of our present-day Federal aid system, were the grants for the support of public schools and state



© U. S. Department of Agriculture
Bread clubs have been organized to further the extensive work in home economics that is making life on our farms at once more scientific and more human

Helping Hand

Mrs. Brown's Article has Point and Timeliness. The Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infancy Act has just been Renewed for Another Two Years. It was fought with Bitterness as if it were the only Federal Aid in which our Government is engaged. This Article reviews the Many Kinds now in Operation



© New York State Bureau of Rehabilitation
This cripple has been trained to earn his living as a monotype operator. The Industrial Rehabilitation Act co-operates with the states in helping civilians injured in the war of industry

universities. These were based on the early Massachusetts colonial system of making land reservations for the benefit of schools in new townships as they were established. In the Northwest Territory, under the Ordinance of 1785, four of the thirty-six lots in each township were to be reserved for future sale by the United States, and lot sixteen was to be granted for the maintenance of the public schools of the township. The act admitting Ohio to statehood in 1802 followed this policy, granting section six-

teen in each township for schools and also giving the state two townships for the founding of a state university. This practice was followed as other states were admitted. The total amount given by the Federal Government to the states for public schools was over 114,000 square miles—an area more than twice as large as that of England. Often the grants were wasted—land was sold sometimes for fifty cents an acre—but our greatest national institutions, our public schools and state universities,

came into being with the aid of this system.

The first important special legislation passed by Congress to aid education was also a land-grant act. This was the Morrill Act, or Land-Grant College Act, sponsored by Justin H. Morrill, Representative and later Senator of Vermont, a pioneer in the development of practical and scientific education as opposed to the purely classical studies which were the sole concern of the great universities like Harvard and Yale. The Morrill Act, signed in 1862 by President Lincoln, gave to each state a grant of land (30,000 acres for each of its representatives in the two houses of Congress) to endow and support a college the leading object of which should be the teaching of agriculture and the mechanic arts. The total grants came to more than ten million acres. Each state was to accept the offer and establish a college within ten years, and this was done. A series of acts from 1887 to 1925 have supplemented the Morrill Act, establishing agricultural experiment stations in connection with the agricultural colleges, and increasing the support of both the stations and the colleges.

There are other precedents for our present Federal aid system. The militia, for example, used to be a Federally aided state undertaking, but recent legislation has made it a nationally managed and supported one and taken it almost entirely out of state control. A few acts have been passed to return to states or counties part of the income from forest reserves, oil deposits, water power, etc., located on the public lands situated in



© U. S. Forest Service
Foresters fighting a fire in one of our national forests that come under the protection of two Federal aid acts—the Weeks Law and the Clarke-McNary Act

these counties, as compensation for the fact that these public lands are not subject to taxation and so give no revenue to the county and state in which they lie. Another important precedent is that of state aid to counties or other local units for matters formerly considered of purely local concern but now regarded as of state-wide interest—highways, schools, the care of the insane, and so on.

THE first of the modern Federal aid acts, as we understand the term, was the Weeks law, passed in 1911, to protect from fire the forested watersheds of navigable streams. This appropriated \$200,000 to permit the Secretary of Agriculture to co-operate with the states for this purpose, on request, provided the state had an adequate system of forest protection and provided that *the Federal expenditure in any state must not exceed in any fiscal year the state appropriation for the same purpose.* This inaugurated a new legislative system. The country was used to national aid in the form of free gifts from the nation to the states, but the insistence that a state must be sufficiently interested in a problem to appropriate an equal sum of money was new. All the important Federal aid acts of the past fifteen years have contained this principle.

The second important Federal aid act was the Smith-Lever Act for agricultural extension work, passed in 1914, under which has developed the entire system of county demonstration work in agricultural practice and home economics, which is helping to make farm life more scientific and more human. The national contribution available is \$5,880,000 annually. The apportionment is on the basis of rural population.

The Good Roads Act came next, in 1916, and the Federal Highway Act supplemented it in 1921. This is financially vastly the most important of the acts. In 1925 \$75,000,000 was appropriated for highways and less than \$15,000,000 for all the other Federal aid projects put together.

The Smith-Hughes Act, for vocational training (in agriculture, trade, industry and home economics) of less than college grade, came in 1917, and approximately \$7,000,000 is appropriated annually for this purpose. The Industrial Rehabilitation Act of 1920 makes available something under a million dollars for the vocational training and restoration to normal life of persons injured in industry.

The Chamberlain-Kahn Act for the suppression of venereal disease, passed in

1918, was primarily a war-time measure, but was continued long enough to put in operation valuable state and local social hygiene activities.



© New York State College of Home Economics
Bobby, after six months as a "practice" baby in a state college of home economics. He had arrived weak, malnourished, and underweight

The Sheppard-Towner or Maternity and Infant Welfare Act, passed on November 23, 1921, makes available \$1,240,000 annually for aiding the states in educational and preventive work in prenatal care and infant hygiene.

The latest of the Federal aid acts, the Clarke-McNary Act, passed in June, 1924, is a development of the earliest, for forest fire prevention and forest conservation. It permits the appropriation of \$2,500,000 for these purposes, though in practice less than a third of this sum is actually made available.

Three things all these acts have in common—the states may accept the aid or not as they see fit, the Federal govern-

equal sum for the same purpose.

Arguments for and against Federal aid are many and varied. One fact, however, may be accepted to start with—immense practical advantages have resulted from these Federal aid acts. Thousands—perhaps millions—of dollars' worth of forests have been saved from fire, thousands of acres of land have been improved as to soil and crops, thousands of farmers have improved their breeds of cattle or horses, have learned to fight insect pests and plant diseases, have learned how to pack and market produce. Thousands of farm homes have learned how to make life easier and pleasanter for their women and children. Thousands of mothers have learned how to care for their babies, and how to safeguard their own lives as well by proper prenatal and confinement care. Thousands of miles of magnificent roads have been built, linking up the states by a great national highway system. Certainly public welfare has been advanced by these Federal aid acts.

BUT the Federal aid method of accomplishing these results is under frequent and bitter attack, and we should examine the arguments against it carefully before deciding that "the advancement of the public good" is a sufficient reason for favoring it.

The usual arguments against Federal aid are:

It destroys state and local responsibility and tends to over-standardize methods.

It does this insidiously by "bribing" the states to do what it has no power to force them to do.

It builds up a bureaucratic government at Washington.

It makes the states depend on the Federal contribution and spend less of their own money for these purposes.

It is unconstitutional.

It makes the "wealthy" states contribute to the support of the "poorer" states.

Answers to these arguments may also be given in order.

The assertion that Federal aid destroys state initiative is only an assertion and can not be proved. Every modern Federal aid act leaves the responsibility for making plans, and for carrying them out, to the states; the administrative practice of the responsible Federal officials is also such as to encourage state initiative; and the requirements are flexible and vary from state to state according to local conditions and methods.

(Continued on page 43)



© Department of Education, New York
Learning salesmanship under Uncle Sam

ment may withhold a state's allotment if the state's plans for the expenditure of the money are not in conformity with the purpose of the act, and in no case can the Federal allotment be made unless the state contributes at least an



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Crises on Capitol Hill

Charges and Counter Charges Over Nicaragua and Mexico, a Presidential Victory Concerning Cruisers, the Rejection of a Senator and a Treaty, and a Change in White House Menus

By CATHERINE I. HACKETT

January 21, 1927.

SECRETARY of State Kellogg, with one apprehensive eye on Mexico, where he believes legitimate American interests are menaced by the new oil and land laws which went into effect January first, and the other on Nicaragua where other American interests are to be protected in the contest between President Diaz and would-be President Sacasa, has probably found his responsibilities a little more than he bargained for when he stepped into office.

The situation created by the contest between President Diaz, recognized by the United States, and former Vice-president Sacasa, recognized as president by Mexico, appeared simple enough at first.* American lives and property were in danger because of active hostili-

ties. All right, send the marines and a few battleships to protect them. But an outbreak of pointed questions in the press, from the floor of the Senate, from the Foreign Relations Committee presided over by Senator Borah, have made later developments anything but simple. Why was it necessary to establish a neutral zone under the direction of Admiral Latimer; to set up a censorship cutting off the Sacasa forces from communication with the outside world; to raise the arms embargo to Nicaragua in favor of President Diaz when the President had first insisted our position there was strictly that of a neutral?

President Coolidge sought to enlighten Senate critics of the Nicaraguan program in a special message to Congress. Munitions to aid the revolutionists, he said, had been sent from Mexico to support their man and it was therefore necessary for the United States to

render similar aid to President Diaz, whose legal claims we support. Further, American rights in an unbuilt canal across Nicaragua must be protected.

Senator Borah, supporting the claims of Sacasa as constitutional President, proposed that we let the Nicaraguans decide for themselves whom they want for president. He then called Secretary Kellogg before the Foreign Relations Committee to explain the situation.

Bringing his own stenographer to take his testimony, and behind closed doors, Secretary Kellogg intimated that Mexican activity in support of Sacasa originated with Russian Communists who are using the Nicaraguan revolt to stir up trouble with the United States. But, his critics freely pointed out afterward, he discussed only alleged Communist plans to establish a foothold in Mexico; he produced no proof that

* See *Current Events*, page 23.

any connection with the Mexican Government had been established. His statement brought denial from the Calles Government. It brought scoffing protests from Senator Borah and other Administration critics that unfounded charges of "Bolshevism" were being used in an effort to prepare the public mind for an open break with Mexico over the oil laws controversy.

The Nicaraguan situation became less tense with suggestions of mediation by other Central American countries; the Mexican problem, which develops new angles with the rapidity of an amoeba under a microscope, is moving toward a crisis. The Administration insists that it will not accept the terms of the "confiscatory" oil laws which substitute fifty-year leases of foreign-owned oil properties for ownership *in perpetuo*. The declaration of the State Department that it would take appropriate action at the first "overt act" of the Calles Government in seizing American oil properties aroused few hurrahs even from the one hundred percenters in Congress. So when the new laws were clamped down on four American oil companies who failed to comply with the regulations, it was announced that the decision of the courts to which the cases were immediately carried would be awaited.

Arbitration Called For

THEN came the demand from the Hill, from the press, and from numerous national organizations for the United States to practice the principle of arbitration which it has so long and earnestly preached. A resolution was introduced by Senator Robinson of Arkansas, minority leader, calling for arbitration of the dispute by some impartial tribunal. Secretary Kellogg hastened to say, surprisingly, that he had for some time been considering the possibilities of arbitration.

In his eagerness to show that he believes in the principle of arbitration, Mr. Kellogg has been willing not only to listen to a voice from the Democratic camp, but has apparently realized that the public is more concerned with avoiding a break with Mexico for the sake of American oil companies than in hunting the Bolshevik bogey in the dark alleys of the Mexican capital.

Four methods for arbitration of the application of the oil laws to American interests have been suggested:

The Mexican-American treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, signed in 1848, is still in force and binds the two nations to consider arbitration as a means of settling such disputes. The Mexican-American Mixed Claims Commission is equipped to handle the controversy. President Calles has informally said he would be willing to refer the matter to the old international tribunal at the

Hague. Lastly, Senator Robinson's resolution suggests "an impartial tribunal" without specifying its make-up.

The outstanding conclusion to be drawn from the whole Nicaraguan-Mexican affair is that Congress from now on is apparently determined to know what is going on in the mansarded building next door to the White House, and to take a hand in any trouble brewing before it is too late to avoid an armed conflict. The suggestion of the White House spokesman that the newspapers should refrain from criticising the Administration for its conduct of affairs in Nicaragua and Mexico, and the meager and sometimes conflicting information which has been given to the press, has evoked sharp retorts even from Republicans. The State Department formula that "it is not to the public interest" to reveal negotiations and developments step by step, has been met by the declaration in Congress and even in the editorials of Administration newspapers that it is decidedly to the public interest to know whether the Government is heading toward a war in which American citizens would be called to fight.

One of the amusing incidents of a serious affair was the emergence of Eddie Savoy, eighty-year-old colored doorman at Secretary Kellogg's office, known to generations of Washington diplomats, as the cause of an embarrassing incident. To the deeply bowing Eddie was handed a carefully worded protest by Dr. Vaca, the agent of Sacasa, Nicaraguan liberal leader, intended of course for immediate transmission to the Secretary. Eddie Savoy looked at the document awhile and then sent it down to the Nicaraguan division, where it was put in the files. The Secretary next day denied having received such a communication. Mr. Vaca questioned his veracity; and a frenzied search revealed the protest in the Nicaraguan division. Eddie Savoy looked regretful, but insisted that he had followed the usual procedure!

No Treaty with Turkey

DEFEAT of the Lausanne treaty in the Senate, by a vote six short of the necessary two-thirds majority, added to Secretary Kellogg's already burdensome problems. The old Turkish laws under which commercial relations with Turkey were carried on were replaced by new regulations of the Kemalist government, the validity of which the Lausanne treaty was designed to recognize. The situation now will be somewhat like that in regard to Mexico, with the Turks putting a new series of regulations into effect which the United States cannot, in the absence of a treaty, recognize as valid in their application to American interests. The Lausanne treaty recognized the prin-

ciple of diplomatic equality for Turkey, but the charge by its opponents that American oil interests were lurking in the woodpile and that ratification would mean condoning Turkish cruelties to Christian minorities overrode the wishes of the Administration that it should be ratified by the Senate.

The Cruiser Question

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is facing a test of his strength to carry through his announced program of limiting naval armament and holding down on all new construction pending the outcome of the next international conference on arms limitation. The House upheld him by refusing to include in the naval appropriation bill \$450,000 with which to begin construction of three cruisers authorized in the 1924 naval building program. When completed, the cruisers would cost \$32,000,000. The Senate Appropriations Committee promptly inserted into the bill an appropriation of \$1,200,000 for commencing construction on the cruisers, and the indications are that the "big navy" group of senators will force passage of the bill as reported. It must then go to conference. The Senate committee also added \$5,267,854 in other items to the House bill, bringing the total appropriation for the naval establishment to \$320,020,534, far beyond the Budget estimates approved by the President.

Coolidge economy received another blow in the Rivers and Harbors bill which Congress has handed to him with a request to sign on the dotted line. It authorizes waterways improvements costing about \$71,000,000, varying all the way from Government purchase of the financially unremunerative Cape Cod canal and improvement of the Mississippi to a Louisiana "waterway" two feet deep and twenty feet wide.

The tendency of Congress to override the Budget Bureau appropriations indicates an increasing touchiness over General Lord's efforts to keep expenditures down. His pruning shears have been used on many pet projects of Congressmen and there are indications of open revolt. Coolidge economy, according to the White House spokesman, rests largely on the accomplishments of the Budget Bureau, and it may be expected that any concerted attack on the authority of General Lord will bring the spokesman to his rescue.

A battle fought doggedly and persistently for two years by the leading women's organizations of the country came to a victorious finish when the Senate passed the bill extending for two years the Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infancy Act. Surviving the perils of a filibuster, surviving the attacks of the "states' rights" enthusiasts and the

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A Woman Wiolds the Baton

Already Famous in Europe, Margerete Dessoiff is showing America just how fine a Conductor and Musician a Woman can be

By MILDRED ADAMS

MARGERETE DESSOFF. serene and attractive in a gray gown that matched the silver of her hair, stepped up on the conductor's platform of Carnegie Hall and raised her slim baton. The pastel chorus rustled obediently to its feet. Again she signaled them, and with a fine clarity of attack they sounded the first notes of a Bach cantata.

It was the beginning of the Christmas concert of the Schola Cantorum. It was also the end of a tradition, and the forging of another link in the chain of women's achievements. Until Miss Dessoiff's appearance as guest conductor of the famous chorus, no woman had ever led one of the great New York City choral organizations.

At first the flow and swing of gray silk was distracting. It was only after eyes had explored the dance of the simple gown as it followed its wearer's vigorous movements, had weighed free white arms against the usual strained black coat sleeves and had balanced the swing of a silken skirt against the flapping of meaningless coat tails, that ears were free to listen to the lovely music Miss Dessoiff was evoking.

It was music distinguished by a fine and able musicianship. Miss Dessoiff had built her program with care and knowledge, had balanced and proportioned it. Her conducting had about it a sureness and a serene power that drew much of her life in shades and expressions and beauty of ensemble that she desired. Her chorus was her instrument, and she played upon it with great, if quiet, skill.

That skill has been fostered by a lifelong devotion to music. Margerete Dessoiff, Viennese by birth, but living much of her life in Frankfort, Germany, built up one of the most famous women's choruses in the world. For a woman it was pioneering, for women conductors are no more usual in Europe than they are in the United States. Yet she has always refused to allow that feature of her work to be unduly emphasized. Naturally feminists have acclaimed her as an outstanding example



The first woman to conduct a great New York chorus

of feminine success in a man's job. But her own preference is to be judged not as a woman doing an unusual thing, but as a fine musician working out a legitimate ideal in a field which holds much promise.

She is a scholar as well as a musician. Her knowledge of the whole literature of choral music is extraordinary, and she makes up her programs not from that which is "popular" or "interesting"—she has a deep distrust of the latter overworked word—but from the music which choruses have sung throughout the ages. The widespread interest which her work has aroused among musicians and music lovers is due in no small measure to the unusual quality of those programs.

Miss Dessoiff is a woman of middle age now, slightly taller than the average, moving across her hotel rooms to greet a stranger with the same easy and assured grace that drew one's eye as she crossed the wide stage of Carnegie Hall. Her face beneath her waving gray hair has strength and dignity, her fingers a warm clasp, and her whole being radi-

ates a depth, a richness, and a poise that is at once delightful and impressive. Behind her cordial words and her generous smile one feels that rare quality which is the whisper of greatness.

The keynote of her life and her work has been slow and well-ordered growth. It was perfectly apparent as she talked that she would never allow herself to be heralded by a blare of trumpets, nor lured by the shiny vision of a sudden success. Her whole training has been away from the bizarre and the half-baked, and toward a breadth of knowledge and a depth of understanding.

She was born in Vienna, into an atmosphere saturated with music and all its trials and delights. Her father was Felix Otto Dessoiff, teacher of Mottl, Nikisch, Gericke and other famous musicians, conductor of the Royal Opera and Philharmonic for fifteen years, an intimate friend of Brahms, and one of the leading figures in a brilliant musical community. She was the only daughter among four sons, and her father, loath to have any of his children follow the hard path to musicianship, was especially opposed to any such aspirations on the part of his daughter.

"He wanted me to stay at home, and be his home-keeping child," she said with a tender smile that had sadness in it. For he died when she was only eighteen.

In spite of his prejudices, he had allowed her piano and voice lessons for years, and had sometimes stopped in his hurried life to give her counsel. The ways of conducting were as familiar to her as walking, for she had watched his methous with an eager interest heightened by deep affection.

"Always I wanted to be a teacher," she said earnestly. "Never did I want to perform myself, never to be a star, but always to teach other people."

She began to teach within a year after her father's death, and it was in the town of Frankfort that she started the chorus which was to make her famous. It began as an important part of the training of her pupils.

"You see," she explained, "true musicianship can only be achieved

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© Photos by Eric Stahlberg

The children co-operate in caring for "Tiny Tim" as their parents co-operate in the Nursery School at Smith College

Co-operating Mothers

By ETHEL PUFFER HOWES and ESTHER H. STOCKS

Home and Marriage and other Interests—How combine? The Institute at Smith College is seeking a Solution. A Co-operative Nursery School, reflected in the Illustrations, is its First Experiment. A Co-operative Laundry, a Co-operative Kitchen are planned. Some CITIZEN Readers consider Marriage and a Full-time Career a Possible Combination, Some view the Idea with Alarm. This Experiment suggests a Middle Course. What do You think of It? Dr. Howes, Well-known Educator, is the Director of the Institute, and Miss Stocks is its Secretary

CHILDREN, children everywhere! Some on foot, some in carts, some in limousines, some on the handle bars of paternal bicycles, a few even in perambulators, they come from all directions to the narrow street that runs along the upper side of the Smith College campus. If one follows and watches where they go one finds that the Pied Piper leads them to a capacious white house with fenced-in yard and broad, sunny windows lined with plants and bulbs.

This is, technically, the Demonstration House of the Institute for the Co-ordination of Women's Interests. Colloquially it is the Co-operative Nursery School, and this is the first of a group of co-operative experiments planned by the Institute, in the belief that through

the help of co-operation women may best find the way to balanced, well-integrated lives. Truth to tell, these mothers that we see bringing, some of them, six or eight children—to save other mothers of their neighborhoods the daily trip, or a long walk in case they have no cars—are practicing co-ordinators.

But we are getting ahead of the story! Before we begin to talk of integration and co-ordination too much, let us follow these toddlers and their parents in at the front door of the "capacious white house" and see the experiment in a little more detail.

We are at once in the midst of a merry chatter that is dominated by the musical successes of Tiny Tim, the canary who, in his sunny corner, rises by thirds and fifths to the heights of glorious song. In the hall, children are stripping off coats

and sweaters and mothers are waiting until their children have been inspected by the school nurse, for colds and infections must be caught in the very beginning stages and children with any sign of sore throat or runny nose may not stay.

Inspection completed, the children who are "almost five" go upstairs to the playrooms where large building blocks, carpentry materials and even a real painting easel are to be found, for they are beyond the peg boards and trains of cars that fascinate the younger group. They want to make their own trains of cars out of the vari-shaped blocks and to paint their own pictures instead of always looking at those made by others. On the way up, one of them leans over the banister to say to his mother, "I'm going upstairs now, mother, to make a

castle, and you can go home and cook the dinner."

Suddenly we realize that the mothers have all gone, except the one whose turn it is to assist—for the school is entirely co-operative, not only financially but also in that the twenty or so mothers take turns in actually observing and assisting with the children, and mothers and fathers both are present and have their suggestions to make when policies are being outlined.

The littlest ones, after the early morning drink of water, followed by the most proper wiping of the mouth and disposal of the paper napkin in the wastebasket, have settled themselves at tiny tables, just the right size, or on the window bench, or on the floor on tiny rag rugs that they have unrolled from the low cupboards, to play with pegs, or to string beads, or to fit Montessori cylinders into the amazingly puzzling holes from which they have been taken. The assisting mother hovers about taking notes, for before she really assists she must go through a period of observation that will acquaint her with the principles and methods of the school. The teacher is unobtrusively guiding her tiny pupils so that they may learn that even in play one can be planful and tidy, and that one can concentrate. Another teacher has gone upstairs to help with the building and carpentering and painting, and she is being assisted by a graduate student from the college department of education, a student who, like the assisting mother, is learning the methods and principles and their application.

And now there is a bustling, a general picking up of toys and putting away neatly behind the gay-colored curtains of the low cupboards. It is time for the News Circle and all are eager to take their places cross-legged (if one is not too plump) in the circle in the middle of the front playroom. Maybe the older children will be down to join it.

So the morning goes, until it is time to jump up and get on coats and leggings for a walk to see the neighbor's chickens, geese and rabbits, or for games in the sunny yard where there are packing boxes for making houses or boats and a slide, sand-box and teeter for those who are not busy with the boxes.

But what does all this mean as an experiment? If it is the first of a series of experiments, what others are to follow? Why should we have an Institute for such experiments? What is a "balanced well-integrated life," and why are women not living such lives at present?

The balanced, integrated life, according to the Institute, is one that includes all a woman's interests, that causes her to use *all* her powers and faculties instead of developing one side only of her nature and mourning the

death of the other side. It believes that such an integration would make women happier, more interesting, more *serene* members of society. As to why women are not living such lives at present, it replies that, to begin with, it is because the world requires too much of them—requires, indeed, that they shall carry

not one but several full-time jobs.

First, it demands that they be educated women. The attitude toward women's education has radically changed, and we have a larger college-trained group of women than America has ever before known.

Simultaneously public opinion has come to favor women's interests in the vocations and professions. Women have, after a slight struggle, been received into the business field, and, once received, have proved their ability and value. The vocational interest has spread to the colleges, which is not surprising since the employer is eager to have trained and educated persons on his staff, and the student, on the other hand, is eager to put her training to immediate use. In fact, the outstanding idea in the mind of the present-day college senior is that in a few months she will "have a job" and she concentrates on finding what it shall be. Rapidly the colleges are establishing vocational guidance departments and placement bureaus to help their students find openings in the types of work for which they are



Castles in Spain may sometimes be built of blocks and are very stimulating to the imagination



In a co-operative school, as in all good modern schools, children learn to relax

best fitted or for which they are trained.

But if all this is to come in a woman's life, is marriage to be the crowning experience that it ideally should? Is it going to mean the addition of the home interest to the preceding intellectual or professional interest resulting in a perfectly balanced, integrated life, a realization of "The Good Life," philosophically speaking? We readily concede that this should be the case, but when, confronting reality, we hope to find it so, we face a dilemma.

The demands of society become irrational when one marries. Society demands that home-making, especially for the young married woman of average means, be a full-time job. Having conceded that women have brains and should therefore be educated, it now says that this training, together with the expense of it, be forgotten, or at least sublimated in an endless round of homely, household tasks. If for economic reasons, or for the sake of intellectual satisfaction, the married woman attempts to keep up her professional interests, she finds herself the slave of two masters, for the vocational world, in its turn, demands full time or none.

In the realization of the immensity of this problem, the Institute for the Coordination of Women's Interests was established a year ago at Smith College for purposes of research and experiment that might lead to a some-time solution. The Institute believes that on the vocational side branches of the professions must be studied wherein married women can do work of a more or less free-lance type, in their own time, and at home if necessary. They should not expect to "compete," nor to carry on a "career" in the full sense of the word, but they can

at least hope to keep the thread of their former interests and thereby gain the essential intellectual satisfaction.

at less expense than a number of individual nursemaids, who at best, as one mother has put it, "merely air the children" instead of

caring for them competently and planfully, according to educational principles?

The task of the Institute, then, is to study, first, the professions, secondly, the co-operative organizations where they exist or have existed, and, finally, the experiences of individual women who have combined, in any degree, married and professional life. In the professions, surveys are being made of journalism and architecture specifically. If there is time or room in its already overcrowded three-year program the Institute may go on to others. The co-operative organizations are being studied in Europe as well as in America and on the basis of the assembled data experiments are being started in the Demonstration House in Northampton and standardizations will be made so that similar or-

ganizations can be started by any average community.

The Nursery seemed the best experiment to start with, for the preliminary scientific and economic studies were ready at hand. It remained to find whether these could be put on a simplified co-operative basis, acceptable to parents in any average group. This, in fact, constituted for the Institute the onus of its experiment. Although the school did not open until fall, its beginnings were well under way last spring when the parents of prospective pupils met with the Institute staff to discuss its possibilities and desirabilities. One of the fathers at that time drew up an excellent prospectus of what the aims of the school should be. The budgets were

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While the children are absorbed in the News Circle their mothers have time to "keep the thread" of their own special interests

But even for this there must be an adjustment on the household side, an adjustment that will release time in which women may work on the "thread." One way to this is to be found in co-operation, in making many of the household tasks neighborhood, rather than individual problems. Why not have a neighborhood cook rather than six individual family cooks and, several days a week, receive cooked food ready to serve and thus leave a proportionate number of hours free for something other than the planning and preparing of menus? Why not have a neighborhood washing machine instead of six individual washing machines and, through a little co-operative planning, save time and money in turning out the weekly laundry? Why not have a neighborhood nursery school

Current Events

By ETHEL PAINE

The Nicaraguan Situation

WHEN the United States gave weight to its recognition of Adolfo Diaz as President of Nicaragua by active support, just short of intervention, against Dr. Juan Sacasa, a rival claimant for office, a series of events was set in motion that opened up the general question of American relations with Latin-America and the specific question of our relations with Mexico in a dramatic way.

It is interesting to go back a few years and trace the steps by which these two rivals appeared in Nicaragua this winter and discover why there is a great difference of opinion as to the constitutionality of their respective claims for office. The Washington Letter (page 17) gives the developments in the capital. It is reserved for this department to go back fifteen years in the past—to 1912—when Adolfo Diaz was, as he is now, President of Nicaragua. He came into office—it is said with American assistance—at the end of six years of civil war and political upheaval, and with a recalcitrant Congress on his hands that undertook to declare in a resolution its objection to interference by the United States in its domestic affairs. President Diaz dissolved it, but not in time to prevent its electing a new President who promptly ordered a revolution to put Diaz out of office. Here is where the American marines came in. They landed in time to save the situation for Diaz, and stayed in Nicaragua to "preserve order" until shortly after the election that provided the starting point for the present difficulties.

Election—1924

IN this election, which took place in 1924, the coalition ticket with Carlos Solorzano for President and Dr. Juan Sacasa for Vice-President, won a substantial victory over Emiliano Chamorro, the Conservative candidate. In fact, so substantial was this victory that only one inference seemed possible. The order that the American marines had stayed thirteen years in Nicaragua to preserve was established, and the marines sailed for home.

They had been gone only a few weeks when the forces of the defeated candidate attacked Managua, the Nicaraguan capital. Solorzano managed to keep the Presidency by letting Chamorro exercise

most of the prerogatives of office, but Dr. Sacasa was driven from Nicaragua and the "resignation" of Solorzano soon followed. Sacasa as Vice-President would have succeeded him, but on the much debated constitutional ground that by his absence from the country he forfeited his office, Chamorro "succeeded" to the Presidency.

Chamorro

CLAIMING to be a friend of the United States, Chamorro made every effort to gain recognition. But this the State Department refused because of an agreement with the five Central American states whereby no recognition was to be extended to Latin-American governments that came into power by force. Within a few weeks another revolution broke out. The United States, in an effort to restore order, banned the shipment of arms to Nicaragua and our Chargé d'Affaires was active in a peace conference that failed.

The Bolshevik Bogey

THIS failure led to the resignation of Chamorro, and the election of his associate, Adolfo Diaz, by the Nicaraguan Congress under a constitutional provision that it may act when the popularly elected President and Vice-President are out of the country. The fact that they were absent unwillingly was not given weight. The United States, however, accepted the interpretation of the Constitution as applied in this instance and promptly extended recognition.

Dr. Sacasa, Vice-President in the Solorzano régime, returned to the east coast of Nicaragua, declared himself head of the constitutional government of Nicaragua, and was recognized by Mexico. Immediately the rivalry of two political factions in a small Central American state was overshadowed by the suggested rivalry of Mexico and the United States for control of the situation. President Diaz, it will be remembered, started the issue by crying, "Wolf, wolf." In a statement issued at the time of his recognition he appealed to the United States for aid against his rival, charging that arms and munitions were reaching him from Mexican sources. Secretary Kellogg repeated this charge, and the story that Mexico was endeavoring to establish a "Bolshevist-

inspired hegemony" between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal went out under a Washington date-line.

"Intervention"

NOTHING more would have been heard of this story, in all probability, had not Dr. Sacasa's followers taken possession of some of the most important towns and cities of Nicaragua. Admiral Latimer, commanding American naval forces in Nicaraguan waters, thereupon announced that Puerto Cabezas, the Liberal capital, would be made a neutral zone for the protection of American interests. Soon other neutral zones were established, American marines took up quarters once more in Managua, and President Coolidge lifted the ban on the shipment of arms to Nicaragua in favor of the Diaz régime.

"This is intervention," claimed some. Various explanations were given. There are heavy American investments in lumber, fruit, and other enterprises. There are the loans of American bankers.

Three explanations were advanced by the Administration: that the landing of the marines was a justifiable act for the protection of American lives and property; that the diplomatic representatives of other countries had asked protection for their nationals; and that the route for a second canal, the rights to which we had previously purchased from Nicaragua, was threatened.

President Coolidge sent an unexpected message to Congress in review and support of the Administration's policy; Secretary Kellogg charged that Mexican activity in support of Sacasa was the work of Russian Communists; Senator Borah counter-charged that the Bolshevik bogey was being invoked in an effort to prepare the public mind for an open break with Mexico.

Public Opinion

THE bulk of press and public opinion, which expressed itself in many ways, was against forcing an issue, and gradually it seemed to bring a change in the Administration's attitude. It began to look as if its policy had been founded on the belief that recognition of the Diaz Government would result in the immediate collapse of the revolutionary movement, and when the movement did not collapse,

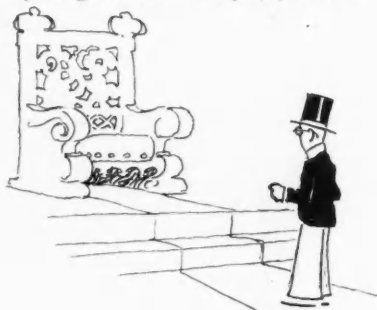
the Administration was led into a series of acts which brought confusion in regard to its intentions regarding both Mexico and Nicaragua.

As this is written, early adjustment of the Nicaraguan affair is predicted.

And Now, Mexico

THE only question to be settled between the United States and Mexico, says our Government, is whether property duly acquired by Americans is to be confiscated under the provisions of the new alien land and petroleum laws which substitute fifty-year leases for permanent possession. As the laws went into effect January 1, both countries are now waiting for a test case to make its way through the Mexican courts. Several of these cases have already started, for though many oil companies, realizing that fifty years is a long time in the life of an oil well, submitted their titles for confirmation to the Mexican Government, others refused to give up any part of their rights on property acquired before the Constitution of 1917 went into effect. These have applied in Tampico for injunctions restraining the Mexican Government from infringement of their rights and cancellation of their drilling permits. Secretary Kellogg's last note to the Mexican Government backs this claim, and when the Mexican Supreme Court makes a ruling on the cases the issue will again be joined. Meantime arbitration is being talked of in both countries and President Calles has just informally accepted the principle of arbitration—that is, arbitration of the effects of the laws, not of the laws themselves.

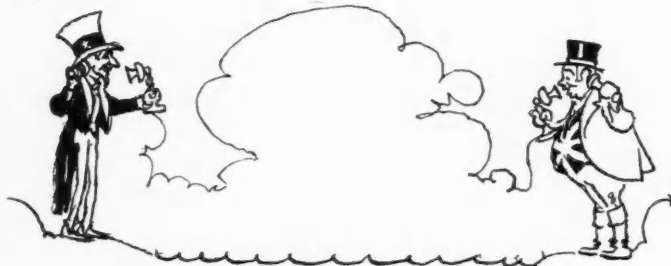
A possible threat to this development comes from the religious unrest in Mexico caused by the Government's edicts against the Catholic Church. Wild rumors have been coming from Mexican and other sources about a Catholic rebellion in Jalisco. But as we went to press, these rumors lacked confirmation though there seemed to be evidence that Federal troops were putting down sporadic uprisings of no military importance.



The Throne of his Fathers

Panama

NO summary of the developments in our relations with Latin-America in the past month is complete without bringing into the picture the



Across the Pond

treaty of Panama, the terms of which were made public just after the January issue went to press. By this treaty Panama undertakes to turn over to the United States all resources of the republic in the event of war, and to give us at all times supervision of its radio communication and of the cables in the harbor of Colon. This treaty, which is not yet ratified, is being bitterly opposed in Panama, and is an object of interest to European observers. The building of the Panama Canal, they say, was the first step down the slope of imperialism, and they look on this treaty and our recent show of force in Nicaragua as natural consequences of the national and international commitments we made when we undertook the construction of this great inter-ocean passage. "In the end you are compelled to act just as we do," is the substance of their comment.

Papal Blessing for Briand

IN Europe the progress of the Franco-German reconciliation program was expedited by two significant and unexpected moves. The Papal Nuncio in Paris, in a brilliant tribute to France's work for peace, conveyed what was interpreted as the papal blessing on Briand's foreign policy. In France the Catholics in politics are largely Nationalist. In Germany they form the important Center Party, which belongs to the moderate bloc largely responsible for the development of the conciliatory program that has brought Germany back into the community of nations. For these reasons, it seems certain that the Vatican's tribute to France will lessen Nationalist opposition to Briand in the French Parliament and in Germany will influence the formation of the new Cabinet along liberal lines. The Vatican's next move was to place *L'Action Francaise*, the French Royalist newspaper, on the Index as condemned and prohibited to all good churchmen. This not only tends to separate Catholics in

France from an obstructionist movement, but marks a new stage in the better relations between France and the Vatican that have developed since the war.

The election of Fernand Buisson, of the Socialist wing, as President of the Chamber of Deputies, showed there was still a majority in the chamber for Foreign Minister Briand. This improvement in the political outlook was further strengthened by the Cabinet's approval of Briand's declaration on his foreign policy. The ministry of National Union under Premier Poincaré therefore began the new session with a new lease of life for Briand's Franco-German reconciliation program and for the completion of the Poincaré program for financial rehabilitation.

Complications in Germany

IN Germany the effort to form a new Cabinet was complicated by the conflict between the Left and the Right over the administration of the Reichswehr, the German Republican army. The issues between these two sets of parties—for Germany has a many-party system—were further sharpened by a provision in the new budget for an expenditure on the present small navy equal to almost half of that for the vanished pre-war fleet. At the time the Reichstag reconvened after a month's recess, all efforts to establish a workable coalition had failed. Dr. Julius Curtius, former Minister of Commerce, had a week's try to effect a combination of Nationalist and Centrists, but failed because the leaders of the Center Party were disinclined to submit the republican régime and Locarno to the hazards of unsympathetic Nationalist control. Former Chancellor Marx was then called in, but his failure was predicted, and a dissolution of the Reichstag loomed on the horizon.

In the meantime the unsettled questions regarding German armament came up for negotiation between German representatives and the Allied Council of Ambassadors. The points of dispute were the new guns in the German fortresses in East Prussia and the export of half-finished munitions of war, including engines for battleships and lenses for range finders and field glasses. Should these questions be still unsettled on the day that control of German armament passes to the League of Nations, they will be referred to the League Council. The determining of the day on which the Allied military control commission should cede its authority to the League was expected to hasten the

negotiations for evacuation of the Rhineland and the Saar. But the German ministerial crisis has operated to postpone them, for weeks and perhaps for months.

The Fascist Youth Movement

IN Italy Mussolini has rather belatedly set about safeguarding Fascism from irresponsible friends. He issued an order forbidding all acts of lawlessness directed against foreign representatives. This followed stiff protests from the French Government and from the Vatican because of attacks on French consulates and Catholic institutions after the attempt on the Premier's life at Bologna. The acts of violence against the French were known at the



The Church approves of France

time, but it was left to the Pope to reveal that Catholics had also suffered through Fascist extremists.

The allocution which contained the charges was variously interpreted, for though it condemned the Fascist theory of the state as an end in itself, it expressed deep personal esteem for Mussolini. A study of the document showed that the point at issue was the reference to the Childhood and Youth Leagues now being formed under Fascist auspices. Without mentioning them by name the Pope spoke of the "obscure menace" which hung over the youth of the Catholic Action Organization. But the Government, through a "spokesman," intimated that when the statutes were published the misunderstanding would end. In the meantime, it was announced that 1927 in Italy would be devoted to a mobilization of youth into Fascist ranks, the spread of popular education, and increase in the productivity of labor.

In the foreign field, Italy brought an end to misunderstanding with Germany through an arbitration treaty by which the two countries pledge to arbitrate or compromise all issues that may lead to war.

Japan's New Emperor

JAPAN is meeting its new economic and social problems under a new Emperor. Immediately after the

death of Yoshihito, his eldest son, Hirohito, who has held the regency for five years, assumed imperial rank. His first message to his people was a pledge for peace. This pledge was reaffirmed by his Foreign Minister, Baron Shidehara. In a notable address to the Diet, he defined Japanese policy toward China's civil war as one of complete neutrality. He described the improvement in relations with the Soviets, whose policy he said was in no way aggressive, and toward the end, after stating that the immigration exclusion question had not been adjusted, gave a challenging call for accord with the United States as guardian with his country of the peace of the Pacific.

Crisis in China

A NEW turn was given to events in China by the British memorandum to the Powers, recommending almost complete autonomy in Chinese taxation, admitting that many of the treaties are out of date and should be revised, or else quietly abandoned, and above all opposing any measure that did not take into full account the nationalist aspirations of the Chinese people. The victorious advance of the Cantonese armies and the damage to British trade as a result of the anti-foreign agitation brought about this re-orientation of British policy.

But this signal for the passing of the old foreign status in China met many difficulties. It failed to get the support of France and of Japan and it came too late to assuage the bitterness of the anti-foreign feeling. Nevertheless it was an adventurous effort to anticipate a situation that was expected to develop—the establishment of the Canton Government as the authority for Southern and Central China, if not for China as a whole—and it was accompanied by a policy in accord with that effort.

Remembering Wahnsien and Shameen, the British preferred to evacuate their concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang rather than fire on the Chinese mob that stormed it. Cantonese soldiers came belatedly to their rescue at Hankow and the British are once more back in their concession there. But that the riots in the Yangtse cities foreshadowed a grave situation for foreigners in China was shown by later reports of anti-Christian riots at Foochow. Additional British cruisers were sent to Chinese waters and American destroyers were despatched to Shanghai, toward which the victorious Cantonese armies were moving. No change in policy toward China was planned, but the interested Powers made evident their intention to protect the lives and property of their nationals to the utmost.

Great Britain, in particular, hastened to put into effect decisions reached at a Cabinet meeting to consider the question.

In addition to despatching additional cruisers, one of the largest forces of marines ever destined for service abroad began to assemble, and was expected to sail immediately for China. It begins to look, as we go to press, as if Great Britain's costly initiative was undertaken on the theory it is worth while to risk all in order to gain all.

Meanwhile Wellington Koo and Eugene Chen, representing the warring forces of North and South China, agree that agitation against foreign aggression—so far as America is concerned—would abate within forty-eight hours if this country would announce a policy toward China which would recognize her complete autonomy. Senator Borah reiterates that to do so would be the supreme chance for the United States to save the situation which is growing more desperate every hour. The Administration continues "to hope that the disorders in China will subside."

The Radiophone

THE radiophone over which New York has been conversing with London is one more step to what looks like the final annihilation of time and space for a busy world. "Hello, London." "Are you there, New York?" At the rate of \$75 this new marvel has been quickly put into its place as a means to close a deal, to make a date, or to say "Good-night" to a friend.

Query

TO end on a query. What is it to be educated? The Princess Tarhata Kiran, charming daughter of the Sultan of Sulu, and a bobbed-haired graduate of the University of Illinois, has succumbed to tradition and entered the harem of a Sulu dignitary. When she returned to her own land, her own environment, it is possible she had no other place to go. But we would like to know what she thinks about.

January 24, 1927.



The Prodigal Daughter Comes Home to the Harem



From the midst of the town of Le Puy rise several volcanic hills. On this, "the Needle of Le Puy," is St. Michael's Church, which was begun in the ninth century

EVERYDAY FRANCE

WE are only able to show "stills," but in the files of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, are thousands of feet of film—of France and French life, everyday French life—taken by Mrs. Philip H. Pratt and her husband.

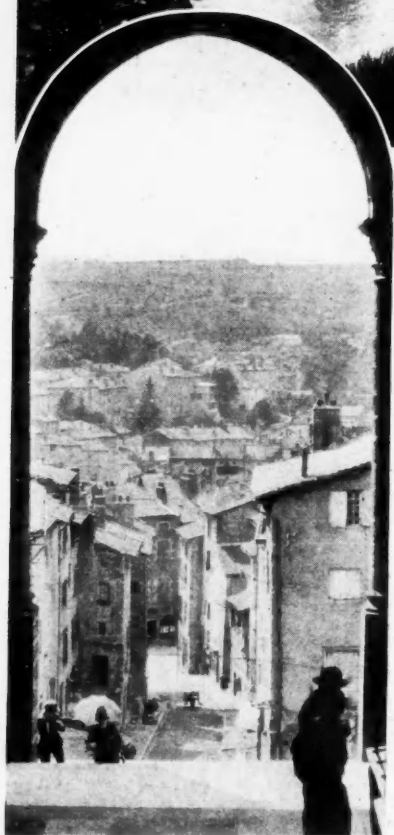
It was Mrs. Pratt's idea. She was asked by the Museum authorities to give an illustrated lecture to children on everyday French life. Though she skurried all over New York no everyday movies were forthcoming. She could find pictures of French generals and French battles, of cathedrals and the opera in Paris, but none of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker and their respective families. Mrs. Pratt as a member of the artist staff of the Museum has exceptional facilities for getting pictures, so the fact that she could find none was practically proof that they did not exist.

In the spring of 1925 Mrs. Pratt

and her husband sailed for France. They had the blessing and backing of the Museum and the co-operation of the French Ministry of Fine Arts.

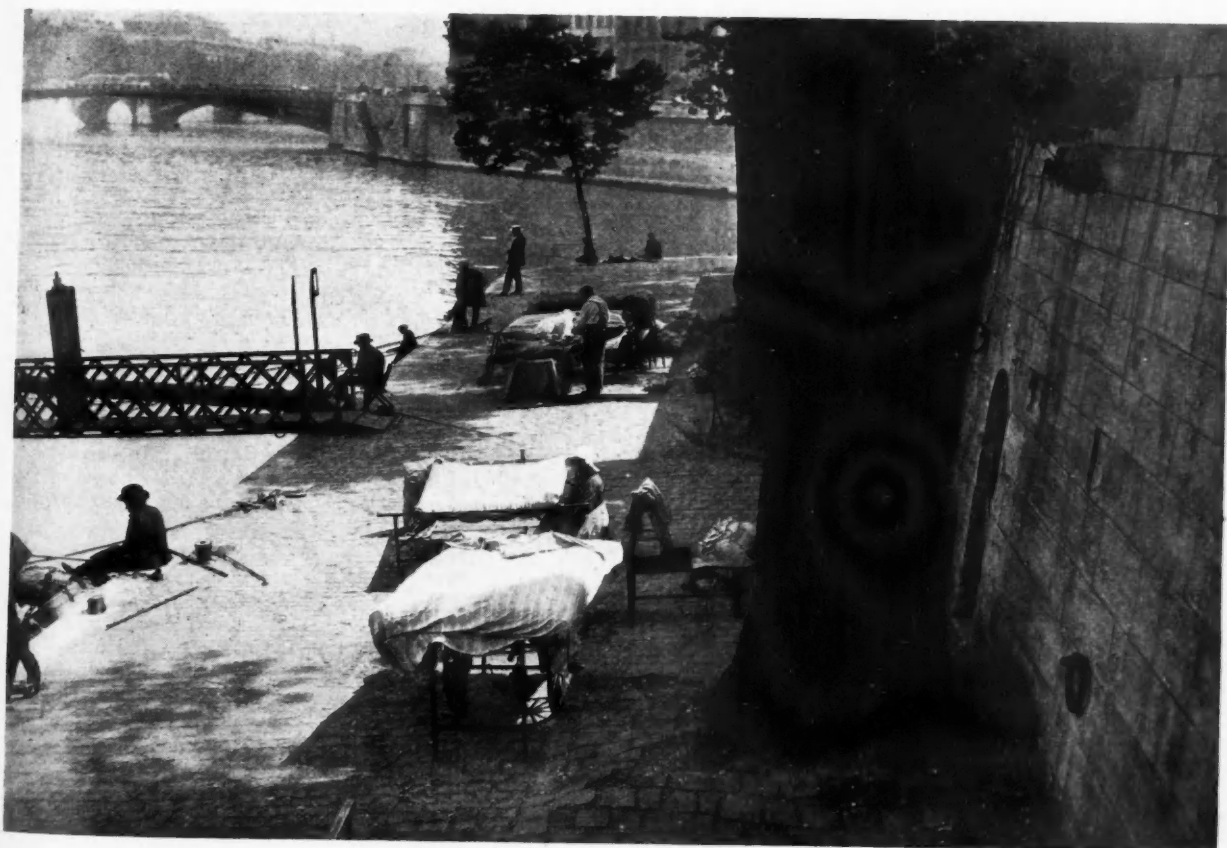
The French movies they brought back met with such a delighted reception that Mrs. Pratt was encouraged to go a second time. The pictures we show here are from among her latest prints. Mrs. Pratt shows her movies and lectures on them to the thousands of New York school children who troop to the Museum for the lectures arranged for them there in co-operation with the municipal board of education.

Mr. George H. Sherwood, director of the Museum, believes that a generation that has the intimate view of other nations that such pictures can give, will grow up more internationally minded, less narrow, less provincial than might otherwise be the case. He feels that Mrs. Pratt is making a very real contribution to education.—E. B. K.



On another volcanic rock in Le Puy is the cathedral from whose doorway this picture of "Main Street" was taken

Chinon, one of the loveliest towns on the Loire, to the right. Below, an out-of-doors industry of Paris, rarely noticed though it is literally under the tourist's nose. If you peer over the parapet of the Seine and forget about the view, you can see besides the inevitable fishermen, mattresses being made and chairs mended on the embankment. Why, no one knows. But it is this sort of every-day scene Mrs. Pratt was looking for—and caught with her camera



Editorially Speaking

Public Opinion Does Work

WOULD it have happened twenty—or even a dozen years ago? Would the public opinion of the country have risen in such solid protest against the menace of needless war? It's doubtful. Something has happened to the mind of this people. All the years of insistent preaching of arbitration instead of force—through League of Nations, World Court, Locarno, Thoiry—have left their stamp. It is as if the people, with a remarkably strong voice, had said to the Government, Now practice what you have preached—arbitration, reason, concession, negotiation, NOT force—certainly not force to settle a controversy over property.

Apparently the message was needed. It is not necessary to assume that any one wanted war with Mexico—any one, at least, in the Government. But a fortnight ago, it was war-making talk that came from Washington. The emphasis was on upholding Diaz in Nicaragua, supported by the presence of our marines; on maintenance of American property rights in Mexico. Now, though neither claim is abandoned, the talk is more pacific talk of arbitration and conciliation. In between, there has been the concerted protest and urging of women's organizations, church bodies, societies of many sorts, individuals by the thousand, and a remarkable array of reasoned objection, warning, ridicule, and earnest urging on the part of the press—an attitude shared even by normally conservative papers. It is a heartening demonstration that public opinion can be enlightened and effective.

* * *

Make Arbitration a Habit

HOW much harm has already been done to the frail fabric of inter-American friendship can only be guessed. No one can escape knowing that the United States is regarded in many parts of Latin America with distrust, suspicion, even hate. And for cause. American capital, going into the Southern countries, has strongly demanded protection at any cost, and the protection has been forthcoming—at any cost. The stories of the United States in several Latin-American countries are by no means pleasant reading. Now the mismanagement of the Mexican oil controversy, the unsupported charges of a Mexican-Nicaraguan Bolshevik propaganda, the very peculiar construction of "neutrality" in Nicaragua, have added painfully to the total count. It should be the concern of a public which has refused to see red, or even to believe in Red bogeys, to help form a new friendship policy. Capital will continue to go into South and Central America, clashes of interest will continue to occur, situations to arise. If arbitration can be used to settle the present double

problem—and we must insist that it can—it can be made a regular means of handling inter-American relationships. It has been done more than once in the history of Latin-American affairs. It has been done repeatedly in Europe since permanent machinery was set up in Geneva. The great thing is to make arbitration a habit, so that it would be as monstrous for a nation to use force on another without first trying out arbitration as for an individual with a grievance to appeal to murder instead of law.

If you believe arbitration is the answer, wire or write to Washington.

* * *

Easy Liquor—Your Problem

THERE are said to be twenty-two thousand speak-easies in New York City—twenty-two thousand places where your boy can get a drink every time he runs down from college. There are said to be over one hundred night clubs in New York City. A night club is a retired and airless suite of small rooms where your daughter's boy friend may take your daughter and spend most of the night feeding her synthetic gin. Some of them are more decorous than they were a few months ago, because New York City's mayor has asked them to close at three o'clock in the morning so that boys and girls can go home early.

We mention New York City because it is here that the WOMAN CITIZEN is published. Perhaps you don't live in New York and perhaps you have no children in near-by schools, so you think this does not concern you. But a short time ago two truck loads of booze were seized by prohibition officials on a Connecticut country road. No one knows where it was headed for. Some of that contraband cargo may have been meant for your country club, or for that attractive dinner and dancing place between you and the next town—the one the young folks say is the nicest. Larger and smaller amounts have been seized or are known to have been handled on most of the big highways of the country.

Such conditions probably exist near to the home of nearly every woman who reads this. This is one way we are developing in these United States. It was not true in the same way ten years ago. Today all of us women have votes. What are we doing to meet this situation?

* * *

Mothers and Babies Win

PUBLIC opinion, applied persistently and intelligently by a persistent and intelligent group of women, was unmistakably the force that brought renewal of the Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infancy Act for another two years.

Representatives of organized women—that lobby

which is not ashamed to be called a lobby, however the *Woman Patriot* may rave—concentrated on the Senate the desires of those organizations and other groups the country over. Despite a maddening filibuster, despite the urgencies of a short session already crowded with trouble, this concentrated demand triumphed. It is true that a concession had to be made to those who draw the Federal aid line at mothers and babies; the Act will automatically expire on June 30, 1929, and all the responsibility will then pass back to the individual states. But though it is a pity to put so definite a limit to this nation-state co-operation, those who know the work best feel that two years more will give a chance to complete an impressive demonstration, and that the states may then approach readiness to care unaided for their mothers and babies. Working against time, it is believed, will keep up all efforts.

Of course the end of Sheppard-Towner arguments means the end of some choice Senate humor—such as Senator Jim Reed's classic remarks about the "baby bill" and the "old maids" of the Children's Bureau. Also the end of such inconsistencies as that of the Pennsylvania Senator Reed—who, a few days before voting against Federal aid to promote mother and baby health throughout the country, urged a \$9,000 increase in Federal aid for the study of a mushroom disease which prevails in only two counties. Oh, well, there may be some other welfare measure which can be minimized in comparison with mushrooms or hogs.

* * *

"Peaches" Publicity

MENTION the names "Peaches" any place in this country and a knowing laugh will follow. Even the children are familiar with the unsavory details of her marriage and divorce claims.

At the moment of writing, the little town where the divorce trial is to be held is reported jammed to overflowing with reporters, photographers and sensation lovers. Not only the tabloid and sensational papers, but also our conservative journals will print pages of testimony of the trial. One recalls the outrageous photograph of the naked back of a woman exposed to the jury to determine her color which was reproduced in one tabloid newspaper not long ago, and the forty reporters from another paper who were regularly engaged on one murder trial so that not a detail might be left to the imagination of the reading public of that most respectable journal.

In England a recent law prohibits the printing of details of divorce cases, with the result, according to reports, that such cases get the barest mention and that the usual giggling audience is now absent.

Whether complete suppression and such censorship is the remedy may be a debatable question; but do we want all our young children to grow up familiar with every detail of lust and filth and crime?

* * *

"Keeping the Thread"

THIS problem of marriage and outside interests challenges the attention of any group. You have only to throw out a remark for or against, and you will get back one against or for. We hope that the article by Dr. Howes and Miss Stocks in this num-

ber will have the same effect, even though response must be by letter. Dr. Howes is director of the Institute at Smith College which is working on ways to win for women from the home-job time to "keep the thread" of another interest. The Institute believes that too many full-time jobs are assigned to the modern woman, and takes the position that a regular full-time home job and a regular full-time outside job are not often compatible. Some of our readers will differ—they will point to instances of home plus job that have worked. But sometimes they forget the failures and ignore the exceptional quality of the women who succeed. No one will claim that a satisfactory solution has been found that can be applied widely, or that the home-plus-job woman has a simple and easy life. The subject is well worth the study and experimentation of such well-equipped women as Dr. Howes and Miss Stocks. We would like to hear not only your opinion and experience but the story of any other organized effort to solve the problem of which you may know.

* * *

Our Chance in China

"THE Powers have puttered too long," was the inevitable comment of any one who knows the real history of China and the Powers, as riots broke out in the port cities. For months China has been tinder waiting the dropped match. Even now, with the situation desperately dangerous, the match has not yet dropped, and there is still a chance to prevent the explosion.

Great Britain's Christmas Day declaration for a modification of extraterritoriality and ultimate recognition of the Canton Government was a surrender to the inevitable. But what of us? We have had the sincere friendship and faith of the Chinese people, and it would seem that a firm, friendly definition of policy promising revision of the Chinese treaties might do much to avert trouble.

Of course, there is no government in China at the moment strong enough to bear the weight of immediate negotiations, nor to provide protection for Americans in China. We can only hope that the Administration and Admiral Williams—in charge of the fleet—may be able to provide protection without recourse to arms. But meantime why not face the fact that new relations with China must be arranged, and accept our responsibility?

* * *

Do We Demand Apollos?

IS it men's own fault that they haven't a higher opinion of women in business? The directors of collegiate vocational bureaus, recently in convention, seem to think so. They say that "a great majority of employers hire girls because they are good to look at rather than because they can do good work." . . . "The same executive who will hold an Apollo face against a young man will insist upon a Venus at his typewriter." Well, all that is beautiful is not necessarily dumb, but this discrimination is hard on the intellectual standing of our sex. But there is this—it's harder on the employer. The next question is, now that women are coming into positions of executive power, do they insist on Apollos as their assistants?

The Woman Voter

The Following Four Pages Are Edited for the National League of Women Voters

By ANNE WILLIAMS WHEATON

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Headquarters

532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Second Conference

THE first Conference on the Cause and Cure of War was something of an experiment. In the minds of most delegates questions arose: Could women as politically minded as the League of Women Voters work effectively with the women whose viewpoint was specialized along church lines, such as the groups in missionary societies? Could the Young Women's Christian Association and the Council of Jewish Women discuss problems frankly and without offense to each other? Could the Association of University Women and the Women's Trade Union League meet each other's viewpoints? And the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the General Federation of Women's Clubs give to the newer groups their combined organization experiences? Could the caution of the elders and the enthusiasm of the youthful strike a common chord? The first conference answered "yes" to each of these questions.

Could findings be adopted which would have real significance and yet not bind the respective organizations? Could a permanent body be established without merging the various groups? Could local and state initiative be developed and national cohesion maintained? Again the affirmative answers given in 1925 were borne out by experience in these two years and reiterated in the 1926 conference.

This conference, held nearly two years later, has come together again enriched by the experiences of many state conferences, stabilized by a feeling of deeds accomplished, and animated by a spirit of unity through the solvent of fellowship in a common endeavor.

There was a brilliant program. There was bold and bald presentation of subject matter. There was no shrinking from the exposition of topics charged with emotional and political explosives. There was dramatic, almost heated debate. But there was dignified control, with freedom of speech, there was a manifest desire to "hear both sides"; there was evident on the part of the women a realization of the necessity to disseminate the knowledge gained, a conviction that they must be articulate through governmental, yes political, means.

The desire to be practical in their expressions; to recommend in the findings policies that had a reasonable possibility of being carried out was marked. Women have for centuries prayed for peace; for a generation or two they have undertaken group organization for peace. But through the second Conference on the Cause and Cure of War it is evident that the voting woman has realized that the means for the cure of war lie in governmental action influenced by intelligent and active public opinion. And with patriotism and patience they have set their hands to the task.

No comment on the conference would be complete without a tribute to its moving spirit, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. The women of the conference are blessed in having as a leader one so wise, so experienced, so human. Mrs. Catt, however, must in the next conference appear on the program as a speaker, was the general comment among delegates—not one

of her short and poignant floor or platform speeches but a full-sized address.

State conferences, local conferences, study groups, continuation programs, intelligent opinion which will bring about political action to stamp out the causes and bring about the cure of war—this summarizes the spirit of the Conference.
 —ADELE CLARK.

In the Congress

The Filibuster on the Maternity and Infancy Act

JUST before the holidays the Maternity and Infancy Act which was before the Senate as "unfinished business" was displaced by a unanimous consent agreement, made some time before, to take up the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bill. The result of this was that the "Sheppard-Towner" bill went back on the Senate calendar where it stayed until January 5. (The bill passed the House at the last session.)

On January 5 Senator Sheppard moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of the Maternity and Infancy bill (H. R. 7555). Senator Bingham (opposed) suggested the absence of a quorum. The roll was called and eighty-two senators answered. Senator Reed of Missouri (opposed) then began to question Senator McNary as to a farm relief bill. Senator Jones of Washington (favorable) raised the point of order that Senator



© U. & U.
 Miss Adele Clark, an artist by profession
 also a National League "F.P.," shown here
 in a new studio pose

Sheppard's motion was not debatable. Senator Reed's reply was, "Of course the Senator is right, but if he thinks he will gain any time on his bill by that sort of tactics I say to him very pleasantly that he will not." Before the motion could be put, Senator Bingham moved to substitute for Senator Sheppard's motion a motion to consider another bill. Senator Jones of Washington and Senator Willis stated that Senator Bingham's motion was not in order and the Vice-President so ruled.

Senator Bruce and Senator Reed called for the yeas and nays. There were 56 yeas and 20 nays—a vote of nearly three to one in favor of taking up the bill. After some debate Senator Bingham moved that the Senate go into executive session. His motion was voted down 57 to 14. This is the third vote this session (the first vote was on December 11 when there were 34 votes in favor of taking up the bill and 14 opposed), plainly indicating the desire of the Senate to proceed to action.

Senator Phipps was the first opponent to speak and what he did was most unusual—he opposed the bill which he had reported favorably with an amendment from his committee. Senator Bingham followed him with another article in opposition. One after another the members of a small minority are talking, talking, talking to prevent a vote being taken.

On January 5, 7 and 8 the filibuster speeches dealt largely with the bill itself and those favoring the bill were forced to let false statement after false statement go into the *Congressional Record* unanswered because they felt that to take any time for refutation would be perilous to getting a vote in this short session where legislation is already so jammed.

On January 10 the opposition resorted to what is known as an "indirect filibuster." The Maternity and Infancy Act as "unfinished business" comes automatically before the Senate daily at two o'clock. Under the rules of the Senate, debate is not limited to the measure technically before the house. Taking advantage of this rule Senators Reed of Missouri and Bruce made lengthy speeches on the prohibition question—Senator Reed's being in part repetition of what he had said some days ago.

In all these ways—by asking for quorum calls, by raising parliamentary questions, by long speeches on matters in no way relating to Maternity and Infancy work, as well as by speeches in opposition to the bill itself—a small group of opponents are keeping a vote from being taken. And this in spite of the fact that whenever a vote has been taken to consider the measure or to prevent its displacement we have won nearly three to one.

The object of the opposition is to prolong debate until the appropriation bills have to be considered. It is their hope that some of the Senators who are favorable to the Maternity and Infancy bill will then vote to displace it by one of the appropriation bills that must be passed before March 4 to prevent the calling of a special session.

The Senate rule allowing unlimited debate on matters not before the Senate—a rule which allows a small minority to prevent the majority from taking a vote—should be repugnant to a democratic nation!—JULIA MAGARET HICKS.

Postscript by wire. On January 13, the Senate passed the Maternity and Infancy Act with an amendment automatically repealing the Act on June 30, 1929. On January 19, the House concurred in the action of the Senate.

The International Labor Office

It is strange how little Americans know of the great work done by the International Labor Office. To members of the League of Women Voters, especially to those in the Women in Industry Committee, its activities are of particular interest.

ALTHOUGH the International Labor Organization (the "I. L. O." as it is popularly known among those who work with it) is the outgrowth of the discussions of the Supreme Economical Council of 1919, its origins go back to the early part of the nineteenth century. However, not until 1900 did the first International Association for Labor Legislation meet. This conference took place in Zurich. Since 1904 international treaties have been agreed upon by different nations covering various labor measures, such as insurance, protection of young people in industry and factory inspection. At Berne in 1905, 1906 and 1913, respectively, three International Labor Conferences were held, but the sum total of their work was not great. They had no authority and no continuing institution. All these efforts did, however, establish precedents for the organization of 1919.

In 1919 the first meeting of the International Labor Organization was held in Washington.

Since that time it has met annually, the next session being at Genoa and all subsequent ones at Geneva. When Geneva became the permanent abode of the International Labor Office, the Swiss government gave a beautiful site on the shores of Lake Geneva and the League of Nations gave \$600,000 to house it. This building was formally opened in June, 1926.

The personnel of the I. L. O. comprises equal representation from the employing, labor and governmental groups of the member countries. Its deliberations result in a program consisting of draft recommendations and conventions. The former are to be submitted by their representatives to the member countries for ratification. They are not in any sense imposed upon the member countries but set forth as international standards to which, it is hoped, the member countries will subscribe. The recommendations are also standards, but consideration of them is not binding upon the legislatures of the member countries. (The United States is not a member of the I. L. O. although it has a staff representative and an office in Washington.)

At the Washington Conference draft conventions were adopted concerning the eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week, unemployment, the employment of women at night, their employment before and after childbirth, age of employment and night work for young persons. Six recommendations were also agreed upon. They dealt with unemployment, the prevention of anthrax, reciprocity in the treatment of foreign workers, protection of women and children against lead poisoning, the establishment of government health services and the application of the Berne Convention of 1904 concerning the prohibition of the use of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches.

Later conferences, one held in Genoa, the others in Geneva, have specialized on four problems—seamen's legislation, standards of agricultural labor, immigration and emigration statistics and factory inspection.

There has purposely been a slowing up in the number of draft conventions and recommendations till those already adopted could be submitted to and passed upon by the member nations. The 1924 conference adopted a draft convention concerning equality of treatment of national and



A New Voters' group at Duke University

foreign workers in workmen's compensation legislation, adopted a recommendation concerning the development of facilities for the utilization of workers' spare time. A chart of the progress of ratification of these measures is published periodically by the I. L. O. and shows remarkable progress in social legislation in the member countries. Even in countries where they are not ratified, the moral effect of the standards adopted by the I. L. O. is incalculable.

One division of the I. L. O. which is much used by Americans even though we do not belong to the organization is the research division. Our letters of inquiry rank in number only below those of Great Britain and France. Many of our agencies, public and private, dealing in industrial and labor information (state boards, chambers of commerce, etc.) utilize the material published by the I. L. O.—MOLLIE RAY CARROLL.

The League on the Campus

ON October 27, 1925, eight students at the University of North Dakota thrilled to the challenge of the League of Women Voters' program, and organized themselves to follow it. Therein lies a story.

Mrs. Irma Poppler, chairman of extension for North Dakota (practical adviser and charming hostess to us), held a dinner that evening. Each of the eight girls present was invited because of her known interest in matters of government, because of excellent work in school and practical knowledge of campus life. The newspapers were generous, but lumped us under "activities." Wise collegians said, "Another club?"

The familiar lift of the collegiate eyebrow we had prepared for. We invited no one to join this League. We adopted a constitution which provided that League membership be limited to upperclassmen who proved serious interest in the work of the League. Girls must apply for membership, fill out blanks, have endorsements and pay dues.

Doubling our membership on this basis we mapped the year's program to inform us about the League itself and its important legislative programs. Twice a month we met, listened to reports, waxed warm in argument. We gained no campus fame. We wanted none. What we did want was to ascertain exactly where our feet were walking before luring others to the path.

When Gertrude Ely came to us our name was permanently endorsed among college people, and our assurance grew. When the editor of the student daily newspaper twice noted approvingly our study program, urging the men to inform themselves likewise, we were a bit gratified.

At a March meeting we suddenly buzzed with excitement. The Women's League, self-governing body, asked the Men's Conference, also self-governing, to cooperate to give women students fair representation in class offices, and found themselves helpless when the men tabled the request indefinitely. It seemed a matter for political adjustment. We, the University of North Dakota League of Women Voters, were told that the practical job was ours. We could prove that our study really equipped us for the fighting line in elections.

After deliberation we concluded that direct primary nom-

inating would be an improvement on the petition system practised here. A program for reform was not launched, but a chairman was appointed to plan and organize the women's fight for representation at this year's elections. That chairman did not return to school; in fact, only seven of us did and it fell to my lot to secure a change.

Eleven days before the election, representatives of all the women's groups were called together. Reviewing the fact that although girls form one-third the student body, in past years they have held only one-tenth the offices, the election plan was submitted. Three days later we announced women candidates for fifty per cent of the offices, stating they were unanimously chosen by the women students and were to run on the ticket of qualification for office and not on sex distinction.

Men students threatened, blustered, asked for a conference which we gave them. Accusing us of the tightest "frame" in history, they asked us to withdraw our nominees. Since we had taken no oath of supporting women nominees the "frame" charge was groundless and we refused to withdraw. The memory of such a retreat would defeat future hope of revolt, we feared. A week later we elected all but one of our candidates, she losing by just four votes.

Having no record of polling in previous years, we only know that the senior class, voting nearly one hundred per cent, broke tradition, and that other classes voted heavily. Our happiest knowledge was in the fact that students talked and

lived on election news for two weeks. We glimpsed the idea that if the political habit could be established in college, democracy might be vital.

Serenely, we seven met afterward to consider the fat list of applications for membership. Carefully we chose twenty-five, planning to assimilate that many again, second semester.

We discuss the national and local legislative issues. No questions are dropped. The latest, "How does the North Dakota Primary Function?" was investigated during the holidays. THE WOMAN CITIZEN is briefed for reviews.

The women who fought for suffrage pointed the way. We, the ever-coming new voters, try not to lose sight of their vision, not to ignore the little stumbling problems we meet on the way. If we could be perfect in these things we might be worthy of our inheritance.—RUTH B. GAULKE.

Our State Presidents

LELIA RUSSELL—less than thirty—the third in a family of seven daughters—is the president of the Florida League of Women Voters.

During her childhood days in Middleport, Ohio, talk of courts and laws intrigued her interest; a grandfather, who had been a lawyer and judge for fifty years, encouraged it; quite naturally, Miss Russell became a lawyer.

Miss Russell was graduated a Bachelor of Laws in 1922 from Stetson University, Florida. She immediately joined a law firm in Miami, and since March, 1925, has had her own offices.

Miss Russell expressed her first active interest in the League as state chairman of the Committee on the Legal Status of Women. In May, 1926, she was elected state president.



Ruth B. Gaulke, a North Dakota University girl, points the way for women's place in "the fighting line in elections"

Bettering Election Machinery

The Efficiency in Government Department at Work in the States

ELECTIONS are the voters' hold on Government. Election laws that are efficient and so far as possible incorruptible are a first interest of the League of Women Voters. Improvements in the registration and election laws are among the major items for legislative action adopted by four state Leagues this year.

In *New York*, where annual personal registration is required of every voter in cities and towns of over 5,000 inhabitants during a few days in the early part of October, the major item on the Department's legislative program is "The extension of time during which voters may register."

The *Ohio* League at its autumn legislative conference voted to make work for permanent registration its major item. Annual registration is now required in Ohio cities with a population of 100,000 or more, and in cities of 11,800 to 100,000 it is required every four years.

The *Pennsylvania* League is urging reform of the state election laws as one of its major tasks. The reform sponsored will be in accord with those recommended in the report of the State Executive Committee of the Commission of Seventy-six, of which Mrs. Miller, the state League president, was a member.

As essential to clean elections, the committee recommendations particularly stress the following points: Mandatory opening of ballot boxes; restriction of assistance to voters; use of voting machines; permanent registration of voters.

Under the direction of Mrs. Raymond F. Wolcott, chairman of the Efficiency in Government Department in *Rhode Island*, the League in that state is sponsoring a general caucus law. Rhode Island has no primary and the general caucus law is proposed as an improvement on the present system in which provision is made for four types of caucuses—non-regulated; regulated, applying to five cities and four towns; regulated, applying to nine towns; and a special type for Westerly only.

In one other state—*Tennessee*—a change in the administration of election laws is sought—that of placing women on Election Boards.

Digests

Interest in election laws is being shown in still another way in the preparation of simple digests of election laws. Since the late summer, such digests have been published in three states—*Maine*, *New York* and *Pennsylvania*. One other state—*Connecticut*—has prepared a revision of its "Party Machinery—The Caucus and Convention System of Connecticut."

Publications

A number of interesting pamphlets and fliers on subjects related to Efficiency in Government have been published during the autumn and winter months.

The *New Jersey* League has published a "Political Primer Series," five pamphlets with the following titles: "Elections in New Jersey," "County Government in New Jersey," "City Government in New Jersey," "State Government in New Jersey" and "The

National Government." The Morris County League in New Jersey published an interesting pamphlet on the Direct Primary versus the Convention, entitled "Your Right to Select Party Candidates Challenged."

In *New York*, Mrs. Yvonne Stoddard Hayes, chairman of Efficiency in Government, is the author of an informing flier, entitled "Our Registration Law—Should It Be Changed?"

In explanation of the permanent registration measure it supports, the *Ohio* League has issued a leaflet, "Permanent Registration." The *Ohio* League's pamphlet, "Retain the Direct Primary," was widely distributed during the League's campaign in opposition to the Knight Amendment seeking to abolish the primary.

Special State Projects

The Efficiency in Government legislative programs in a number of states give promise of long hours of hard work for League members. A few illustrations will indicate that. For example: The program in *Georgia* calls for "A New Constitutional Convention for Georgia," a bill providing for Home Rule in cities and counties, and a tax revision measure; the *Minnesota* League will support further legislation to strengthen the existing law which simplified the state administrative departments; the *Pennsylvania* League will continue to work for the passage of a measure abolishing the fee system of paying tax collectors; and the Leagues everywhere are ready to oppose legislation that would abolish the Direct Primary and to support legislation seeking to improve primary laws.

In anticipation of attempts to repeal or weaken state primary laws, League bulletins from Maine to California have carried informing articles on the primary, and meeting and study groups have been held by state and local Leagues on this subject from Portland to Los Angeles. An all-day Efficiency in Government Conference on the Primary was held by the *New Jersey* League in January under the leadership of the state chairman, Mrs. Hedley V. Cooke.—HELEN M. ROCCA.

For Your Reading Table

An Explanation of the Child Welfare Program. "To see it whole" was the motivating influence back of this truly colossal piece of work. It follows the Child Welfare program word for word, and the program, being a voters' program, is limited to the aspects of child welfare immediately related to government. It both sharpens one's wits and clears the atmosphere of a complicated subject. Copies are five cents each.

The New Education Bill. In three mimeographed sheets Miss Cornelia Adair, National Education Chairman, has ably presented the case for a Federal department of education. This paper will be sent free on request.

Electric Power and the Public Welfare—an address by Mrs. Ann Dennis Bursch at the St. Louis convention. Already it is one of our "best sellers." Copies are five cents each.

Changing the Constitution. This address by Dorothy Kenyon—which impressed delegates at the St. Louis convention—is a study of the amending process. Five cents a copy.



© Van Dyke
Law and League share interest of a "less-than-thirty" Florida League president—Lelia Russell

The "Sesqui" Policewomen

This page is furnished by the International Association of Policewomen, which is solely responsible for what appears thereon

PHILADELPHIA fell into line with other large cities last summer and inaugurated a new policy in its police system by appointing seven policewomen to serve on the Sesquicentennial Exposition grounds.

Leaders in this plan for an effective preventive-protective program for the care of women and children attending the Exposition were Mrs. J. Willis Martin, Chairman of the Sesquicentennial Women's Committee and active in every good work in Philadelphia along civic, patriotic and philanthropic lines, and Mrs. Thomas Robins, to whom Mrs. Martin delegated the task of arranging for the appointment of the policewomen.

The recommendations of the committee concerning the policewomen's service were favorably regarded by Commissioner George W. Fritz and Captain William Henne, who were in charge of the police work of the Exposition. These officials were consistently cordial and helpful in their support, in their sympathy with and understanding of the policewomen's service and warmly commended it at the close of the Exposition.

The Women's Committee was able to secure six local women to serve as these special policewomen. They were trained for their duties by Miss A. Madorah Donahue, Field-Executive Secretary of the International Association of Policewomen.



Commissioner George W. Fritz, head of the police force at the Sesquicentennial Exposition



© Philadelphia Record
Mrs. J. Willis Martin, Chairman of the Women's Committee of the Sesquicentennial. She is shown here in the uniform of the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania, which she organized

The points which particularly impressed the Exposition Administration in the work of these women were:

1. Policewomen were available at all hours and on Sundays and holidays to care for lost children and delinquent and neglected minors and to render personal service to women and children.
2. The volume of preventive work was vastly in excess of that of arrest.
3. A survey of one group of sixty children requiring special attention showed that only one persisted in giving trouble.
4. Through the investigations conducted by policewomen girls were saved from dangers resulting from "fake" employment; they were withdrawn from situations involving moral hazards; children were protected; needy girls were referred to Philadelphia social agencies for care, and in various ways the policewomen prevented delinquency and safeguarded young visitors against the inevitable dangers on exposition grounds.

The temptations to children of both sexes to steal were seemingly endless. Rows of stands displayed brilliantly attractive articles, often so tiny as to appear to invite possession by the simplest

methods. The national and racial groups attracting large crowds of young people included delegations from European countries, American Indians from western reservations, Arabs and Egyptians from northern Africa, East Indians, Persians, Chinese and Japanese—each group bringing a distinct contribution to the business and pageantry of the Exposition, but at the same time adding its quota to the policewomen's sum total of responsibility for youth. Special days and events also were a great tax.

The Sesquicentennial task successfully concluded, what is the future of the policewoman in Philadelphia? The city should profit by the experience of Portland, Oregon, which has continued its policewomen as a police department unit—the Women's Protective Division—since the Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905, when policewomen were temporarily engaged to meet a similar social need. Every woman's organization in Philadelphia is interested. The members of the Women's Sesquicentennial Committee, who sponsored the experiment, comprised representatives from all religious and secular groups in the city.

The Philadelphia Police Department now has concrete evidence that policewomen are essential to a city's welfare. Such women would have better opportunity to demonstrate their value in a permanent status, in which they would have the support of interested citizens and of the social agencies of the City of Brotherly Love.



Captain William Henne, who, with Commissioner Fritz, supported the policewomen's work

NOTE: For information on the work of policewomen address: The International Association of Policewomen, 220 Evening Star Building, Washington, D. C.

World News *About* Women

ANOTHER new office has fallen to the lot of women. On January 13, President Coolidge appointed Mrs. D. Tillinghast, of Boston, Immigration Commissioner for New England. Other women have held important positions at other ports—at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Seattle, Honolulu—but no woman has ever held a commissioner-ship. Mrs. Tillinghast has long been an ardent party worker in her state. When Mr. Coolidge was Governor she led the fight for suffrage. That won, she organized the Republican women in Massachusetts, forty thousand strong. At present she is the elected member of the State Central Committee, in charge of the work of women.

THE Women and Children's Hospital of Chicago—the only all-women's hospital in the United States—has just launched a campaign for five hundred thousand dollars for a new seven-story building to meet increasing demands. The doors of the hospital are open to women and children whether they are able to pay the normal fees or not, and a survey in 1924 showed a shortage of four thousand beds. Founded in 1865 by Dr. Mary Harris Thompson, the second woman physician to practice in Chicago, this hospital's first service was the care of widows and orphans of soldiers in the Civil War. Now it meets the demand of thousands of women for women doctors, gives the woman physician full opportunity to carry on her profession and provides education and training for women internes. The new building will continue the pioneering spirit by making possible a national and possibly an international center of research in diseases peculiar to women and children. It will also increase the clinic service which has saved many babies.



© Canadian Pacific

Miss Isobel Coursier is the world's champion woman ski jumper, a Canadian and a student at McGill University. Her record jump of 105 feet was made in 1922.

MRS. JULIETTE GORDON LOW, founder of the Girl Scouts of America, died recently at her home in Savannah, Georgia, at the age of sixty-six. Living alternately in England and Savannah, she became interested in the work Major General Baden-Powell was doing with the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of England, and carried the idea with her to America. In 1912 she started the first troop of "Girl Guides" in Savannah. She had copied the English name, but when Mrs. Low came back from a trip to London, she found that the groups were calling themselves Girl Scouts—and that name stuck. At the time of the war there were about three thousand Girl Scouts in America. Now the organization numbers one hundred and forty thousand members. Mrs. Low was the first president of the Girl Scouts and later was given the executive title of Founder. Last spring she fostered an international meeting of the organization.



Wide World Photos

Miss Margaret Bondfield, Labor member of Parliament, visited New York recently and spoke on English women in politics. Miss Bondfield, herself, was the first woman to hold a cabinet position in England, Under Secretary in the Labor Government.

THE American Association of Colleges has for the first time appointed a woman to direct its affairs—Lucia Russell Briggs, president of Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee. Miss Briggs represents the New England educational tradition crystallized by the group of which her father, Le Baron Russell Briggs, dean emeritus of Harvard, is a leading figure. She graduated from Radcliffe College in 1909. After an unusually fruitful association with schools in the East she became President of Milwaukee-Downer in 1921, where "she has administered a very good woman's college in a very effective way."

SIXTY years of tragedy and insanity ended January seventeenth when Carlotta, "Empress of Mexico," died at her chateau in Belgium. For it was

over sixty years ago when Carlotta and Maximilian, the two stars of Napoleon III's tragi-comedy, set sail for their empire in the New World. It was to be a tottering throne, however. The United States emerged victorious from war at home and remembered the Monroe Doctrine. Napoleon was ordered to withdraw his troops from Mexico, which he promptly did, leaving Maximilian to his fate at the hands of the Mexicans.

The young man wanted to abdicate, it is said, and return to Europe. But Carlotta persuaded him that she could get help. She made a hopeless pilgrimage from one court to another, but even the Pope turned her away. She was found after that interview, babbling on the streets of Rome. She was then taken to her Belgian home, where she lived ever after, keeping up the shadowy state that was hers for so short a time.

FOUR men and a woman are the new governors of the British Broadcasting Corporation which was taken over by the government from a private organization. The woman member of the board of governors is Mrs. Philip Snowden, one of the most prominent feminists in England, a well-known author, and one of the best public speakers in the United Kingdom. During the suffrage struggle Mrs. Snowden was on the side of the non-

militants and was for many years a member of the then National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. An equally enthusiastic supporter of the Labor Party, Mrs. Snowden was a member of its national executive body and represented the party at several international congresses.

WHEN the Secretary of State and the State Treasurer of Wisconsin were unable to attend a meeting of the State Soldier Rehabilitation Board they were represented by their assistants—two women. Miss Ida Kissel, Assistant Secretary of State, and Miss Clara Millard Stryker, Assistant State Treasurer, appeared at the meeting in the capacity of heads of departments, the first women to serve in such high political positions in Wisconsin.

Both Miss Kissel and her colleague had been employed as secretaries in the state offices to which they have been appointed. Secretarial experience, they both declare, has proved invaluable to them.

Convenient Kitchens

Brief Reviews of Long Reports No. II

By ALICE ROGERS HAGER

THERE is a famous story about a puzzled farmer who told a stranger that his wife had been taken to the insane asylum the day before, and that he simply couldn't understand it. "No, sir," he said, "what did she need to go crazy for? She hadn't been away from the house in fourteen years!"

In this time of radios, home movies, telephones, automobiles, and rural free delivery, the farmer's wife is no longer in this state of precarious isolation, finding escape possible only through the asylum or the graveyard. The city sends her its better features, and with the introduction of many of the newer labor-saving devices into farm homes she has some time to call her own. Even in the most distant places, least touched by this raying out through the countryside of the knowledge of scientific housewifery, some memento of a visit from the Co-operative Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture is almost sure to be found.

One of the Service's newest bulletins, "Convenient Kitchens," written by Greta Gray, is interesting to both farm women and their city sisters. We all have kitchens, and they are not all convenient. Here are the principal points that Agriculture lists for guidance in their better construction:

First, last, and all the time, in planning and equipping a kitchen, think about the work to be done in it.

THE new governor of Pennsylvania, John S. Fisher, has followed Governor Pinchot's example in appointing a woman on his Cabinet, as secretary of welfare. Dr. Ellen C. Potter, well and favorably known to CITIZEN readers, was in Governor Pinchot's Cabinet, and was strongly urged for re-appointment. She has, however, been succeeded by Mrs. E. S. H. McCauley, of Beaver, Pennsylvania, the only woman in the Cabinet. Mrs. McCauley is a graduate of a School for Nurses at Rochester, New York. Her husband is a doctor and for more than twenty years she has kept in touch with welfare and educational questions, serving on local and state boards of education.

During Governor Fisher's campaign she headed the Women's Republican Committee in Western Pennsylvania. She was first appointed and then elected to the Republican State Committee, and is now a member of its executive committee. It is a satisfaction that the Welfare Department is again entrusted to a woman.

Make it oblong, and as small as is practical. A kitchen is a workroom. Spaciousness is paid for in miles of extra steps.

Connect the kitchen and dining-room through the common wall between them. Plan easy access to front and back doors, to the telephone, the cellar, and the second floor.

Arrange for adequate ventilation in all weathers and for good lighting at work centers both day and night.

Choose finishes for the floor, walls, and woodwork that are durable, suitable in color, and that can be easily cleaned.

Select furnishings that fit the needs, suit wall and floor spaces, and will pay for themselves in usefulness. Compare values of movables and built-ins, including prices.

Find your comfortable height for working surfaces.

Group all equipment, large and small, into compact work centers for preparation of raw food, cooking, serving, clearing away and dishwashing, and any other regular kitchen activities. Arrange these groups from left to right in the order in which they are done.

The kitchen is above all a place in which to prepare and serve food. If possible, have laundering and such work done elsewhere in the house.

N. B. This is Farmers' Bulletin No. 1513, and may be obtained free by writing the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Cooperative Extension Service, Washington, D. C.

Co-operating Mothers

(Continued from page 22)

studied and accepted and the parents formed a definite organization, with all the requisite officers.

Miss Dorothea Beach, the Demonstration Manager of the Institute, and Miss Dorothy Williams, a graduate of the famous Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit, supervise the school. Graduate students in the education department of the college come for observational work and always there is an assisting mother. At present about twenty-five tots, none of them over five, spend happy mornings and, ten of them, happy days in their four large playrooms, two porches and large yard. Those who stay all day have a well-planned noontime lunch, followed by a nap. The school endeavors to create the proper environment for the best individual development and the personality and mental growth of each child are carefully studied. Imagination is stimulated. Ingenuity is encouraged. Tidiness, concentration, pertinacity and many other such qualities that one so often neglects to teach at home because of lack of time are all emphasized in the Nursery School. Co-operation is encouraged by having the children play often in groups.

Often the children teach each other many things. Billy, one arm encircling his sister, stands at the foot of the slide admonishing a playmate; "Bobby, say excuse me." He has bumped into Betsy coming down the slide. Unimpressed by the necessity of such a social grace Bobby replies "I won't." Billy insists, quietly but emphatically. His control is remarkable. The others gather round in a little group to see who will win. Finally, the quiet pressure being too great, Bobby gives in.

As for the mothers, the Institute maintains, and the mothers agree, that the school has its distinct advantages for them, aside from the release of time in which several of them are "keeping the thread" by teaching at the college, either full or part time. Others are "catching up" at home with reading or music. It gives them excellent opportunity to observe and study children, and thus to understand their own better. The assistance once a week at the school keeps them in touch with the principles of the school so that the home training is consistent. Meetings are now being planned for discussion and child study.

It is hard to believe that the Demonstration House could be busier than it at present is. However, when the laundry is opened, as it is scheduled to be in a number of months, and, next year, the co-operative kitchen is started the House will become a veritable hive. If the group at Northampton is at all typical of that found in the average community, it bodes well for the success of such experiments wherever they are tried.

Evenings, In and Out

Dressing the Part for a Party

By VIRGINIA DIBBLE

Drawing by Ruth Hutton

BUT I haven't a rag to wear," is the general lament of women on receiving an invitation for the evening.

Often it is not true. A very attractive evening gown will be hanging in the closet in perfect condition; the only thing against it, the fact that it has already appeared at previous evening functions. This is not half so great a curse as is popularly believed. The number of times a dress appears is of little consequence. The important thought is, "Does it make me look my best?" It is only in America that change is popularly considered more important than beauty.

On the other hand, the complaint many times is justifiable and it is for this situation that the fashion magazines show page after page of dinner gowns and the shop windows fairly burst with evening array.

Is Mrs. Porter tall and slender? Why not a soft silk velvet crossed in front over a low vestee, and a draped skirt? The color might be black, garnet, bronze or deep copper, sapphire blue or amethyst.

If she is willowy and wears chiffon well, she will be wise to decide on the Chanel model with a bodice of diagonal bands, tiered skirt of circular flounces and bows of self material at the side. If she is blond, Glacier will suit her—the pale blue-green of floating ice; if a brunette, the golden green of Chartreuse is better.

In case she prefers the more dignified satin, let her select a model with the deep oval back yoke which Jenny uses so successfully. The fullness in the skirt will probably be grouped at the side front as this is the popular place for it in the present mode.

For Mrs. Burton, who is short and stout, sheer black lace in a delicate but inconspicuous pattern with a low-cut slip will be wise. Both this and the velvet gown might have long tight sleeves cut in deep points over the wrist if the



arms are either too thin or too fat to be attractive.

But Mrs. Smith is an in-between; one who has little of that quality which we call "style." A low blouse with tight hip-line and straight but full skirt of crêpe is probably the best choice for her as it is the most generally becoming. There may be a band of beads or embroidery of metal thread weighing down the skirt. If she is a little round shouldered, the bolero dress is a safe haven. The bolero may be in the back only or it may extend all the way around, but in either case the tight hip section will come from underneath.

For Mrs. Sylvester, with her slight figure and white hair, the shops provide a mauve chiffon of intricate cut but seeming simplicity which forms a telling background for her amethyst jewels. Or, if she prefers, there is a black crêpe weighted with crystal beads.

Mrs. Snow complains of nothing to

wear and only a few dollars to invest. If she will glance over the patterns offered by the various pattern companies she will find a very simple model which she can make or have made by a seamstress at a cost that will not add greatly to the price of the silk. The chances are that busy Mrs. Snow doesn't recognize a simple pattern when she sees one. Let her avoid intricate cuts, drapings and pleats. The easiest model to make is a very long plain waist, straight of line and tight around the hips. This may end in four scallops, or a diagonal line, or two shallow curves with their deepest part at the front and back. Under this will be gathered the skirt. The hem will be deep, the neck and armholes bound with a bias strip of the same material, and a flower or interesting piece of jewelry will be all that is needed to make it register.

But another warning is necessary. The choice of material is important. Georgettes need a special slip; so do chiffons, and both are difficult materials to work with. Lamés are even worse. Velvet requires a crafty hand as it can not be pressed. Moiré is not practical as it does not clean well. This leaves us crêpe de chine and satin, and since the lines are to be simple and the trimmings *nil*, we must choose the more decorative fabric. A soft but weighty satin in a glowing shade is the wisest choice. It may be a charmeuse or any of the new crêpe satins but the color must be its excuse for being. Fuchsia, claret or antique red, dark green-blue or Nattier blue, reseda or Amazon green, rosewood or cedar wood, fog or black form a list of vital and practical colors from which Mrs. Snow can pick the most becoming. If the satin is heavy no lining will be needed and since there are no sleeves three yards of material will be plenty.

When an inexpensive evening gown must be bought ready-made, avoid velvet and georgette, as these look cheap when not of good quality.

Sometimes the cry that ascends has

an extra two words tacked on—"I haven't a rag to wear at home." Any woman who has been spending the day in one dress should change for dinner or, if she eats out, should change when she comes in and relax for a time at the close of the day. If she is on parade the indoor dress must of course be a simple sleeveless frock or long-sleeved afternoon gown—possibly a crêpe satin of copper color or Renaissance blue with bateau neck and a deep band of fringe (usually a left-over). But for the intimacy of her own living room a covering of soft silk with no "noblesse oblige" about it, in some becoming and alluring color, furnishes that necessary relaxation to the tired woman which a musical comedy gives the t. b. m. Women's magazines are forever showing this sort of thing, and giving directions for the making. One of the most satisfactory types is a chemise dress with short drop-shoulder line. Into this are sewn long lengths of chiffon which hang nearly to the floor and help to offset the ungraceful short line of the dress, which Fashion dictates. It may have an inconspicuous belt of self material which can tie or buckle. This gown may either be bought or the whole thing can be made by an amateur in three or four hours, as advertised. Chinese brocade and inexpensive crêpes lend themselves advantageously to this type of gown.

Don't think for a minute that the fortunate lady who has lots of clothes and can have still more, has been neglected. For her needs rare fabrics of daring or impractical color may be considered. A sinuous gown of white crêpe frosted with dull crystal or a rose lamé with silver lace. Metal brocades and chiffon brocaded in velvet are sumptuous stuffs from which are built costumes that rival the Arabian Nights in splendor, and for one-of-many dancing frocks the chiffons of delicate hues in fluffy and flowing models show the lavish way in which the designers and manufacturers tempt the women who can afford the luxury of disregarding practicality.

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Margerete Dessoif

(Continued from page 19)

through knowledge of harmony and ensemble. A violinist wholly recognizes this. He considers playing chamber music or working in an orchestra the most important part of his education. The average singer, and, I am sorry to say, many singing teachers, do not understand this necessity. They think that if a good voice is well trained so that it can perform a song or an air, nothing further is needed. But notes and technique are not enough. To give oneself to a work and become part of a whole, as in ensemble training, is an essential in a singer's education. In this way one becomes not only a singer, but also a musician."

The Frankfort Woman's Chorus grew steadily in musical proficiency as well as in numbers and enthusiastic interest. It gave its first concert in 1907, and five years later its fame had spread so that it was invited to sing at the Brahms Festival in Weisbaden.

"It was there that I met my first real difficulty"—Miss Dessoif's voice grew somber with the memory. "You see the Chorus began so simply, was so unpretentious, and had grown so surely into the life of Frankfort, that no one stopped to think it strange that a woman should be leading a woman's chorus. But it was very different in Weisbaden. It was a great honor to be invited to perform there, an honor for which people worked very hard. And the appearance of a woman conductor was unheard of. As we started to sing the atmosphere was icy and skeptical. But it changed after the very first group of songs. People applauded wildly. It was"—her glance asked pardon for the temerity of the English word—"I think it not too much to say that it was a sensation."

The fame of that concert spread through all Germany, and the chorus was invited to travel widely. They appeared at the Brahms festival in Berlin in 1917, and won high praise from her father's old pupil, Arthur Nikisch, who was the leading conductor there. Miss Dessoif became the leader of the chorus of the Bachgemeinde in Frankfort in addition to her own group.

In 1923 she felt that the chorus had fulfilled its purpose and should be disbanded. Although its fame had grown and spread over Europe, the distressing post-war conditions were causing it to lose the spontaneous freshness which had won it fame. She resigned from its leadership, and came to America to rest.

"I had never been in America before," she smiled, "but I had a tie, an attraction for your country that was very strong. It was so young, it had such vitality, such possibilities. I felt I must come and learn to know it. I had friends here, friends whom I had made when they came to Europe. I said at first, 'I will not work, but only rest, and visit, and learn to know America.'"

"But they would not let me rest long. Dr. Frank Damrosch asked me to take charge of the choral singing of his Institute of Musical Art, and at first I refused. I had very little English, and I was still too tired. But he insisted, and I began to feel that perhaps I had something to give to this country."

At the Institute of Musical Art Miss Dessoif formed her pupils into a chorus which, after only three months under her wise and inspiring leadership, was singing madrigals without accompaniment. That chorus, beginning with fifteen singers, now includes fifty, and they have progressed to the point where they were invited by the Beethoven Society, one of the most distinguished and learned of the New York musical societies, to give a group of Christmas madrigals, songs and carols.

In addition to her madrigal singers she has founded and is leading the Adesdi Chorus of women, which started in 1924 with twenty singers, and now includes sixty. They sang with the Schola Cantorum at Christmas.

Her affection for the United States has grown as her work has developed. "It is a fairy tale that America isn't musical," her eyes snapped with the strength of her feeling. "People here are busy, yes, but they have such vitality, such enthusiasm, and they pour it into music. They are in danger of being distracted by passing fads, but that is a fault of young people. Sound musical training soon corrects that. I find them eager and responsive, and quick to give their best if it is demanded of them."

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The BOOKSHELF

By M. A.

A S simple and slow-spoken and sincere as its title, "*The Time of Man*," is Elizabeth Madox Roberts's first novel, but it is far more than a promising early bud. It is a bit of life, it is almost Ellen Chesser herself, keen of sense and feeling, without education, and inarticulate in her most poignant moments, having a richness and a depth of character that has nothing to do with the adventitious aids of city civilization. Ellen is the daughter of a roving farmer and his wife, a man who picks up and moves from place to place as crops fail or the spirit moves him. A child when the book begins, she grows and matures as simply as the turkeys, calves, chickens and garden stuff with which her days are filled. She advances from one old skirt, that Tessie gave her, to a dress of fine white stuff with a tiny flower that serves her for parties and as a proper dress in which to entertain beaux. She tears her heart over one faithless lover, and she marries a man neither more wealthy nor educated than her father, but holding for her the fullness of life. She has one child after another as the cycle begins again, and at the last she is on the road as she was at first. "They asked no questions of the way, but took their own turnings."

The book is distinguished by a rich and moving simplicity. It holds passages that are the living poetry of a people very close to the soil, making their own comparisons and their own theories, musing over sky and wind and crops as only farm folk can, getting neither aid nor hindrance from books.

IN "*Harmer John*" Hugh Walpole returns from the fantastic path he carved for himself in his fascinating and horrid "*Story of the Man With Red Hair*." Back again in Polchester, the beloved Cathedral town of his imagination, he plays on the familiar theme of a Christ-like figure struggling to impress his message on a population wedded to their selfish, petty ways of thought and action. Harmer John is a Scandinavian gymnast and masseur, a man of child-like faith in humanity, and in the power of his own vision of physical and spiritual beauty. The stories told him by his English mother bring him to Polchester, and he adopts the town, with its cliques, its intrigues, and its shadowing Cathedral, as his own. The town finds him

interesting and amusing, with his broken English and his vigorous body, and as long as he confines himself to gymnastics for the children and massage for the Canon, he is a new and popular toy. But when his vision of beauty drives him on to urge them out of their spiritual lethargy into the very practical step of abolishing the town slum, they resent his interference with a bitterness that grows from mutterings to physical violence.

For any one who is not familiar with Hugh Walpole's novels, or to an admirer so loyal that she likes him no matter what he does, this book will fill pleasant hours. To any one who likes novels with a purpose it will be stimu-

lating and satisfying. But for those of us who have watched Hugh Walpole for signs of growing strength and increasing power in both the material and the making of his books, it holds small comfort. There is too much repetition of successful tricks of character-drawing and atmosphere-producing. Mr. Walpole's ability is undoubted. It would be a pity if the vigorous life behind it should become content with playing the same few tunes on the same few strings.

"*TRAIL-MAKERS of the Middle Border*," is Hamlin Garland's third novel dealing with early days on the mid-western frontier. It is told as though it were composed of the reminiscences of that generation which immediately preceded his own, as though he might have listened to its incidents when he was a boy, and urged their retelling when he was grown. It begins in the state of Maine in 1837, and follows the fortunes of Richard Graham in the family migration to Wisconsin and the setting up of farming and lumbering life in the new country. He never becomes a success in any sense of the word. Reaching the rich new country when land was to be had almost for the taking, he delays getting a farm of his own until it has increased in price beyond his slender means. He is strong but "dumb," daring only in physical things, and humbly conscious of his own limitations. He is a trail-maker who has not the ability to take advantage of his own discoveries.

The book is full of detail which should interest present-day dwellers in the northern Middle West. This detail gives it a richness and a sense of reality which seem somehow to exist outside the intention of its author. Mr. Garland writes in the manner of one who is earnest and accurate. He says that his pioneers move and inspire him.

(Continued on page 40)

Elizabeth Madox Roberts is a Kentuckian by birth and rearing. Her father's pioneer ancestor came into the state through the Wilderness Trail with one of the early Boone expeditions. After graduating from high school she spent several years trying to get strong. She then had an opportunity to go to the Colorado Rockies to live and went, eager for experience. She lived there several years, climbing and walking in the early mornings, coasting in winter, knowing birds and chipmunks and beavers and many sorts of people, the great peaks of Colorado and the foothills standing all about her cottage. She entered the University of Chicago in 1917 where she studied Philosophy and Language. This experience brought her many friends—young poets, artists. Now her home is in California. Her first novel, "*The Time of Man*," follows closely the scene of her childhood.



The Time of Man. Viking Press, New York, 1926. \$2.50.

Harmer John. Doran, New York, 1926. \$2.00.

Trail-Makers of the Middle Border. Macmillan, New York, 1926. \$2.50.

March's Thesaurus Dictionary. Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia, 1925. \$9.00.

Special Legislation for Women. H. W. Wilson, New York, 1926. 90 cents.

Proportional Representation. Macmillan, New York, 1926. \$5.00.

AMONG recent books of reference arrived at the CITIZEN office is one which we could review better after a year's use. It is no less a volume than the fourth edition of the famous "March's Thesaurus Dictionary." Dictionary because it defines, thesaurus because it groups words by associations, it is a volume of great value to speakers and writers and others who care to use words with precision and fluency.

NO. 7 on the useful Reference Shelf service which the H. W. Wilson Company puts out is a compact volume compiled by Julia E. Johnsen, on that controversial question, "Special Legislation for Women." In its 142 pages is all the equipment for debate, or just for understanding.

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Go West!

(Continued from page 13)

I do not know, but the number of women who have never been kissed is almost unbelievable. Oh, I know it sounds like a joke. But believe me, it isn't. For a girl, a nice healthy normal girl, to grow up and grow old without ever having a lover's lips on hers, without ever having had so much as a taste of the sweetness of life—if anybody sees anything funny in that he must enjoy funerals.

I've known several such girls. Some of them had been very properly brought up to feel, like the "Poor Nut," that a kiss was almost as serious as matrimony. They hadn't recovered till the boys stopped trying. Some of them were shy little things who would have loved a bit of loving, but didn't know how to go out after it, and hid away in their dreams waiting for their Prince to come and find them. Some merely lacked sex allure—the boys never saw them at all. Some are modest, some are just simply out of luck. But oh, there are so many in the sisterhood!

"Keep yourself to yourself," said their mothers, "and some day the right man will come."

Anywhere but here in the East he might have come. Here, he never did.

A social worker who has also been a policewoman and a probation officer called to my attention an ugly little fact which few stop to consider—there were in this city, she said, five lying-in hospitals for unmarried mothers. She supposed the regular hospitals took them in, too. "But most of those girls aren't bad," she explained; "they were just lonely. They knew how little chance they had to marry and live respectably so they took what they could get and came to grief." She added, "If there were only more men here, some of our hardest moral problems would be solved."

Rarely does a woman get well into her thirties before she is faced with a moral problem of her own. We have to decide—most of us—whether to go on being the kind of woman our mothers have wanted us to be, or whether we are justified in striking out and making a new code for ourselves.

We do the tallest thinking of our whole lives during these shifting thirties. Thinking, and reading, yes and praying. And although the results of the varying decisions which we make are still largely

under the surface, they are important.

There is here in the East a lot of triangling—the kind of triangle where two women and one man are involved. A woman gets desperate for some of the love and the living she feels that she has missed and instead of waiting any longer for the "right man" to come her way, she takes whatever comes, even if it happens to be another woman's husband.

There is likely to be a battle royal with her conscience, or her traditions, or whatever it is that puts a check upon her sense of moral freedom. Often she makes a point of assuring herself that the man's wife is not "playing the game" and that he is really as lonely and as hungry for companionship as herself. There is always some misunderstood male within reach, married to a woman with whom he is not happy but whom he can not or will not leave. Then follows a triangle, discreetly conducted, with never a breath of scandal—one hears of many such cases, but never as gossip.

In individual cases this has worked out fairly well. It has given both the man and the woman involved some enriching experiences which neither of them might have had otherwise. It saves a woman's thirties from loneliness, gives her some amusing forties, perhaps, and leaves her fifties a trifle less regretful. She has at least had a chance to find out for herself that men are human and

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that there are worse things in the world than not having to live with one for years on end. But it isn't a lasting joy nor any sort of a solution. Nor is it anything we want to get a foothold in our society.

Fortunately, while this new order of things does seem to be establishing itself, the bulk of our women are still playing the game according to the old rules rather than the new. Nobody really likes a makeshift, least of all those of us who have inherited or otherwise come by the old New England idealism.

There is another phase of the situation. With many women motherhood is the major passion and the man a mere incidental. But the idea of motherhood for its own sake, outside of marriage, seems to have gained little or no ground here. When it comes it is accidental, not conscientious. As a theory it may be tolerantly discussed in some circles, but nobody really wants to do it that way.

They say they'd rather adopt somebody else's child, but they don't do even this, very often. By the time a woman is ready to support a child her mother instinct often has petered out, and she begins to be glad she is childless. Anything dies if you starve it long enough.

A sorry thing this is to happen, sorry for us, but sorriest of all for the United States of America. For here are half a million of us, potential makers of traditional American homes, potential mothers of native sons and daughters, making instead an end of half a million lines of goodly heritage. That is the real tragedy of the whole situation, not the individual heart-aches. It is a straight economic loss to the nation.

But this isn't a whine. It's a kick!

Not a word of all this would I have written if I hadn't seen a solution for the problem. The kick is because nobody has made the solution work.

For there doesn't need to be a single solitary spinster in the whole length and breadth, East or West, of this country. There are plenty of men—there are two million of them over and above all the ladies of the land, and of that two million there are of our own kind—"native white"—seven hundred thousand in excess. Do you get it? Seven hundred thousand extra males—extra, mind you, and males!

Really it is the men one should feel sorry for.

Where are they? Out West, most of them. For instance, no one state could by itself lift the white woman's burden from Illinois, but Texas could contribute one hundred thousand "extra males"; Michigan seventy-seven thousand; Oklahoma, seventy-four thousand; and Washington state could finish the job with her quota of forty-seven thousand.

Nevada is worst off, for there the men outnumber the women almost two to one. But alas, her population is so small

that this only gives her a total of seven thousand spares.

In the thirty thousand class are California, Kentucky, West Virginia and Arkansas. Ten states have over twenty thousand apiece. Oh yes, there are plenty of men. And it sounds so easy, you wonder why nobody has done anything about it.

Well, for one thing, nobody seems to have known the facts, although they are all to be found in the Federal census, not to mention the World Almanac. For another thing, even if she does know, it is hard for a woman to "up

bundle and go," a-seeking her mate across half a continent or more. It is likely to be expensive and most of us haven't the capital. Besides, it isn't done. It isn't modest.

And after all, why should we go West? Why should we be the ones to make the long and arduous journey? Don't the men want wives even more than we want husbands? Why don't they come East and get us, then?

But so far they haven't, and we haven't, and the makings of six hundred thousand perfectly good American families are going into the discard.

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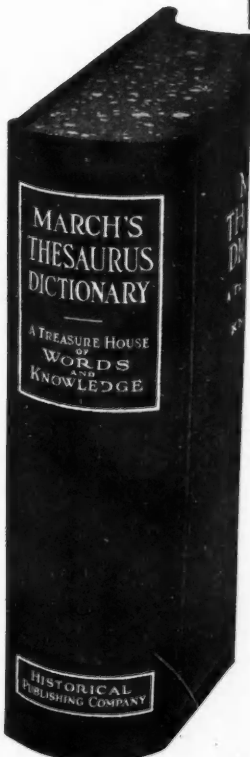
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First Principles for the Woman Investor

By HARYOT HOLT DEY

THE Department of Agriculture has a bulletin on mushrooms, and after you have finished the authentic stories of the tragedies that have resulted in different parts of the United States from eating toadstools instead of mushrooms, you decide then and there that you will never risk your life by eating another mushroom as long as you live. Still there are people who know the difference between a mushroom and a toadstool. Their guarantee is accepted, and there is a steady market for mushrooms. In a way it is something like this with investments. Stories of disaster are numerous and alarming. But there is some one who knows (though not with the same certainty that can be applied to mushrooms!) and the investor can avail herself of expert knowledge.

A woman came into my office the other day and declared that never again would she buy the stock of any company that had to engage a trained sales force to induce people to buy it. She is but one of many women who have become wary, after having been rather easily convinced by the expert salesman that his stock in a new company, in which she could get in on the "ground floor," was the best investment to be found anywhere. To be sure, it is a thrilling experience, this playing with money; but experience, sometimes an expensive teacher, eventually impresses the lesson of caution.

Women investors, taught by experience, have begun to be more wary than they used to be. They are beginning to learn how to look for certain earmarks of a good investment, to apply tests for the safety and desirability of given offerings.

The first of these is approval by an

With this article the CITIZEN begins a series of short practical articles on investment problems, for the woman who handles her own money. Each will be written by an experienced investment adviser—a new occupation in which women have made good within the past few years. The next article will be a Model Investment Program, by Mrs. Jacob Riis. We shall be glad to have our readers suggest topics that would interest them.

established institution—a bank or an investment house with a sound reputation. When a salesman comes with a proposal to let a woman in on the ground floor of a new company, if she is attracted her first move should be application to her bank. The bank procures a report on the company, and when the report is satisfactory as to the personnel of the company and their financial rating, she is safe to go ahead. If she wants a general investment program the investor should secure the guidance of a good investment firm, and here again the recommendation of the bank should be sought unless the investment house is well known and well established. Once it is chosen, the investor would do well to keep to some one expert in the firm who will become thoroughly acquainted with her financial situation, her needs and her temperament.

However attractive a proposition may sound, whether offered by a salesman or by an acquaintance with friendly intentions (and a new business needing capital), the investor should not fail to verify her impression. It is true, however, that experience will teach her to recognize signs that will save her the trouble of any further investigation. For instance, if a salesman offers her an abnormally high rate of interest she will know that the chances are against soundness. Of course there are exceptions, but in general one should be suspicious of promised returns that run abnormally high. Or if she finds out that a new corporation is paying an exorbitant commission to salesmen, she will know that as a bad sign. The success of every industry depends upon the quality of the management, and when money is held in light esteem, as is apt to be the case when salesmen derive great profits, it does not augur well for the future.

But a woman investor need not, and probably should not, depend wholly on

her advisers. The ideal is co-operation between an intelligent investor and a first-class adviser. There are periodicals that contain practical information on stocks and bonds; brokers will supply information on various types of investment; company reports are available. A woman may gain definite information on these subjects as she would on any other kind of business. Her brokers follow her bidding in this case. Any wise woman, with even a brief list of investments, will keep it up to date by recording two or three times a week the prices given in the market quotations, and will call up her investment adviser if any sharp turn occurs, up or down.

A counsel of caution is to remember the good old principle of diversification—"not to put all one's eggs in one basket," a principle too well known to need repetition, too important ever to be omitted from any words of caution on investments. Even the best security is not proof against sweeping business depression, national calamity, sudden changes due to new discoveries and the like. Security must be sought in wide distribution.

Still another point for consideration is the marketability of one's investments. The small investor is unwise to tie her money up in something which does not permit of her realizing on it in the event of necessity. On this account an investment in listed stock has its advantage over the unlisted.

Whether she will stress income or safety in her investment program is a point which every woman must decide for herself. It should depend on whether she has enough income to afford a little risk; on her temperament—whether she worries or not, on her earning capacity, age, health and strength. Investment opportunities are commonly spoken of as being either "speculative" or "seasoned." Every industrial enterprise is "speculative" until it has reached its full growth, so that its final earning power can be measured. It is true that even the best

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bank or the soundest investment house could scarcely have visioned the gigantic success of many companies whose shares are now a "seasoned" investment. There are marvelous stories about what \$100 worth of stock has amounted to in the course of a decade, so after all there is a certain degree of luck conspiring with common sense as the investor studies out the possibilities of the industry in hand. If there had been no small investor to take a risk on what is called speculative stock, there would be no seasoned stock to plume itself and designate the holder a rich and fortunate person. Yet this is no reason for rushing headlong into new schemes without acquiring every bit of information that can be found.

As a matter of fact, the woman investor has gone a long way toward developing the needed caution. The field has been worked so diligently that she is developing into a wary person who is beginning to tell mushrooms from toadstools by her own experience.

Federal Aid

(Continued from page 16)

That Federal aid is "insidious bribery" of the states is nonsense. No one denies that Congress in the passage of these acts has sought to induce the states to spend money on matters of national importance, but there is nothing insidious or secret about this. And the states can take it or leave it.

The "bureaucratic government" claim is also a question of fact. The Sheppard-Towner Act is administered for the Children's Bureau by three physicians, three nurses, one auditor and two clerks, and the total cost of administration is less than \$50,000 a year. Other examples could be given—and government reports are public documents.

That the states depend on the Federal Government for the support of these enterprises, and fail to spend their own money, may be true in isolated cases, but certainly is not true in regard to the Federal aid measures as a whole. For example, in 1924 there was spent for agricultural extension work over \$19,000,000, of which the Federal Government contributed 37.6 per cent while the co-operating states, counties and organizations gave the other 62.4 per cent. The expenditure for forest protection in 1924 was \$4,142,734, of which the Federal Government's share was only 9.6 per cent. Similar examples could be given from all the important fields of Federal and state co-operation.

That Federal aid is unconstitutional is still asserted by those of its opponents who are unwilling to recognize a Su-

preme Court decision when they meet it. For the Court decided (in the suit brought by Massachusetts to test the constitutionality of the Sheppard-Towner Act), first, that the question whether the act was desirable and in the national interest or not was not for it but for Congress to determine, and second, that it would not interfere with the action of Congress upon this question. This was in effect a decision that Congress had the power to do what it did.

The last of the arguments against Federal aid may perhaps be regarded as

the skeleton in the closet—the real reason for most of the recent commotion. This is the fact that under Federal aid the wealthy states contribute to the aid of the poor states. This is, of course, true. Obviously, if a government collects taxes on the basis of income and spends money on the basis of population, or road mileage, or anything else, no argument is needed to prove that these bases will not coincide. There are, however, two points to bear in mind:

First, the same thing is true of *every national expenditure* which is of local as well as national benefit, whether it is



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done by Federal aid or not. Every time a breakwater on the coast of Maine is repaired, every time the victims of a Pennsylvania mine disaster are saved by the rescue crew of the Bureau of Mines, the "rich" states are paying more for that breakwater or that mine rescue than the "poor" states. But does anyone object to paying for such national expenditures—even though they are of definite local benefit—out of national funds? It is the penalty we pay for being a nation and at the same time believing in the principle that certain taxes should be collected on the basis of wealth, and it is true no more of Federal aid than of all national expenditures which aid one locality more than another.

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Second, we should beware of loose talk about "rich" states and "poor" states. In common parlance, a state is rich if a large proportion of Federal income and corporation taxes are paid through the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue located there. But a man—or a corporation—pays taxes where his chief residence or chief financial office is, and that usually means some great banking center—generally New York. This takes absolutely no account of natural resources or of the place where the money is made. All the oil wells owned by a man may be in Texas while he pays income taxes in New York. All the mills owned by another may be in South Carolina while he pays income taxes in Boston. With corporations it is even more obvious. The Southern Pacific Railway runs from New Orleans to the Pacific Coast; it pays its income tax in New York. The Union Pacific runs from Omaha and Kansas City west to the Coast; it pays its income tax in New York. The fact is that for convenience in banking and financing, the leading corporations of the country and their officers and promoters have financial offices in New York. Why this fact should make New York a "rich" state and the states from which the raw materials come, in which the factories are operated, in which the goods are sold, in fact all the rest of us, "poor" ones, is hard to understand.

The Federal aid system has certain definite merits. It does distribute the burden of necessary undertakings so that those of us who wish to enjoy a vacation in another state, or ship our goods by automobile across it, can bear part of the burden of good highways for our use in a state where we do not ourselves live. It also stimulates the states to greater activity in meeting such problems as forest protection. Above all, essentially national problems—transportation, maternal and infant mortality, plant and animal pests and diseases such as white pine blister rust, the European corn borer or hoof and mouth disease, which recognize no state boundary lines—must have eventually a nation-wide solution. For such a solution there should be not standardization, but at least a national minimum standard which each state could exceed as its ability and resources permitted but below which no state should fall.

As to what constitutes a vital national problem, we dare not generalize. Each question must be met as it arises, on its merits. Governmental methods do not operate in a vacuum, and in this world of chances and changes it is unwise to turn a political theory into an infallible dogma. But we are a nation as well as a group of states, and a national standard in such problems as these can come about only through a central information and advice-giving service such as the Bureaus administering these Federal aid

acts supply. George Washington, better perhaps than anyone since his day, summed up what such agencies can do "by drawing to a common center the results everywhere of individual skill and observations, and spreading them thence over the entire nation. Experience accordingly has shown that they are very cheap instruments of immense national benefits."

Mrs. Rinehart

(Continued from page 11)

kind of man who knows when a little girl is tired. His name was Stanley Rinehart and when Mary Roberts, at twenty, took her diploma, she stepped out of her hospital work and her childhood both at once. The little girl was grown up.

That was the end of Mary Roberts. It was the beginning of Mary Roberts Rinehart. To her young surgeon, as to all young surgeons, life was a struggle at first. Her childish dreams had now become, to the young wife, the vivid imaginings of creative possibilities.

At the end of five years, the gypsy who wanted to roam the world over sat tied to the responsibilities of her home and her three small babies.

Out of the immediate, she began to escape into that world of dreams once more. In her mind's pictures she would fly to the places her bodily eyes could not see. In the vivid drama of her imagined characters she could forget the humdrum of daily life.

With a baby in her lap and another at her feet, she wrote "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten"—as good mystery stories as there are.

That was the beginning of her success. But if it had not been a mere beginning—if she had been satisfied—there would have been no success. The tale of the rest of her long list of writings, of romances, of articles, of plays, is the tale of continued hard work.

Success is its own worst enemy. Believe it or not, early fame and easy fortune are mightier enemies to continued reputation than failure. For failure produces a new necessity.

In that continued effort Mary Roberts Rinehart—or, as she prefers to be called

GO WEST—FOR ENERGY

"ENCLOSED please find \$255," writes Harriet Batterton, Executive Secretary of the Nebraska League of Women Voters. "This is our first instalment of subscriptions to the CITIZEN and we hope to be able to send in enough to total \$300." The Nebraska League will be the next to receive a large bonus check.

in Washington, Mrs. Stanley Rinehart—shows her most amazing quality as a woman. In it she shows the steel-willed structure of her character.

Because, like all good writers, she writes with difficulty. In the book, for example, upon which she is now engaged, she has written nearly two hundred thousand words—by hand. She has then rewritten it—still by hand—cutting it down about a fourth. She will then still further, by hand, go over it and rewrite it into its final length.

She runs away every morning from that pleasant homey house in Massachusetts Avenue to a certain dismal back room in a certain office building downtown. There, with a dismal desk and an undecorated wall, without a telephone or any other suggestion of the outside world—she writes. I mean to say, she works.

For writing, she thinks, is art and business and profession. It is an art in the creation of beauty and spiritual enjoyment; it is a profession in its technique; it is a business in adapting the supply to the demand.

It is in her efficiency that I find her most interesting. Many a woman can justly be satisfied to show her organizing ability by producing the quiet and charm of the home environment of Mrs. Rinehart. But she produces it apparently with no effort.

She appears at dinner, one of the most

vivacious, one of the most composed, one of the best-dressed women present. There isn't a suggestion of the well-known messy literary lady about her flawless frock and perfect coiffure.

To achieve it, she allows a certain amount of time each season to her wardrobe. Twice each year she gets it all accomplished, the season's costumes bought, from hat to shoes, complete, and then, knowing she is ready for any occasion, she forgets it.

I have said that if she were not one of our best-known writers she might be one of our best-known comedienne. I might say, too, that if she were neither of these she might have been one of our most useful women of business.

Or, if none of these careers had appealed to her, she might, today, have gone in for politics. Indeed, perhaps some of the story of women in politics, as it is, might be different if she devoted her time to it. She is a Republican by tradition, by conviction, by practice. She has decided political opinions and she gives the reasons for her position with no uncertainty. It is a part of the clear-edged mind, the decisiveness, which are her most salient characteristics.

She has also those first and last qualities of the politician who would stay—a sense of the personality of other human beings; loyalty to her friends.

How is it that these severe, these, as it were, architectural structures, persist in a person who feels, as a gypsy feels, the lure of the untrod trail? How does the natural bohemianism of the artist thus fuse with the solidities of convention?

Perhaps there is something of the tradition of duty; perhaps there is something of the love of her family in it. Perhaps it is all only that sixth thing, indefinable, which we call character. At any rate, be sure that no such sturdy work as hers would have resulted if any of them had been left out.

For she loves the trail as any wanderer loves it. She adores her ranch in Wyoming. She loves a horse and a pack and a camp-fire at night. And she achieves them—after her job is done.

And, as she sits there in the twilight, the firelight, I wish I might introduce to every young woman whose feet are set upon the threshold of a life's work this woman, to help them to understand that the old-fashioned virtues of hard work and straightness can win through to all the glitter there is of worldly success as well as of inner satisfaction.

I am leaving out her native genius, you say? Perhaps I am. Yet in the totality of Mary Roberts Rinehart's achievement, I feel a greater admiration for the character, the will, the pluck, that carried her along.

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Heart Disease

A Ranking Member Among the More Heralded Menaces to American Health

By GULIELMA F. ALSOP

College Physician at Barnard

IN recent years heart disease has become the most frequent cause of death in most civilized countries. It outranks all the other more heralded and dreaded diseases such as cancer and tuberculosis. Only lately have both the medical profession and the laity realized its apparently enormous increase, and societies are now being formed in many communities to check and prevent its spread. As in all movements for the prevention and eradication of a disease, one of the most important and far-reaching methods is that of propaganda. When the public knows

how cardiac disease is brought about, half of its control will have been accomplished.

The great cause of heart trouble is some infectious disease, such as syphilis or gonorrhœa, tonsilitis or rheumatism, scarlet fever, influenza, pneumonia, or gripe. The prevention of heart disease then resolves itself into the prevention of contagious disease.

Among children the great necessity is for diphtheria control by the new toxin anti-toxin method; for the prevention of scarlet fever by the Dick method. These are modern immunizing methods that have been perfected in the laboratory by research and studies of immunity. They can be applied in all advanced communities where sufficient facilities are provided the school boards of health.

Up to the present moment the control of pneumonia, influenza and gripe is neither satisfactory nor efficient. It must be accomplished by the old-fashioned methods of isolation and quarantine of all cases suffering from any of these diseases. The long-honored habit of visiting the sick should be stopped absolutely wherever there is danger of contagion.

At the onset of a case of tonsilitis, or gripe, or influenza, the toxin—which may later affect the heart if the individual has a low resistance—is still local. Everything must be done to raise the level of the patient's immunity and resistance. Early and prolonged rest in bed, until the afternoon temperature has been normal for at least two days, will prevent any cardiac complications from developing. The return to normal life after an infectious disease should not be a sudden plunge but a gradual convalescence. Most people yield with better grace to sickness itself than to the moderate care necessary for a safe recovery. After a patient has been in bed for a week with a cold, a second week of modified activity should be insisted upon. Especially should he or she avoid all strenuous muscular work, such as running for a car, climbing stairs, or entering upon any athletic activity. This after-care will prevent the over-strain of the cardiac muscles which may easily take place after an infectious disease.

Until rheumatism, one of the most

frequent causes of cardiac disease, is more understood than at present, the best method for its prevention must be classed with the methods for the prevention of colds, gripe and tonsilitis. Rheumatism most often follows tonsilitis. The individual's level of resistance is the great force to be relied upon, though definitely diseased tonsils should be removed. Colds must be prevented by a high level of immunity which is the result of a satisfactory personal hygiene, depending upon adequate nutrition and the use of such adjuvants as the cold morning shower and cod liver oil. Proper winter ventilation of all rooms, especially school rooms, should be insisted upon.

The checking of venereal disease by the established methods of propaganda, prophylaxis and early, thorough treatment of all cases, will prevent the occurrence of the cardiac venereal disturbances.

All heart diseases can not, however, be traced so frankly to their causes. A certain number still seem to appear mysteriously. They are probably brought about insidiously by a long continued auto-intoxication, affecting, it may be, first the arteries, and secondarily the heart muscle. Also the great mass of functional cardiac cases, often called nervous hearts, is probably dependent upon a combination of faulty nutrition and faulty elimination.

Alcohol and cigarettes make cardiac health more precarious.

After a heart fault has once developed, much may be done to improve the case. An early diagnosis of the cause is the first requisite. Sometimes this permits a definite line of chemical treatment, as in the case of syphilis. In the rheumatic cases, the vitality of the patient does most toward cure, with carefully graded physical exercise. The results of the war experience with heart cases has conclusively shown that all hearts must be strengthened by exercise, that too prolonged rest only weakens the heart and cripples the individual unduly. In such cases great importance should be laid upon perfect nutrition. This can always be judged by weight, which should be approximately normal, by freedom from all minor infections, such as colds, by the absence of such bodily derangements as indigestion and headaches, and

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Our World

(Continued from page 9)

Netherlands and Germany in the Middle States found their outlet in commerce, trading and small farming. On the lush soils of the Southland, wealthy Cavalier planters raised tobacco and cotton on huge plantations by the use of slave labor. From all of these groups there were constant desertions to the virgin soil of the back country on the part of those more restless and independent spirits, the second generation of pioneers, who were eventually to drift around the Alleghenies into the heart of Mid-West America.

How was it possible for so compartmented and far-flung a people to come together in the common cause of the Revolution, wage collectively a successful war and amalgamate these conflicting cultures, religions, philosophies and economic interests into a written Constitution? The answer is to be found in the overseas situation, notably the fact of the coming of the industrial revolution to England. In the middle of the eighteenth century as America was beginning to grope toward some sort of industrial security and independence, the steam engine, the power loom and the spinning jenny were changing almost overnight the complexion of England's economics. The merchant classes were now firmly in the saddle and they were formulating theories of economic life that had for their basis large-scale production of commodities in factories. If England were to be in truth the workshop of the world, she must obtain her raw materials from other nations and sell to them in turn the manufactured articles. The English colonies were obviously ideal customers as they could be expected to favor the mother country. To promote these aims, the Royal Governors of the American colonies bent every effort, seeking to restrict the industrial activities of America to sole intercourse with Great Britain, attempting everywhere to prevent the development of independent American enterprise. At once there developed sharp conflict between the Governors and the Assemblies of the colonies, the interests of whose members lay not with assisting the mother country in its imperialistic ambitions but with building on this side of the Atlantic a self-contained industrial structure.

Little by little, groups of colonists, at the outset far apart in almost every viewpoint, found themselves drawn together by the continuous pressure brought to bear by the industrialists of England. A pair of mighty pincers were stretched across the Atlantic squeezing diverse elements into solidarity.

And then, as is always the case, the economic situation began to be reflected in the writings of the intellectuals of the time. New England, for example, finding a moment's breathing spell from the arduous labor of clearing the land and fighting red Indians, began to ponder over the nature of the state and recall what it had read in John Milton and Locke and other great English philosophers concerning the mysterious "Law of Nature," "Natural Rights of the Individual" and the freedom of the individual.

Here and there throughout the colonies, men of ability, intellect and influence who thought they had been plowing lonely furrows of thought suddenly discovered that in other parts of the seaboard there were those who saw eye to eye with them on the fundamental issues of the nature of authority and the modern state, the rights of the individual and government by the consent of the governed. Through the medium of correspondence societies they exchanged views and slowly evolved a common philosophic defense against the continued and oftentimes headless attacks of their foreign exploiters. The Colonial Correspondents were letting loose on the clear airs of the seaboard centers ideas of liberty and equality that were first to be written in the pre-revolutionary constitutions of the different state assemblies and later to give Jefferson his theme for one of the most thrilling prefaces in history.

It was when, growing bolder, the Correspondents sent such able orators as Samuel Adams out to the town meetings and found so mighty a propagandist as Tom Paine with his pithy pamphlets (125,000 copies of a single pamphlet of Paine's were distributed through the colonies) that the average colonist realized that there was something back of all this grumbling and that he was in for the most desperate of adventures, an open break with the all-powerful mother country. Even so, there was no general understanding of the toughness of the task before the rebellious provincials. At the very eve of the Revolution when a small group of men, the most of them wealthy Southern landowners and well-to-do Northern merchants and professional men, were preparing to defy England, it is safe to assume that the number of minds in the Colonies which could grasp the implications of the intended step was inconsiderable. Certainly the idea of forming a separate government was conspicuous by its absence in the records of that day. Until the sign-

ing of the Declaration, Washington and his officers still drank toasts to "His Majesty, the King." In March, 1775, Benjamin Franklin said, "I have never heard a word in favor of independence from any person, drunk or sober." The colonists after Bunker Hill referred to the British soldiers as "ministerial troops," differentiating between the king and his ministers.

Here, for example, is Abigail Adams, wife of our second President, writing as late as November 27, 1775, in great distress of mind and spirit.

"I wish I knew what mighty things are fabricating. If a form of government is to be established here, what one will be assumed? Will it be left to our Assemblies to choose one? And will not many men have many minds? And shall we not run into dissensions among ourselves?"

"If we separate from Britain what code of laws will be established? How shall we be governed so as to retain our

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liberties? Can any government be free which is not administered by general stated laws? Who shall frame these laws? Who will give them force and energy? It is true, your resolutions as a body have hitherto had the force of laws; but will they continue to have? When I consider these things and the prejudices of the people in favor of ancient customs and regulations, I feel anxious for the fate of our monarchy, or democracy, or whatever is to take place."

This is an enlightening picture of the mental state of those times as seen through the eyes of a remarkable woman. Doubt as to the future, distrust of the ability of the common man to govern himself, uncertainty as to the form which the projected government might take—all are there, giving, together with countless other documents similar in tone, the lie to the story that the Revolution was a spontaneous mass uprising of an outraged citizenry bent on establishing upon this Continent a new form of democratic government. The begin-

nings of the Revolution were sporadic uprisings against tax collectors and representatives of the English throne who were doing the bidding of the dominant English industrialists. It was not until Thomas Jefferson, with his brilliant gift for summing up and his almost uncanny ability to put on paper ideas and aspirations which were vaguely current among intellectual agitators, had drafted the Declaration with its revolutionary assertion of the equality of man, that the revolt which began as a purely economic protest took on new direction and meaning. The ideas expressed by Jefferson immediately became the foundation of a distinctively American political and social philosophy. Distrusted and slighted as they have been by many American leaders, they are nevertheless inherent in the American viewpoint, always in the background of the American scene, dynamic, continuing, as alive today and as unrealized perhaps, as when Jefferson wrote them down. For the mental revolution which the concrete statement of those ideas set in motion still resounds through the world.

"Practical men" among the colonists seem to have regretted their first fine careless raptures over the appearance of that brave doctrine, The Declaration of Independence. They did not at all agree with Thomas Paine, who wrote, immediately after the publication of the Declaration, "We have it in our power to begin the world over again. A situation, similar to the present, hath not happened since the days of Noah until now. The birthday of a new world is at hand, and a race of men, perhaps as numerous as all Europe contains, are to receive their freedom from the events of a few months." Paine was here expressing the hopes of an ardent Utopian rather than the consensus of opinion in the colonies at the time of the drafting of the Declaration. As the War dragged on, more and more of these "practical men" became indifferent to the Revolutionary cause, gave secret aid to the enemy or actually enlisted under the British flag so that at "one time there were 25,000 Americans enlisted in the British Army and at many times there were more Americans under the British than the colonial flag." The Revolution was actually won by a minority of the colonial population, a minority, alert, compact, with a social and economic program for which they were willing to make any sacrifice. Under the able and courageous leadership of Washington, this group fought through to the final victory at Yorktown and achieved the miracle of establishing in this country a government independent of Europe.

The March "look at our world" will tell the story of the making of our Constitution and the first faint beginnings of industrial life as we know it in its amazing developments today.

Washington

(Continued from page 18)

traditional opponents of the Children's Bureau, the bill came through without the objectionable amendment which would have limited its extension to one year.

The usual arguments were heard by opponents as the time came for a vote; the usual efforts were made to put the measure over until too late to take action during the crowded days of the short session. A warning that the Federal Government is encroaching upon the sacred rights of motherhood and tearing infants from the arms of their parents was voiced in tones of throbbing emotion by Senator Reed of Missouri in a speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, to whom he was ostensibly talking on the freedom of the press. Senator Bruce of Maryland lifted his voice in a grisly warning that the Government is now appearing "with obstetric forceps in one hand and a milk bottle in the other." But the majority of the Senate concurred with the House that the Federal Government should be as much interested in the welfare of babies as of livestock.

Colonel Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator McKinley, met a chilly reception in the Senate. By a vote of 48 to 33, it refused to permit him to take the oath, because his primary cam-

What Next?

MRS. CHARLES CHAPLIN, of California, wants half of her husband's property. She lives in a "COMMUNITY PROPERTY" state—one of eight. Grace Turner, interviewing Dorothy Kenyon, lawyer, will describe the community property laws, and open a question.

A plain-speaking, helpful article on CANCER, by Dr. Francis Carter Wood, an eminent authority.

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A plea for "MOTHERS IN BUSINESS" by a business woman whose job is "humanizing"—Anne W. Armstrong.

An account of the interesting new jobs open for women in DEPARTMENT STORES—especially for trained college women. By Helen Johnson Keyes.

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paigned was financed largely by public utilities companies while he was chairman of the Public Utilities Commission. The matter is now before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, which will formally report to the Senate the facts in the Illinois campaign. There is small chance that Mr. Smith will be seated at this session. The vote affirms the Senate's right to judge the fitness of its own members, as against a state's right to have its chosen representatives.

"Please ask General Andrews whether he endorses shooting of innocent duckhunters," telegraphed one agitated editor to his Washington correspondent, seeking light on the activities of prohibition enforcement officials in apprehending bootleggers. The query was duly put to the General. It is one example of the criticisms which pour in daily upon the Treasury Department in its efforts to enforce prohibition. General Andrews disclaimed any evil designs upon innocent duckhunters. He insisted, however, that a mistake by an overzealous prohibition officer is no reason for a general denouncement of prohibition. Both Secretary Mellon and General Andrews, in charge of prohibition enforcement, appear annoyed over the numerous requests from Congress for complete data on such subjects as industrial alcohol regulations, operations of under-cover agents, and other phases of the enforcement program. It takes time and the services of many employees to collect the data and correspondence called for in these resolutions, and the Treasury, noting that they emanate from "wet" leaders in Congress, suspects them as a part of the general wet drive to discredit prohibition enforcement.

Secretary Mellon has stood firm against the demand that the Government alter its formula for denaturing tax-free industrial alcohol, used since 1906, because some individuals drink bootleg liquor made from industrial alcohol and are made very sick by the wood alcohol used as a denaturant. In a statement sent to Congress, Secretary Mellon said that he would be willing to abandon the use of poisonous wood alcohol if another and equally efficient denaturant could be worked out by Government chemists. Until that can be done, he sees no reason for altering the formula which has been used for twenty years to guarantee industries a

free supply of non-taxable alcohol.

The imminence of another strike in the periodically erupting bituminous coal industry has failed to spur Congress to action on numerous pending bills designed to meet strike emergencies and protect the public from the effects of a coal shortage. The present wage agreement in the bituminous coal fields expires on March 31. In each of his messages to Congress, the President has asked for coal legislation, but neither the Parker bill nor the more recent Copeland bill appears to have any chance on the Congressional calendar, and Secretary Hoover has informally suggested that the public should fill up its coal bins.

A hopeful sign of the determination of the woman voter to use her growing knowledge of practical politics as a key to open the inner council rooms of men politicians was the meeting here of the Republican women leaders from thirty-two states, called by Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mrs. Hert hails from Kentucky; in looks and manner she is the traditional soft-voiced Southern gentlewoman, golden-haired, expensively and tastefully dressed. But she is learning to "play the game" with her kid gloves off. Which does not mean that she believes in adopting the tactics of the ward-heeler, but that she recognizes the necessity for women voters concerning themselves with something more definite than "spiritual and moral progress." In these fields men have gracefully acknowledged their leadership. Mrs. Hert reminded the delegates to the conference. They must still be shown that women can handle the ballot purposefully. The Republican women were received at the White House, patted on the back by several Cabinet officers, and told by William Butler, erstwhile Senator and Chairman of the Republican National Committee, that "the woman voter has inspired a new regard for the spiritual and moral upbuilding of the country and the best ideals for human welfare and national progress."

A plaintive protest went whispering through the halls of the Capitol when it was announced that President Coolidge would no longer serve succulent country sausages at the White House breakfasts to which Republican and Democratic leaders are frequently summoned to discuss "the political situation." The President, it was found by the White House physician, is in danger of losing that boyish form. No more sausages; no more griddle cakes. The Executive veto overrode the order banning hot cakes, but sausage will be seen no more on the Presidential breakfast table. Fried ham was substituted as the *pièce de resistance*. And if the bathroom scales on which we imagine Mr. Coolidge steps somewhat gingerly every morning register over the 160-pound mark, even ham must go.

Democratic leaders, noting that the rate of duty on imported sausage was advanced a few days after the announcement, hinted at a political angle in the situation.

The fragrant atmosphere of past days when the old houses around LaFayette Park housed men whose names are part of America's history is fast vanishing from modern Washington. One by one its treasured landmarks are disappearing, and for some strange reason no authoritative voice is lifted in protest. The substantial old houses just across from the White House in which Henry Adams and John Hay lived are being torn down. The mantels of the fireplace before which Adams and Hay

An Apology

THAT advertising in the WOMAN CITIZEN attracts much attention from subscribers has just been strikingly proved. In the January number, for the first time in its history, the CITIZEN carried a fraudulent advertisement. It came from Gainesville, Florida, and offered oranges at a low price. This advertisement was carried by many papers throughout the country before its fraudulent character was exposed. Letters from subscribers have flooded the CITIZEN office, telling of the fake.

The CITIZEN has always been proud of the high standing of its advertising and has a careful system of safeguards to ensure this standard. Owing to the Christmas rush and some new members on the CITIZEN staff, this advertisement was accepted without the consent or even knowledge of the heads of the staff.

The error was detected too late to prevent its appearance, but the postmaster at Gainesville, Florida, was immediately notified. The CITIZEN is assured by him that the perpetrators of the fraud are in the hands of the United States authorities and that all letters addressed to Acme Farms will be returned to senders. It is probable, therefore, that no one will be the loser through the CITIZEN mistake.

Nevertheless, it is a matter of deep chagrin that CITIZEN pages were so used and safeguards against a repetition of such an error have been redoubled.

GOLD FOR THE GOLDEN WEST

WE can shout as loud as native daughters that everything is big and best in California. We've just mailed a check for \$112.50 to the Federation Secretaries of Los Angeles District, California Federation of Women's Clubs, for their successful drive for CITIZEN subscriptions.

chatted through many long evenings are offered for public sale. The fine old door panelings, the fixtures, even the floorings of the two houses joined by a connecting door are being bought up by collectors and private builders. The Henry Adams House for many years past has housed the Brazilian Embassy, and the John Hay House was the family home of the Wadsworths.

Across the street, the famous old Dolly Madison House, now boasting a stylish coat of stucco, and the adjoining building which was known as "The Little White House" when Mark Hanna lived there, look forlornly out of place in a modern business block, with a theatre on one side and a millinery shop on the other. The Dolly Madison House is now owned by the Cosmos Club, which uses the Hanna house as a sort of ladies' annex. The Club has decided to sell the lots. This means that eventually the houses will be torn down to make room for one of the large office buildings or hotels which are springing up like mushrooms. The mighty dollar of the real estate interests may some day make of this once leisurely old city on the Potomac a really wide-awake metropolis, like Chicago or Pittsburgh. All we need is a few subways and an elevated railway along Pennsylvania Avenue.

EARN MONEY AT HOME Start a candy business. You can easily build up a profitable business at home. We tell you how and teach you to make all kinds of candies — hand dipped chocolates, hard candies, French Nougat, Caramels, etc. Complete course, resident or correspondence, under personal direction of Elinor G. Hanna. Write for Booklet W. C. 2.
THE CANDY INSTITUTE, 60 W. 50 St. N. Y.

Please don't throw away the broken pieces, put them together with



MAJOR'S CEMENT

IS GOOD
For repairing china, glassware, bric-a-brac, meerschaum, tipping billiard cues, 25c per bottle
Major's Rubber and Leather Cements 20c per bottle at dealers

EST. 1876

For Friends Who Don't Subscribe

THE WOMAN CITIZEN,
171 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$2.00 for 1 year
\$3.50 " 2 years for the WOMAN CITIZEN

Name

Address

Foreign Postage 50c. extra

With Our Readers

A WOMAN worth listening to has something to say about the children of home-plus-job women:

IN these days when newspapers fill up vacant space either alleging that college women do not marry and bear children or else talk about "a home or a career," we might well name the mothers of some men rising to fame. Mr. Willis Abbott, the editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, is a son of Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, and her first husband. Dr. Smith practiced medicine for many years and stood for suffrage. Though now past eighty years of age, she is keenly interested in all modern movements.

A New York newspaper merger of the *Journal of Commerce* and the New York *Commercial*, under the editorship of Professor H. Parker Willis of Columbia, reminds us that Professor Willis is a son of Rev. Olympia Brown Willis, one of the first women to graduate from college and also one of the first to be ordained a minister. She was an abolitionist and a pioneer suffragist. Her daughter Gwendolin was for years a professor at Milwaukee-Downer College. Women who give a few such children to the world make a more valuable contribution than does the North Carolina man who, recently, was featured in the news items as the father of thirty-four.

CATHARINE WAUGH McCULLOCH,
Chicago, Illinois.

THE writer of this letter has read with interest Miss Grace Turner's article in the January number of the *WOMAN CITIZEN* upon the making of wills betimes, but she would like to correct one statement made in it, feeling sure the Editor will be glad of such correction.

In Massachusetts three witnesses to a will are necessary to legalize it, however it may be in other states.

The writer knows of a case of a mother and daughter, the mother possessed of sufficient property to enable them to live in modest comfort. She wished to leave all her property to her daughter, drew up a will clearly stating her wishes (through a lawyer) and had it witnessed by two witnesses, which number formerly sufficed in Massachusetts. But the law at the time of her death required three witnesses, and the judge in consequence disallowed the will—although her wishes were perfectly evident—and the daughter had to share the moderate property with other relatives, and in consequence received only a pittance herself, and is now obliged to work to support herself.

A. B.

Massachusetts is peculiar in this regard. The brief article could cover only general practice, not all variations. But be sure you know what the law is in your state.

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Heart to Heart

What Do You Think of the Woman Citizen?

YOU are one of some 20,000 people (including a few men) who are on our books as regular subscribers. What do you think of your magazine?

A few hundred—oh! possibly a thousand during the year—write warm-hearted, unsolicited letters of approval, letters which make it seem worth while to publish the WOMAN CITIZEN, letters whose effect is to strengthen the heart impulse to carry on a woman's periodical that can be the common meeting-ground of all women who want to see the world grow toward justice, intelligence and peace.

But what about you others? Do you simply pay \$2.00 a year because somebody persuaded you to do so, and let it go at that?

Born of Ideals

IF we could hear from all of you it might save us a lot of work. You see, way back in the seventies, Lucy Stone and her husband, Henry Blackwell, started this magazine because they believed certain ideals would help the human race to grow. For nearly fifty years they and their daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell, put their hearts, their efforts and every cent they could earn or raise into the enterprise. It was as hopeless when they started as John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Equal political or even property rights for women were just as fantastic as the millennium is today.

Yet in 1919 the United States, by an amendment to the Constitution, took woman out of the chattel class and invested her with equal political rights as a person and a citizen.

Thereupon most normal folk, tired after the emotional strain of war, prohibition and suffrage, said, "What's the use of working any more? We've got it, haven't we?"

A Task Half Done

BUT suffrage is only the beginning. What are women going to do with the vote now they have it? That's the question. You who have read "Revelry" have absorbed an experienced newspaper man's viewpoint of what the center of our civilization looked like to him a few years ago. We don't underwrite the book, but the writer, we believe, has tried in his rather profane way to give a picture of what your own local pool-

room and speak-easy "practical" politicians would look like if transported bodily to Washington with unlimited chances for bigger and better graft. To our mind, the things which he is inveighing against are not Democracy, not Republicanism, not machine politics, not even the human race, but simply the hangover of pagan crookedness and cruelty which has survived the Christian era and is still with us today.

Right or Might?

YOU, our 20,000 subscribers, are most of you women. Many of you are mothers. Are you content with things as they are? With graft scandals at the top, and synthetic gin at the bottom? Or is there something better that you hope for? Twenty thousand earnest, well-intentioned people were an army sixty years ago. But times have changed. Stacked up against a magazine circulation of over two million amiable, bridge-playing ladies, the average advertiser today doesn't think a mere twenty thousand amounts to a hill of beans.

You are a small minority, but every decent thing in the world started with a small minority who were not content with material things.

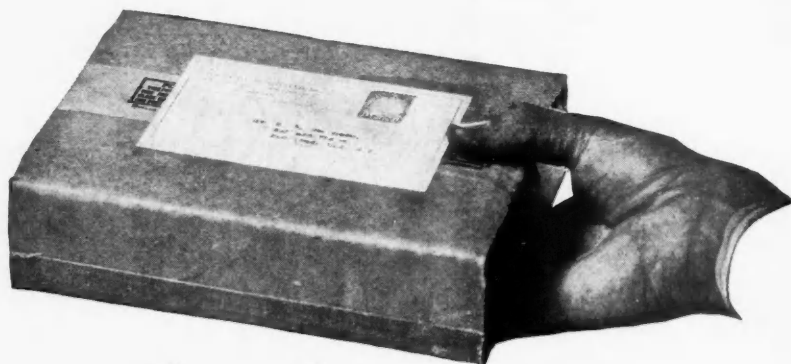
Your \$2.00 Plus

WE can get the brains to make a good magazine if the need is real and the support is adequate. But to make it truly successful in this commercial world, it needs a surplus of enthusiastic subscriptions, a surplus of voluntary donations, and the bequests of generous-minded women everywhere who would like to leave a mark on their times by supporting a magazine which exists to plead for fairer opportunities for women, better conditions for unborn children, better government, better education—and even better men born of better women.

Mr. Dana of the New York *Sun* is reported to have once said in justification of the average newspaper, "There's no news in being good." Also, there are no dividends in advocating the good up to the time when *the good becomes so popular as to enforce commercial success*. Such success is part of the CITIZEN's program.

Won't you help by doubling the number of CITIZEN readers this year?

The Book-of-the-Month Club enables you to *make sure* that you actually obtain and read outstanding books that otherwise you may miss.



Handed to you by the postman— *the best new book each month!*



HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



WM. ALLEN WHITE

IF you are a bookish person, you have probably heard about the Book-of-the-Month Club. Many of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to its service. Wherever books are talked about, it is likely to come into the conversation. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it seems to be misunderstood.

There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person *fails* to read most of these important books. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive the outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? How may you be sure it is a book that you would care to purchase anyway? In order to obtain a completely unbiassed selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, of all publishers, are presented to

them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, your choice among current books is no more limited than if you browsed in a bookstore. The only result is—that you actually *do* obtain and *do* read the books you want to read. This you won't do, in most cases, if you rely upon your present haphazard methods of book-buying.

The cost of this service is—nothing. The cost of the books is, in every case, the publishers' retail price.

If you are interested in this idea, and wish to know more about it, send for our prospectus, in which the simple details of the plan are completely outlined. Your request will involve you in no obligation to subscribe. If, however, you do subscribe at this time, you will receive special privileges as a "charter subscriber," which it will not be possible to offer later.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
218 West 40th St., Dept. 54B
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Please send me, without cost, your Prospectus outlining the details of the Book-of-the-Month Plan of Reading. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

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The WOMAN CITIZEN

Twenty Five Cents

March, 1927



A Pioneer Reformer of the Law

In this Issue

Why I Believe in Divorce

B. Altman & Co.

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Is of a favoured material—fine twill, lined with the dress material. It has beautifully fitting shoulders. In navy with light blue, green, or red check silk. 14 to 38. Replicas, complete \$135.00

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The Woman Citizen

Founded June 2, 1917, continuing *The Woman's Journal* founded in 1870 by Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell and published weekly from 1870 to 1917.

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Managing Director, MRS. RAYMOND BROWN; Editor, VIRGINIA RODERICK; Contributing Editors, CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, ALICE STONE BLACKWELL; Associate Editor, DOROTHY BUDD; Art Editor, E. BUCKNER KIRK.

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Vol. LV Old Style. Vol. XI New Style. No. 10

The Cover Picture A Pioneer Reformer of the Law—Elizabeth Cady Stanton

"O H, my daughter, would that you were a boy!" Judge Cady, broken-hearted at the death of his only son, was speaking to eleven-year-old Elizabeth, afterward famous as Elizabeth Cady Stanton. And forthwith the child determined to be to her father all that a son could be. She studied Greek and mathematics, rode horseback, or hung around his law office, but no matter what she did it was borne in upon her that no girl could really replace a boy in the father's affection. She never heard the longed-for words: "Well, a girl is as good as a boy after all."

Further, she heard much about the injustice and cruelty of the laws relating to women: mothers dependent on the bounty of a son who inherited under the law; wives unable to obtain a divorce; women denied the custody of their children in the event of a separation, though the husbands might be worthless drunkards. Such things roused the child and made her ponder still more the disabilities attendant on being born a girl. When her father explained that "this was the law" and showed her the statutes in his books, she decided upon drastic action. She would slip downstairs at night, armed with scissors and a candle, and cut the offending laws from the books. Fortunately, Judge Cady learned of this plan in time to prevent the mutilation of his library, and explained to Elizabeth that even if the laws were clipped from his books they would still be in force. "When you are grown up," he added, "you must go down to Albany and talk to the legislators . . . and if you can persuade them to pass new laws, the old ones will be dead letter."

How literally the daughter was to take that advice the father never dreamed. He did not realize that his disregard of her childish eagerness to take her brother's place to him had been an unconscious injustice that had made a deep scar on her mind. Nor did he guess when Elizabeth adopted the various "causes" that interested her throughout her life—anti-slavery, suffrage, prohibition—that it was in his law office, in her childhood, that she had learned enough of injustice to acquire that passion for abstract justice which stayed with her throughout her long and magnificent life.



Here it is—ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
—waiting in the WOMAN CITIZEN office for
a chance to hurry off to the treasury of your
League, Woman's Club or other organization.

PAY DAY EVERY MONTH

In February we sent out four checks just like this for \$100, we are holding two checks for more than \$100 earned during the month by women's organizations and we mailed a score of checks for amounts from \$50 to \$100.

WELCOME TO YOUR CITY

The CITIZEN DRIVE PLAN is not only an easy way to raise funds on account of our generous commission rates, but a popular and appealing method because you offer something that every intelligent woman wants in her home.

Start your drive NOW at the best time of year.

Write for details if you do not know our plan.

171 Madison Ave.

THE WOMAN CITIZEN

New York City

WOMAN CITIZEN

171 Madison Ave., N. Y. City

Please send me details of your plan for earning \$100 for my organization.

Name

Address

This insures no obligation to put on a drive.

WOMAN CITIZEN

171 Madison Ave., N. Y. City

Please send sample copies, blanks and other material to

Name

Address

for a CITIZEN drive starting.....(date)

for

..... (name of organization).

OUR OWN DINGBATS

WE'VE caught a wee faint sniff of spring. ♦♦♦ Nothing visible. ♦♦♦ No proof that appeals to us as scientific. ♦♦♦ But one's nose says it's coming, and newspaper notes from the suburbs even mention promise of sap and a misguided robin or so. ♦♦♦ Probably you will read this during a blizzard. ♦♦♦ We can't wait to tell you this one, believe it or not, as you like. ♦♦♦ You know Walter Hampden is playing in a dramatization of Robert Browning's long, long poem, "The Ring and the Book." ♦♦♦ *Caponsacchi*, the play is called. ♦♦♦ A woman from our apartment house went, and at the end of the Prologue two flappers near her rose to depart. ♦♦♦ "Well," said one to the other, "if that's the kind of play Browning wrote, I don't wonder 'Peaches' left him." ♦♦♦ We're noble, telling you that. ♦♦♦ We have a notion we could have got a bit of filthy lucre if we'd sent it to a certain publication we know of. ♦♦♦ This is the month we don't like—February. ♦♦♦ As if it weren't bad enough to have only a skimpy twenty-eight days, without dropping in two holidays. ♦♦♦ National heroes should all be born in thirty-one-day months. ♦♦♦ Or, if that reform can't be put across, then we are for the proposed division of the year into thirteen equal length months. ♦♦♦ Failing all that, magazines shouldn't be published with such regard for the present calendar. ♦♦♦ We have been reading letters from friends traveling around the world which force us to don the hair shirt of penitence after each reading, for the grievous sin of envy. ♦♦♦ When there came a description of seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight, we dared not read it for days ♦♦♦ though Aldous Huxley, in "Jesting Pilate," does say the Taj isn't so much. ♦♦♦ And then climbing around among 27,000 feet snow-capped Himalayas—not just mountains but super-mountains! ♦♦♦ We aren't so sure, though, that we'd care much about mounting an elephant *via* his tail. ♦♦♦ Maybe we shouldn't even like it when we got up there. ♦♦♦ But, oh glory, we'd risk it! ♦♦♦ Speaking of Abraham Lincoln, which we almost were (and we don't *really* begrudge him a February birthday), that is a good story they tell about Lincoln as captain in the Black Hawk war. ♦♦♦ His company was approaching a fence, the gate required an oblique turn, and Lincoln couldn't recall the right military language to produce it. ♦♦♦ So he ordered: "Company halt; company dismiss for two minutes. When you fall in, fall in on the other side of the fence. ♦♦♦ Do men mean any of these threats? ♦♦♦ They menaced us with a return to whiskers, to prove to bobbed women that men are men and inimitable; and now it's knee-breeches, to compensate for our short skirts. ♦♦♦ Very well, if they think they can risk it. ♦♦♦ It's perfectly true women don't consider whether their legs are lovely or otherwise. ♦♦♦ In spite of that smell of spring, it's a bit early for gardening, but not for instruction to the city woman who, meaning to raise potatoes, read the directions for planting and found they would be impossible, because they should be planted in hills and her garden was perfectly level.



For Madame and Mademoiselle

MADE TO INDIVIDUAL ORDER BY THE SPECIAL ORDER SALON

THE NEW collections from the Paris Openings have now arrived and the Special Order Salon will copy or adapt to individual order in a very short time and at moderate prices

The Smartest Paris Fashions in

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Fifth Floor

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops

Fifth Avenue, 37th and 38th Sts., New York

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In Italian immigrant woman with her baby—before she "dresses up"

Mrs. Riccolo Dresses Up

She and Her Friends prove that High Wages are a Good Investment for Society, bringing Prosperity and saving Taxes, While Poverty Wages are a Liability for All Concerned

By ISABEL BACHE

HENRY BREWSTER, night-clerk in the Central Hotel in a little Mid-Western town, sat with his feet propped up in the window, gazing out on busy Main street. Henry did not go on duty for some hours and,

like most hotel clerks, he was fond of philosophizing with the salesmen on the devious ways of life. It was a Saturday afternoon and the street was filled with shoppers, farmers come to town with their wide-eyed families, gazing into the windows of all the spick and span little

stores, working-men slicked up for the half holiday, professional men and their wives laden with bundles.

As Henry's roaming eyes fell upon a shiny new sedan from which emerged a smartly dressed woman and two dark-skinned children, Henry grunted audibly.



© Brown Bros.

Main Street as it looks today since high wages have created a demand for good stores and fine merchandise

"Don't it beat the Dutch," said Henry, "the way these Wops are stepping out? There's that Riccolo woman and her kids, riding around in an automobile and going shopping with the best of them. A few years back when they first came to town they was living in a four-roomed shack the other side of the railroad tracks. Now, since the old man got a job carpentering, they are getting mighty high-toned. What with the high wages the ordinary mechanics is getting, I don't know what this town is coming to."

The jewelry salesman at Henry's side threw away his cigar and straightened up



© Ewing Galloway
"Mrs. Riccolo" reaches America

at the sound of the words "high wages."

"I've heard an awful lot of talk lately about the high wages being paid in this town. But if it wasn't for those same high wages, Henry, most of the traveling men, myself included, wouldn't be paying those higher rates for room and board that the proprietor of this hotel put on a couple of years ago. If it was not for those same high wages we would not be traveling this way at all, for I can tell you frankly that a few years back this town had the reputation of being a pretty dead market. I happen to know something about the way the Riccolo family has come on since the time they were living down there beside the tracks. I have the Riccolos down as good cash customers, and if you would ask around a bit you might find that the washing-machine salesman, the man who carries vacuum cleaners, and the other boys, look on the Riccolos as among their best prospects. From here it may look as though they were stepping out a bit, but so long as the steps they take lead to markets, you and the rest of the townsfolk have no real kick coming."

Debates similar to those in the lobby of the Central House can be heard all across the country these days. You come upon heated discussions of wages and living conditions in almost every walk of American life. Learned economists talk of "real wages," the purchasing power of the dollar, and "the new industry's" living standards, in conference halls and university class-rooms. No Pullman smoker conversation is com-

plete without either its lamentations or rejoicings over the high wages of the average American worker. Every foreign visitor at all interested in the bread-and-butter side of life returns home loud with wonder over American standards. What concerns us here is the effect upon the community of the dressing up of Mrs. Riccolo, and the new horizons which the Riccolo family glimpse now that father Riccolo is making good money as a carpenter.

LET us see what has been happening to wages. The annual survey of the United States Department of Labor for 1926 shows that nearly a million trade unionists in the United States averaged \$52.12 for the standard working week last year. This is a gain of 133.4 per cent over wages for the full time week in 1913 and reaches the highest level of wages in the industries covered in the history of trade unionism.

This report is based on returns from the building trades, printing and publishing, baking, street railways, laundries, teamsters, chauffeurs and longshoremen. Mines, railways and the greater part of manufacture are not covered. The report covers 824,313 union workers in sixty-six cities.

You know that in many instances highly skilled workers, mainly in the building and allied trades, are receiving as high as from twelve to fifteen dollars a day. You know that in 1926 wages all over the United States showed a perceptible rise over 1925 and that there has been a



© Charles P. Cushing

Main Street not so many years ago when poor folks were poor folks and didn't dare dream of Fords or vacuum cleaners

slight decrease in the cost of living. During the month of September, 1926, (the last month for which figures were obtainable at the time of writing) the Labor Bureau of New York City reported fifty-one wage increases in various industries and only two decreases. In June of last year there were one hundred and one increases with four decreases.

The Labor Bureau sets the 1926 budget of a skilled worker employed in the typical American town of Minneapolis at \$3,014.64. This is a modification of the budgets of the United States Department of Labor which makes no provision beyond "minimum health and decency" for a worker and his family, consisting of five persons in all. After the Minneapolis worker had paid for food, clothing, rent, light and heat and house equipment he still had a considerable sum left under the heading of "Miscellaneous." And it is under this item that the skilled worker of today is able to find breathing-spell from the fight for sheer existence that his predecessors carried on before the War.

OF course there have come with fatter pay envelopes new needs, many of which a few years ago would have been considered incredible luxuries. Through all the range of daily living, the Riccolos are finding new ways of spending money, mainly through instalment buying, new standards that imply new expenditures. Regret this or not, it is certainly no cause for grief to those who make up what is sometimes

called the "service element" in the Riccolos' home town, namely the business and professional men, the shopkeepers, the bankers, doctors and lawyers—all those who do not work directly with their hands for a living.

Every one who comes back from the real America which centers, roughly speaking, somewhere around the Mississippi Valley, comments on the remarkable change in the manner of living of its inhabitants. Stores that formerly had in their windows a conglomeration of exhibits of bad taste are now able to show and to sell merchandise as high in quality as many metropolitan shops. The Riccolos are no longer to be put off with shoddy gimcracks. They demand well-built furniture that may be standardized, to be sure, but is certainly not an offense to the eye. They want their clothes to last a bit more than a few months. If you could look on the inside of Mr. Riccolo's suit-pocket you would find there the label of a famous ready-to-wear concern that dresses many strollers on Fifth avenue. Mrs. Riccolo now patronizes the same seamstress as does the wife of the town's leading lawyer, and as a matter of fact, her clothes really fit her a bit better.

In the high school one of the Riccolo boys is on the debating team and editor of the school paper, while another is the leading basketball player of the school and will go up to State College next year on a scholarship. In times past both of these boys would long since have been in a factory helping to eke out the

family income with their "earnings."

The Riccolos' home, while not pretentious, is one of the best kept on the block. There are flowers in front and a bit of a vegetable garden in the rear, where now and then you may see the mother at work with a trowel, since she has more leisure for matters that she really loves, now that machinery is doing so much of her home work.

To be sure these are mainly material advantages but they are felt throughout the entire community. Even Henry Brewster, grumbling away down there in the hotel, is leading a slightly more
(Continued on page 49)



© Lewis W. Hine

New arrivals—Americans-to-be



Self-supporting women no longer are compelled to follow the ancient trail in the wake of the conquering male

Why I Believe in Divorce

By RUTH HALE

Drawings by Helen P. Phelps

IT is idle to discuss divorce unless you believe in marriage, as idle as to discuss surgery if you do not believe in life. Nobody in his senses is an advocate of divorce as such. Nobody is going about crying for disruption for its own sake. But to try and maintain that you regard divorce as wrongful, at this stage of the evolution of marriage, and at the same time to maintain that you profoundly respect the basic fact of marriage, seems to me to be an untenable position.

One should perhaps say marriage and "marriage," and then define the kind of marriage one believes in and hopes for. It should be obvious that the institution as we now have it is unsatisfactory, inadequate, ridiculously hampering to one and probably both of the sexes, and doomed besides.

It is true that a man is no longer legally entitled to beat his wife, providing his stick is no thicker than his thumb. It is even true that lately the English Book of Common Prayer permits ministers who are so minded to pronounce a marriage ceremony in which the wife is not required to promise to obey her husband. But these, and all other such piecemeal reforms, are not enough. A husband is still legally "the head of his family"—a phrase by which the law



One out of every twelve marriages in the United States, it is claimed, ends in the divorce courts. The wide spread, the increase, of divorce, is generally recognized as an evil, or as a symptom of a grave wrong in our social life. No social subject is more discussed. Should divorce be easier, or harder? Would absolute prohibition of divorce be a remedy? Or a worse evil?

We asked Ruth Hale, courageous and consistent feminist, to tell us why she believes in divorce. Here is her answer. In a later number there will be an article by some one of exactly contrary mind.



lumps both wife and children under the one head. A husband is legally entitled to his wife's services, without pay, and may sue for them if an outside agency—say, for instance, an accident in which her arm or her leg or back is broken—deprives him of her full physical fitness. He is still the absolute arbiter of where she may live or vote, how she may bring up their children, whether or not she may work outside their home.

The legal disabilities of married women, however, multiplied as these might be almost without number, are not the head and front of this offending. Industrially and economically, a wife is still thoroughly badly off. It is hardly possible, in a brief space, to enumerate the kind and number of employments that a woman may not have when she is married, even though she pursued them successfully before she married, but they are common knowledge. Finally, socially, the sphere in which, perhaps, one leads the truest, deepest part of one's life, the position of the woman married is simply preposterously secondary. In practically all social consideration—that is, in her bulk before her fellows—she derives from him, is accepted or not on the basis of his achievement or his charm, is overridden at any moment out of real or fancied deference to him,

is considered, if at all, in consideration of his claims, not hers, upon the indulgence of the world, and is even named for him if she does not make an outcry that would tax the patience of a saint.

All of this springs, of course, from the so-recently entire, and still partial, regard of a wife as being a ward, a chattel.

Out of that chattel estate the awakened woman has decided to decamp.

In fact, she has done so already, though she is still trammelled, still moving painfully, one clogged step at a time. But however slowly, however doggedly, she is on her way to new marriages. Already there are, well, possibly millions of women married here in America who are living with their husbands in an inner relationship which gives them an ample personal freedom, living with husbands who would themselves be outraged at the idea of taking any advantage of the powers which both law and customs give them. But there are many millions more who have found no such dispensation, and even the millions under grace have still to combat the social and industrial disabilities. And combat it they will. They will have a marriage wherein they shall be judged by the quality of their own character, their own achievement, their own personal power, their own good citizenship in an unhampered field, and wherein their attitude to their husbands is a part of, but never the whole of, their recognized virtue. Even where they least suspect it, they are straining at their bonds.



If you are unwilling to accept a mere dictum on this point, look about you and see what is happening to marriages, quite irrespective of divorce. There is hardly a state legislature in the country which has not within the past five years passed from one to ten laws altering the legal status of husband and wife. They have not done enough, but they have all done something, and one need look no further to find proof, not only that they know something must be done, but that there is a healthy power abroad to see that they do it.

This power is, of course, chiefly emancipated, or semi-emancipated women, and

their intention is to create the kind of marriage they may honestly and honorably desire. They have repudiated the old form, because it could no longer contain them, could no longer provide them with the fulfilment of their just and legitimate demands upon their little span of life. They have gone at this repudiation in many ways, some of them articulate, some emotional and inarticulate, but none entirely futile. And in this drive to reshape the marriage form, their most scourging weapon has surely been divorce. For example, a woman bereft of the power to provide her own food and shelter by the exercise of her own energy, must take this food and shelter on terms not her own but those laid down by her benefactor. A woman capable of earning her own "bread and board" need accept nothing ill-fitting to her self-respect. Then, given an amazing number of women who are thus able to make their own terms, one finds the old form of marriage in the rather unfortunate position of something which may be taken or left—but for one pretty staggering fact: that women are happier with men and children than they are without them. So are men for that matter, but since the present re-forming of marriage comes so largely from women, one does better to stick to one's text.

However, we find this: women who are no longer obliged to accept the old marriage customs—and who could hardly be expected to have a taste for them—and who find themselves unable to be at their happiest without a man, a mate—a life-mate—and children. Without divorce, as the most potent protest against the marriage institution as they find it, they must take it on, with all its ancient, outmoded, crippling mores on its head, or do without it altogether, that is to say, they must do without an open, free, honorable relation with a man, and without children.

That, surely, is a predicament in which only weaklings would consent to leave themselves. Surely it is understandable that a woman of spirit would say: "Marriage is not now good enough for me but I am contemptible if I do not make it better, since it is essential to me." Surely it is understandable that she can not make it better, whatever her spirit, if once she follows her deepest in-

stincts into it and then finds, whatever its conditions, that she can not get out of it. Surely it is understandable that she will no longer consent, since she need not, to be sunk without trace.

I think that probably more women divorce marriage than divorce men. And will, increasingly, until they have hacked this relationship into a state more commensurate with the dignity of their part in it.



And why not? Who would claim that all marriages are sacrament? The true marriage is a sacrament, after it has lasted long enough for both the man and the woman to have come to rest in each other, to have found that they truly love, that there is that in the spirit of each which both consoles and enlivens the other, and that these will last. But this is a sacrament which will surely enlist them both in an uncoerced devotion. It is precisely because I believe that, left utterly to themselves, without a trace left either of marriage or divorce, men and women will make these alliances, to the end that they will be most truly and securely happy, that I do believe in marriage. If there is a state that God appears to have blessed, it is surely this deep, productive long love between men and women. But I can not be asked to believe that God has ordained as a sacrament all legal marriage between men and women.

One can think no less than that God has immeasurable patience, that He has watched over us through many marriage forms, many marriage rebellions, many gropings and strivings, many aspirations. He has seen within mere recorded history a hundred ways by which men and women have sought to liberate and then make permanent the modes under which they would live together. Since He is the Very Father of all effort and all energy, I can not believe that He would frown upon our striving. One finds all too great a readiness, and all too little a justification, to crown one's own conviction with the sanction of Divinity. We are poor humans, and we do the best we can, and if it is not very magnificent, at least only those are downright sinful who stop trying to do better.



The professional woman
can be scornful

of both cash and
kitchen utensils



© Arnold Genthe

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

By ANNE HARD

FRIENDLY IMPRESSIONS

IT was the Senate Family Gallery on one of those days of the debate on the World Court.

Over the broad barricade of the gallery rail you might have seen on the floor below a certain Western Senator delivering an impassioned plea against American adherence. There had been many such pleas, but in few or none had reference been made by name to Woodrow Wilson. On this occasion the "Wilson policies" were thus specifically attacked.

In the front row, to the right of the aisle, sat a woman dressed in mourning. Her hands lay, palm up, very quiet, in her lap. The expression of great sweetness upon her face never varied. It was by a curious coincidence upon this day that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson happened to sit there and to hear those attacks by name upon her husband's dearest dream.

All eyes turned toward her, for hers was a figure very infrequently seen in the gallery.

She sat to the right of the aisle. To the left of the aisle is the usually empty bench reserved for the President. It was

empty on that day. For when our President steps down his wife becomes in the Senate Gallery just one of the many again. It is, apparently, democracy.

One could not but see behind that quiet woman sitting there the glory of ambition, the happiness of domestic life, the tragedy of its sudden finishing, passing as in a ghostly pageantry of remembrance.

She sat and listened. It is perhaps the thick fringe of black lashes on both the lower and the upper eyelid that gives the blue-grey eyes an expression a little mysterious. The delicate features, the fine, pale skin, complete the picture of what one calls "a pretty woman." Those quiet hands, lying palm up in her lap, are the hands that certain old masters loved. You will see them, pink-palmed, pointed-fingered, in the paintings of Murillo and Tintoretto.

Three years have passed since that grey winter evening when men and women knelt in crowds in the prosaic street of an American city, weeping and praying before the house where a man

who was to them more than a President lay dying. This is (*Continued on p. 45*)



© U. & U.

The famous Wilson house in S Street

"My Children, Too!"

The Confessions of a Modern Mother

"POOR old mother! You are getting the shock of your life, aren't you?"

It was quite true. I was getting the shock of my life, although I had considered myself fairly shock-proof for a middle-aged woman. For I had read the stories of the earlier Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald, proclaiming the bad manners and the indifferent morals of the younger set; I had seen the posters covering the delivery trucks of the yellows, and advertising "Bacchantes at Boarding School, a Tale of Today's Flaming Youth"; I had listened to sermons by amiable clergymen, reassuring the world about the younger generation, and declaring its outspokenness more than a compensation for its departure from the old code of desirable behavior; I had heard at middle-aged women's luncheons sibilant stories about the rich, presumably well-brought-up school girls who rented apartments on their own for giving unchaperoned parties. Stories about the well-born children of the well-to-do which read like transcripts from Theodore Dreiser's intimate details of mill-hand courtship in "An American Tragedy."

Yet, in spite of what I had regarded as a rather liberal education, my daughter was capable of giving me the shock of my life. For I had never believed, until she casually made the revelation, that my children also were caught in the current of the muddy torrent. Other people's children—yes. Although, even there, I believed the stories about flaming youth's lurid ways to be exaggerated, single instances to be multiplied by ten, by a hundred; an ugly happening in New York to be transplanted by lively imaginations to Bangor and Baltimore, to Seattle and Savannah, until it was doing bugaboo duty in a dozen places.

"They Tell Me Everything"

BUT even granted that there was some foundation for the widespread rumor that youth was on the rampage, I had believed my children to be miraculously escaping. I thought I knew them so well. I knew that our relations were much more free and intimate than mine had been with my

These "confessions," printed anonymously for obvious reasons, are made by a woman well known to us—a woman of fine taste and intelligence. Is her experience with her daughters typical? If so, what is the cause—what the remedy? In later issues there will be comment from daughters as well as from other mothers. We shall welcome full discussion by our readers (under seal of anonymity, if you choose), provided it is discussion based on facts

mother. Like most women of my sort and age, I had made rather a cult of companionability with my children, and I deluded myself that, because I had placed no taboos on subject or on style when they talked to me, they had told me "everything."

And then they had always had such wholesome interests, such abundance of sane recreations, such active intelligences, such established good taste, such a background of refinement—in short, all those things which parents who have been blest with wealth and assured social position can provide for their children. "Necking," "petting"—loathsome words more offensive to the ears than even the "spooning" of my day—were rid of some of the inhibitions of my youth; they used livelier language—uglier, I found it; they had outgrown some sentimentality, some furtiveness. But they were not in the midst of the turgid stream sweeping on to no-one-knows-what.

And here my elder daughter, Aimée, had, with a casual gesture, upset my assurance. Aimée is twenty-two, just out of college, where she had a distinguished record. She had come in at five o'clock that morning after a night which included a dinner, a theatre party, a supper, dancing at a night club, a motor run into the country and finally ham and eggs at an all-night restaurant.

Now, at noon, standing beside the desk where I was attending to my correspondence, she yawned a little, as she told me with entire frankness about her night's program. And, with a slight frown of annoyance, she added that she hoped she would never again have to drive anywhere with her companion of

the evening's revels. He was rough, she said—a man-handling idiot of a creature. Maternal question and filial answer followed as swiftly as thrust and counter-thrust at fence. Aimée was candid with me; she has the unblushing honesty of her generation. Heretofore I have been so successful in avoiding the rôle of the shocked elder that she was a little astonished now to find that there were things which shocked me.

"You're so funny, darling!" she told me. "Reverting to grandma's mid-victorianism! She gave me a lecture the other day about the folly of 'permitting liberties.' Tell the truth, mother! Didn't you ever 'permit' any 'liberties' in your day?"

She was poking fun at me, but I have never allowed that to nettle me.

"My dear, I was married at twenty," I pointed out. "I didn't have so many years in which to flirt with experience. And I was chaperoned until then. A boy at a dance once kissed me behind a curtain, and I slapped his face."

Aimée interrupted me with unaffected laughter. "You dear little Babes-in-the-Wood!" she cried. "You precious little Paul-and-Virginia!"

"I'm Not That Sort"

NO use to accuse her of impertinence! Back to the main topic. If her own good taste did not prevent her having amorous passages with youths toward whom she felt no real attraction, did she not have sense enough to know the dangers of such a course, the dangers of unleashed emotions, passions?

Aimée shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not that sort," she said. "I don't feel any of those urges—"

"You're fortunate then. Not all young women are so fortunate. And very few young men, if any. But will you tell me why on earth you allow yourself to take part in this—necking—if you have no particular feeling in it?"

"Angel," said Aimée, convincingly, "I don't want to be a wall-flower. A girl who will not give a man anything of the sort of good time he wants might just as well stay home. It's the price one pays for popularity—" She sauntered off, leaving me to digest that—my

daughter, well born, well educated, well off; my daughter who had had winter sports and symphony concerts and European galleries; who had had them and who had loved them! She whom I had thought so well fortified by her inheritance, her training and her good fortune, by companionship with a brilliant, congenial father and with a mother at least tolerant and understanding—that girl could calmly tell me that she “permitted liberties” that were dangerous to self-control, that were vulgar.

Are We Too Rich?

MY daughter was caught in the muddy current of her time. And if mine, did any escape it?

Perhaps we were too well off, I thought. Perhaps, though Aimée's father works harder at his profession than any day-laborer, perhaps, though I, too, lead a rigorous life full of volunteer duties, she belonged to the wrong set. Oh, not in the terms of the social register, but in the terms of real values. It must be that she was consorting with the brainless instead of with the serious-minded, playing around with the wasters instead of with the workers. She and they had too much leisure, too much money, too much freedom. It could not be that all the girls and boys of her age, and younger, in circles where “advantages” were fewer, were taking their amusement in the same tasteless and risky fashion.

My niece, who is twenty-five, a teacher and grade adviser in a big Middle Western high school, came to visit us on her way home from summer school at University. I sought reassurance from her. She shook her head.

“I can't give you back your safe little world, Aunt Jane,” she said, smilingly. “All of us teachers know that the boy-and-girl situation is pretty serious. Of course we see the pupils only five or six hours of the twenty-four, and during those hours they are under the discipline of a strict routine. But even at that we are aware of a spreading rottenness—if you want to call names. Especially we grade advisers hear about it because the parents come to us or we are called to them whenever any difficult problem about the children arises.”

“At that age?” I cried, scandalized.

“At that age—fourteen and fifteen to seventeen and eighteen,” she said firmly.

“Those horrible stories one reads in the newspapers about high school sorority and fraternity dances are true? And bootleggers to school children—I can't believe it, Jenny!”

“Exaggerated somewhat, of course, but there's enough truth in them to make the situation alarming. The drinking adds to the dangers, of course. They may not get drunk, but the alcohol does to them what people say that it does—it releases their inhibitions. We have had parents remove their boys from the school

and send them away to boarding schools for boys only; even to military academies—just to get them out of the atmosphere of sex-excitement. Like every other school of our size we have had occasional sex tragedies among our pupils—”

I begged Jenny to stop. But she is a thoroughgoing person and she made me listen through.

“And they serve as illuminations of the general condition,” she finished relentlessly. “We get the whole landscape in the flash of lightning.”

I looked at Jenny, so pretty, trig and efficient, smiling serenely as she told me tales that were to me hair-raising and blood-curdling. Did she not think, any more than my own Aimée, that it was horrible?

“Poor Aunt Jane! You are getting the shock of your life, aren't you?” With some pity but on the whole with more amusement, she echoed my own daughter's comment of a few weeks earlier.

Busy Young Women, Too

I SOUGHT a corrective for shock by insisting that Jenny should reassure me about the state of affairs in her own personal circle. Surely, nice, busy, intelligent young women dependent upon their own mental, nervous and physical well-being to get on in the world would not be playing with what I still called, in my old-fashioned way, the vices of Aimée's more frivolous, more leisured set. The kind of youth that spends its summers taking extra courses and studies at the universities—that kind of youth surely did not find “necking” a pastime. But Jenny shook her head.

“It is no use,” she said. “You only deceive yourself if you think there is any difference in the different social circles. At the University this summer what do you suppose the daily recreation was? Of course”—extenuatingly—“it was a rural university and recreation was limited. Well, it was to drive a few miles out of town, to sit parked with the lights off and to ‘pet.’ If a girl did not do that, if she were not amenable to the process after having taken the drive, she was let severely alone. If a new girl came and accepted an invitation to drive, the next morning her escort was asked: ‘Well, will she or won't she?’ And on the answer depended her social success.”

I spoke, as I had spoken to Aimée, of the dangers of unleashed emotions and passions. Jenny's impersonal reply was even more shocking to me than Aimée's personal disclaimers had been.

“Oh, in most cases I doubt if matters proceed to actual immorality among young men and women of that age,” she said calmly. “And, anyway, you know that there has been a great spread of contraceptive information lately.”

“Surely some of you have principles—or, at any rate, taste,” I challenged her.

The Mathematics of It

“**O**H, some of us have worked it out for ourselves that the game isn't worth the candle,” she agreed lightly. “I have, for one. To me a girl seems a fool if she wastes herself in these affairs. Just as she would have seemed a fool to me a generation ago if she had lost her virtue—wasn't that what they called it?—for a string of beads. It seems just bad mathematics. But there are lots of them who think that I am the fool.”

Whereupon she sauntered off, leaving me speechless—a perfectly “nice” girl, intelligent, common-sensible, honest, hard-working, generous, devoted, but frankly indifferent to the womanly virtue which was the *sine qua non* of my youth, the one without which all the others were but dust and ashes.

The daughters of my own race! It was there that I felt the worst of the shock. My own children, not merely those of other less fortunate, less wise people! And I knew that, as an individual, I was as powerless to do anything about it as if I lived on another planet.

I talked with other mothers of my own acquaintance. Some of them still dwelt in the smug fool's paradise in which I had dwelt a little while ago. Others were aware of the situation that existed among their children and their children's friends, and were as bewildered as I by it. Where had control slipped out of our hands? we asked one another. Had we, in the determination that no such gulf in sympathy should ever stretch between our children and us as had stretched between us and our parents—had we sacrificed authority? Had we supinely surrendered standards in which we believed for the sake of a companionability that we craved? Had we purchased our children's society, their honesty—and we all agree that these things we have beyond anything that was known a generation ago—have we purchased them at too great a cost—to the children?

Or has it been a world movement quite beyond our control that has brought them to the place where they are? Is this tasteless promiscuity they affect, this assumption of the right to all knowledge, all experience—is it the result of the unleashing of all restraints during the war? Is that what “post-war restlessness” means? Has the new generation of youth a contempt for all adult codes of morality as hypocritical since these codes sanctioned the final immorality of world-wide slaughter?

Or has the gradual triumph of the feminist movement brought about the new order—the feminist movement that insisted for so long upon equal opportunities for men and women, on a single standard of conduct for both? (To think how, in the days of our innocence, we all believed that that meant men should pat-

(Continued on page 38)



From "The Iconography of Manhattan Island"
The Broadway down which Caria Robbins walked, airing her finery among the fashionables and the pigs of little old New York

We Look at Our World

"Westward, Ho!" moves the Story of This, the Second in a Series of Articles on the Real America, in which We see the Beginnings of Our Constitution, Our Political Parties, Our Social and Industrial Life

By MCALISTER COLEMAN

WE are looking at a world in which there is a constant clash of contentious ideas, the majority of which seem at first sight to be novel to our time. But the more steadily we look, the more we are convinced that in the main the forces which are molding modern America had their vague beginnings in struggles of politicians, bankers, artisans and farmers, in streets and inns and coffee houses out on the small farms and spacious plantations and in the log huts of pioneers through all the nation that was just coming to self-consciousness one hundred and fifty years ago.

When the War of the Revolution was over our infant Government, though standing on its own feet, was wobbly as a week-old colt. As usual, the aftermath of war brought disillusionment and self-interest to the

fore. All those reactionary forces which had lurked behind the lines that the idealists had been holding now showed up with claims for their pound of flesh. The Articles of Confederation, supposed to hold together the divergent interests of thirteen colonies, some dominated by purely agricultural interests, others by the faint beginnings of modern indus-

trialism, still others by large landowners, proved wholly unequal to this seemingly impossible task.

A loose confederation of four million peoples scattered along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Georgia, with the menace of a common foe removed, was now fast developing class antagonisms that had in them the seeds of civil war.

The largest city of 1789 was Philadelphia, with a population of thirty thousand. Over ninety per cent of the American people were farmers and it was on the farms that serious discontent with what the agriculturists regarded as their exploitation by industrialists and merchants and the subservient professional classes flamed up into open rebellion. What is known as "Shay's Rebellion" was but one manifestation of this hatred of the back country for the privileged coast. It was enough to convince thoughtful



men from both the liberal and conservative camps of the day that without some sort of central government the entire confederation would soon fall to pieces and all the gains of the Revolution be lost.

With the greatest of secrecy a number of these men came together, discussed the grave situation and obtained from Congress permission for a convention for "the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation." Nothing in this to indicate that the delegates who met in Philadelphia at the Constitutional Convention of May 25, 1787, would emerge to ask a surprised nation to ratify a written Constitution

—a Constitution, furthermore, establishing a new Federal government, strongly centralized and in many respects shifting power from the people (whom Jefferson had named as its sole guardians) to their representatives.

It was not until the year 1837 that the debates of the delegates, conducted behind closed doors, were finally made public and then only through loosely taken notes made for the personal use of James Madison, himself a delegate.

Today debate still rages as to the intentions and motives of the "Founding Fathers." The uncritical and rather naïve historians whose works are studied by our school children describe this Philadelphia convention as a gathering of Supermen from which there came a sacred document whose origins it is blasphemy to question. Other historians, a bit less inclined to sentiment, see in the making of the Constitution the inevitable compromises between reality and the ideal. The Convention has been pictured variously as a fight to the finish between autocracy and democracy, between the expropriated farmers and the privileged town folks, between the new ideas liber-

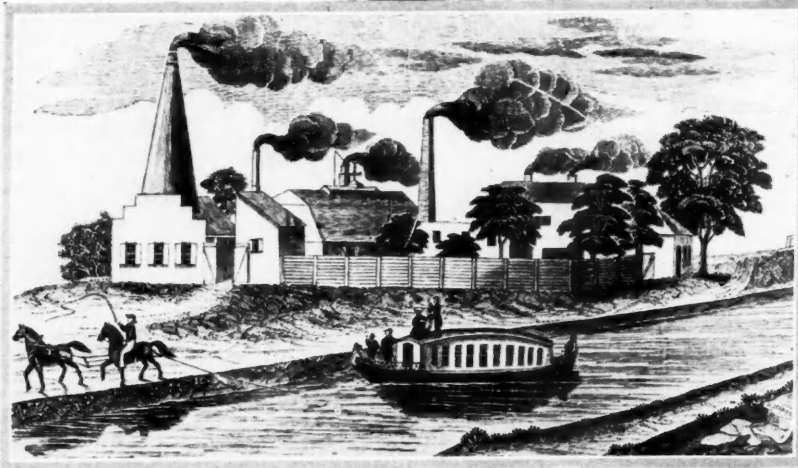
ated by the propagandists and the old reliance on monarchy, between what might loosely be called the Jeffersonian ideal and the Hamiltonian, with the latter decidedly triumphant.

If it is true that the privileged classes won many advantages through the

sponding to the conservative and aristocratic English House of Lords, then by submitting its decisions for interpretation by the Supreme Court. This was the famed system of "checks and balances."

The remainder of the Constitution contained rules for relations of the several states and the Federal government, the provisions for amending the Constitution, the paying of public debts and the ratification and establishment of the Constitution.

Such was the document which the surprised Jefferson, returning from France where he had been at the time of the Convention, found his fellow countrymen heatedly discussing at every street corner and cross-roads.



From "The Pageant of America"
A steel mill in the days when the phrase "infant industry" stood for a quaint reality

new Constitution, it is also true that the Constitution gives to the democrat an edged and effective weapon. The original document was derived largely from English and French conceptions of popular government. As the delegates gave the Constitution over to the people for their ratification, it was what has been called a "Blue Print of Government," containing merely the outlines for the setting up of a strong central government. And it was to be a republican rather than a purely democratic government. Instead of participating directly in national decisions, the people were to express their desires through representatives of their own choosing. Geography was to be the basis for this representation. The main business of government was stated to be the forming of a more perfect union, the establishment of justice, the insurance of domestic tranquility, the provision for common defense, the promotion of general welfare and the securing of the blessings of liberty for men created equal.

To these ends it was proposed that the government have three divisions—the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial. Fearing that the Executive (the President and his Cabinet) might encroach upon the preserves of the representatives of the people as had King George of England, the Founding Fathers limited his powers. Fearing that the representatives might be swayed by "mob rule," the Founding Fathers limited the powers of the legislature, first by dividing it into two houses with the upper house loosely corre-

Hamilton, with his deeply seated distrust of popular rule, his concern for property rights and his desire for a strong centralized government, had produced a paper suspected by extreme democrats, but nevertheless a workable instrument. He had created something where before there was worse than nothing and as usual the man with a definite program won the day. Despite the most vigorous opposition, which in some cases came close to secession, his work was ratified by the necessary number of states. But it was not ratified without further compromise to the democrats. Through their insistence, the first ten Amendments, commonly called the Bill of Rights, were later added to the Constitution. These Amendments, providing for the freedom of speech, press and assemblage, jury trials and the reservation by the states or the people of powers not delegated by the Constitution, are a restatement of the philosophy that was behind the Declaration of Independence. They are the Magna Charta of America, rights to be jealously guarded by all who take democracy seriously. rights always the first to be attacked.

HOWEVER, one regards the Constitution as a table of laws handed down from some Sinai, or as a compass made for stormy times, it is unquestionably one of the most remarkable instruments of government ever devised by man. With all its drawbacks, its system of checks and balances was the result of



brilliant political thinking. It has shown a surprising adaptability to fast changing national circumstances and it has been the model for many latter-day political experiments. In it the liberal may find the broadest latitude for the expression of opinion, while the conservative may be comforted by its manifest solicitude for property rights. The Constitution was a compromise to be sure. But what a magnificent compromise!

It was as prosaic and as matter of fact a business as the payment of debts which caused the first division of opinion in our newborn nation and which gave birth to the political parties that we know today.

Hamilton, by dint of propaganda and somewhat dubious political methods, had secured the ratification of the Constitution. He now proposed further to advance the fortunes of the privileged by establishing a national bank which should pay off in full the debts incurred by the government during the Revolution. To meet the expenses of the war, most of the states had issued paper money. To a large extent this had been bought up by speculators who now urged upon the new government that they be paid back in real money. Hamilton and his city followers favored this idea. Jefferson, with his agricultural backing, opposed the proposition. Furthermore, the followers of Jefferson were uneasy over the centralization of government, the tendency to follow England's form of government and the constant trend toward monarchy that characterized the Washington administration. For three years Washington governed this nation with no opposition to question him. Then the democrats of the day rallied against the Federalists, and after the turbulent administration of Adams, made Jefferson President.

Not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, party politics grew up from the natural dissension of those who had faith in the wisdom of the people and those who distrusted the "mob mind."

AND now for a time the young nation was busied with finding herself. Along the Eastern seaboard the forces of reaction were clambering briskly into the saddle. Freedom-loving men and women were drifting toward the West with its promise of free land. There began the day of the pioneer. America was predomi-

nantly an agricultural country with the plowshare as its national emblem.

Still, at the opening of the last century the march westward had hardly begun. There were a scant half-million

men. Among the vegetables and fruits unknown to the Americans of 1800 were cauliflower, lettuce, cantaloupes, rhubarb and tomatoes. Only the rich could afford oranges and bananas and even for them ice in summer was out of the question.

Hodcarriers and masons of those days worked from dawn to dark at wages that sound incredibly low today. Unskilled laborers received seventy dollars a year and food. The income of the professional classes was pitifully small. Some ministers received as low as \$250 a year. John Marshall at the head of the Virginia bar was fortunate to make \$5,000 a year from his law practice.

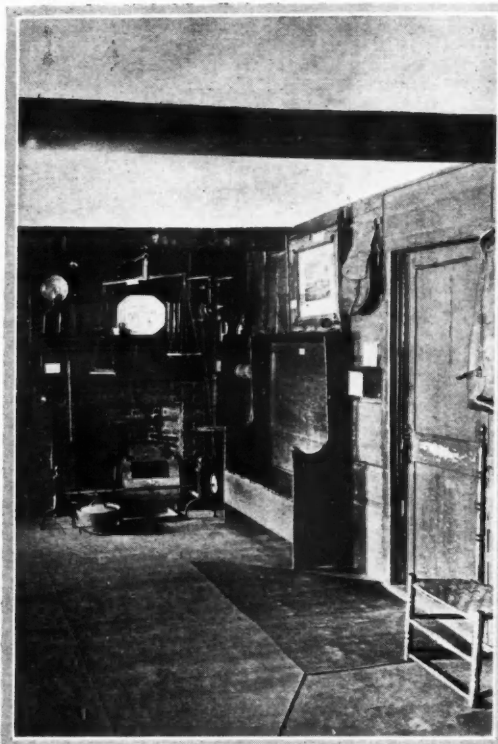
Clean sand acted as substitute for carpets; pewter and wooden dishes were on most of the tables of the time. A diminutive weekly paper was the usual periodical. Cooking was done over open fireplaces; no woman had as yet cooked over a stove. Most of the clothing was home-made. The village shop made and sold shoes and hats.

In 1812 Caria Robbins made the arduous journey of six days by coach from her home in Lexington, Massachusetts, to New York. She was eighteen years old. Her wardrobe consisted of a little, scant, tamboured India muslin ("The dress I made to walk down Broadway in"), a dress of salmon-pink lutestring with a sea-green silk hat edged

with blond-lace and trimmed with salmon-pink and white ribbons, white silk stockings and mitts, a salmon-pink gauze shawl with a stamped black and white border, flat salmon-pink slippers made of kid and several sea-green silk "spencers" or walking jackets. Most of this none too elaborate outfit for a debutante making her metropolitan appearance was devised by the clever hands of Caria herself.

In the same year that Caria started forth from Lexington, the United States entered into its second war with Great Britain, a war that was to lay the foundations for industrial as well as political independence for this country. Even

(Continued on page 41)

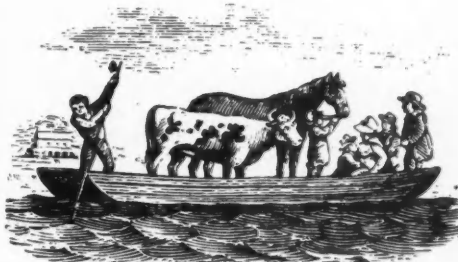


From "The Pageant of America"

It was a frugal time . . . pewter and wooden dishes were on most tables . . . no woman had yet cooked over a stove

people west of the forbidding Alleghenies. Baltimore was the center of population in 1800, the largest city was Philadelphia with 70,000 population. Communication between the colonies was slow and laborious. The lowest postal rate was eight cents; from New York to Boston it was twenty cents. In 1790 there were only seventy-five post-offices in the country. Machinery had not come into wide use. There were a few iron mills, and some machinery for spinning and weaving cotton was in use. But for the most part the labor was done by hand and "hands" were cheap and docile.

It was a frugal time. With the exception of some merchants in the North and the planters of the South who revelled in "conspicuous waste," the men and women of the after-war states lived on a plane far below the accepted standards of today. Food was abundant but plain. Salt pork made its inevitable appearance at breakfast, dinner and supper. Fresh meat might be enjoyed once a week by the better-paid town artisans. For the most part pork and salt fish, potatoes and turnips, rye bread and dried apples furnished the bulk of the





From such scenes as this come the pupils of Calhoun, glad to exchange the cotton field for the class room, hungry for education

A Woman Who Answered a Prayer

*The Story of Charlotte R. Thorn and the School She
founded for the Negro Boys and Girls of a
County in Alabama*

By MARY WHITE OVINGTON

BACK in the late eighties of the last century, a young girl was having an exceptionally good time in New Haven society. Her family position and her gay spirits made her always popular. One day General Armstrong, of Hampton Institute, met her in her home. "Do you know," he said while they sat side by side at dinner, "you are going to Hampton Institute to teach the Negroes?" The suggestion was as surprising to her as though she had been told she was going to Bolivia to teach the Arawak. She laughed it away. But General Armstrong was not the sort of person who could be dismissed in laughing or in serious fashion. The next season found her in Virginia, not a teacher only, but hostess to the many people who came to see this new, experimental Negro



Along this pleasant lane Calhoun pupils walk from their living quarters to work and play at school

school beside the Chesapeake.

Hampton is a beautiful place in a fertile, luxuriant country, with the bay at its gates, and Charlotte R. Thorn soon found happiness in her new surroundings. General Armstrong was her devoted friend. She liked the work among the Negro boys and girls. She grew enthusiastic over their progress. She knew Robert Russa Moton, now principal of Tuskegee Institute, when he was a scholar, big, clumsy, painstaking, full of good humor and kindness. Among the teachers she became intimate with Mabel Dillingham, close to her in sympathy and taste. It looked as though her life would move on in its pleasant round, when Booker Washington came to Hampton and disturbed her as General Armstrong had disturbed her a few years before.

Washington told of the need

of schools in the South. He told of the ignorance in which the colored children were growing up, the degradation among the families, and yet the ambition that made them desire to do better, above all to give an education to their children. After he had gone, Charlotte Thorn and Mabel Dillingham sat up talking all night, and the next morning they went to Armstrong and told him they believed that they should go into the far South and teach.

It was a blow to their principal, but he, who was filled with missionary zeal himself, could not say them nay. So they wrote to Booker Washington and he advised them to go to Calhoun, Lowndes County, Alabama. Washington had lately visited that settlement and found the men and women in their church praying that some one would come to them and start a school. "We shall be an answer to their prayer," the two young women thought as they went away from the fertility, the beauty, the kindness of Virginia into an unknown land.

Lowndes is a black county. At that time there were twenty-seven Negroes to one white. Where the whites are in such a minority they are likely to be masterful, distrusting outside influence on their working class. The first years of teaching were intensely difficult. There was the stubborn opposition of the dominant group—at times threatening; there were the discomforts, the hardships incidental to a place so remote; there was the pressing necessity of raising money. It broke down the health of Mabel Dillingham, who died in 1894, but Charlotte Thorn worked on to victory.

For the most part the Calhoun folk, colored and white, when the Hampton teachers met them in 1891, were without many standards that are laid down by our civilization. But there were exceptions. For one, Edward B. Chesnutt, a white landowner, was a man of fine nature and high character. He became a friend of the school. He sold it



A new pupil arrives, well mounted and provisioned—or does the sugar cane represent his tuition fee?



Two members of the kindergarten pause long enough from their important activities to face the camera—shyly



A high school pupil, back from a walk in the country

land that was later resold to the Negroes who were able to leave the tenant class and set up farms of their own. He was employed by the school to advise the farmers in their planting and in the building of their houses, thus antedating the work now done by the agricultural extension department of the government. Without ostentation or any show of race pride, he was deeply respected by the colored people. And Calhoun through him was able to develop its commu-

nity work—now so important.

In the course of time school buildings were erected, excellent teachers secured from the North and, with the coming in of the century, Calhoun took its place among the important schools for Negroes in the South.

It is a lovely place to visit. Among the hills, twenty odd miles south of Montgomery, it stands like a bit of New England. The buildings are white with green blinds, shrubbery is all about, and in the activities of the place order reigns. The school is for the neighborhood and for its boarding pupils, some of whom have been known to walk over a hundred miles to enter and work their way to gain the coveted instruction. It has primary and grammar and high school departments. It teaches trades and agriculture. And

dominating it, permeating it, is its founder Charlotte Thorn.

Only those familiar with the Negro schools started in the last century understand the high standards set. I heard Ray Stannard Baker ask Miss Thorn, when he was writing his book, "Following the Color Line," if there was much thieving in the school. "I know," he said apologetically, "that the Negro is charged with stealing, and I understand how the practice arose, so I can realize that you may have much to combat."

MISS THORN stopped to consider and then said with great seriousness: "Yes, we have had stealing to contend with; we have had two cases in the past fifteen years. One was a woman in the community who stole an old dress. We could not deal with this case, but the other was one of our boarders who stole a hair ribbon. She had violated our trust in her and had to leave the school dormitory and live in the community until we felt by her conduct that we could trust her again." Small wonder that the teachers tell you, you need not hide your money. "The scholars are a guard," they say.

And as they are given a high standard in honesty, so they are taught cleanliness in mind and body, helpfulness. "Each of my boys started to work at once when they got home at whatever they saw necessary to be (Continued on page 48)

Current Events

WHO will control China? A few days may give the answer. From the north the army of Marshal Sun Chuan-fang is moving down toward the Yangtse Valley. Behind him is the powerful "robber baron" and war lord of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-lin. From the south the Cantonese, under the remarkable young leader, Chiang Kai-Shek, still less than thirty, are hurrying reinforcements northward. Approaching from across the world come great numbers of British marines, to protect their nationals in China. American warships, British, Japanese, French, Italian lie off the coast.

Actual events are shrouded in the uncertainty characteristic of war reports. Apparently the Nationalist forces were repulsed about a week ago; as we write they are reported to be winning, and approaching Shanghai. But the situation, if not the news, is clear enough.

A great many large words are used about what China wants. They have very simple meanings if we move them over here. Suppose that the thousands of foreigners in New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco, all had the privilege, when they committed an offense, of being tried, not in our courts, but in their own. That is "extra-territoriality"—existing, we believe, nowhere else in the civilized world, since Turkey got rid of it.

Suppose the customs duties charged at New York, or Boston, or San Francisco were determined by an agreement of foreign powers—determined *low*, too—and our government had no right to change them. That is the opposite of "tariff autonomy."

Suppose great blocks of the very best business sections, corresponding to the Forty-second Street district of New York, were held and governed by foreigners—these would be "concessions." Not to mention the "spheres of influence" that various nations might hold throughout the country.

Suppose many of the treaties we made with other countries gave foreigners rights for which we got no corresponding benefit—yes, we'd call them "unequal treaties."

And finally, suppose none of the powers interested in us would take any action alone but always acted jointly and identically.

There is the Chinese situation. How it came about is a story too long for us to sketch here. The point is that while



China wakes up

China has for years begged relief, it is only now when she has a real army backing an organized national movement that the Powers are abandoning vague future promises for immediate proposals. It is the Cantonese movement that counts. Up at Peking there is what was once the official government, now only a shadow. In the south, where was the seat of Dr. Sun Yat Sen's Republic, are the Kuomintang, the People's Party, and the Cantonese Army, the people's army. The Kuomintang has an interesting program of social and economic reform, but point No. 1 in its creed is—"Foreigners Out"—"China for the Chinese"—and of course a united China.

But, naturally, at Peking they want to speak for all China, too, and that is a point of difficulty for the Powers: with whom shall they treat? On January 26th Secretary Kellogg offered to negotiate with China on tariff and extra-territoriality (the United States has no concessions, though we have vast business interests) whenever there should be a single authority to deal with. Great Britain made less of the difficulty, and proceeded with definite proposals to both northern and southern authorities. Great Britain of course has by far the largest interests in China, and is undoubtedly the best hated power. On January 27th Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Minister for Foreign Affairs, reported the proposals he had made: that Chinese law should be applied in the consular courts, and Chinese courts should hear cases in which British subjects are plaintiffs; the British should pay the regular Chinese

taxes, and would enter into local arrangements with each port for surrender of the concessions. He reserved a "voice in municipal affairs" for each British community, and he did not provide that British *defendants* should be heard in Chinese courts. The proposal was simply astounding by comparison with earlier responses to Chinese appeals, but the British had seen and read the handwriting on the wall. Unhappily, even while they made these overtures, they were sending more and more troops, protesting that they were solely for the protection of Shanghai and British interests. To the Chinese of both North and South this looked highly inconsistent, and both refused to negotiate. There, with rumors of broken relations flying thick, the matter rests for the present, while 12,000 British troops steam closer to the scene, and the Chinese representatives at the League of Nations protest against the despatch of British troops as a violation of both the Washington Conference agreement and the League Constitution.

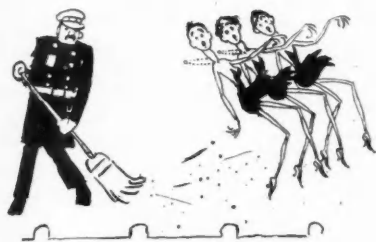
As for Shanghai—with its international city—Secretary Kellogg politely requested (no ultimatums now—requests) that both sides should consent to consider Shanghai a neutral zone. Neither side would give assurances, but both insist that foreign lives and property are not endangered.

A Victory for Arbitration

THAT vote in the Senate—79 to 0—for the resolution in favor of arbitration in Mexico and Nicaragua, certainly reduced the tension. We heard less thereafter about "confiscation" and the difficulty of arbitrating the question. In conflict between the extraordinarily united power of public opinion and the power and influence of the oil men, temporarily, at least, public opinion won. Meantime, all sides can afford to wait, for the question—are the new Mexican oil and land laws constitutional?—has gone to the Mexican Supreme Court. If the Court should decide against the new laws, there would be nothing more to worry about. If not, the situation stands as before—with the possibility of awaiting an "overt act" and then submitting it to negotiation or arbitration.

It has been pointed out again and again that, though perhaps these laws go too far, their operation could hardly de-

prive an oil man of what he has paid for. Instead of having outright ownership or a long-term lease, which he had if he bought or leased before 1917, he has fifty years in which to develop the



Cleaning up the stage

land, and if by any chance that seems not to be enough to exploit the oil, he may secure a thirty-year extension—which ensures, it would seem, the privilege of pumping the land dry of oil. To get this, however, an oil man must have applied before January 1 for drilling concessions. This, it appears, most nationals of other countries have done—147 companies in all, including many Americans. Twenty-two American and Mexican companies have refused. Holders of nearly fifty per cent of the oil land have applied—are recognizing the law. Concerning the others, the question of sound titles has been raised. Is any one refusing to make the new application because his title isn't clear? Mexico says so.

War in Nicaragua

THE civil war in Nicaragua is growing more serious. The town of Chinandega has been in turn taken by the Liberals, under Sacasa, and retaken by the Conservatives, under Diaz—with the usual horrors among the civilian population as well as a loss of several hundred soldiers.

At Puerto Cabezas, Dr. Juan Sacasa still supports his claim to be the rightful president of Nicaragua, on the ground of his election as vice-president when Solorzano was president. Diaz, at Managua, holds the President's chair, to which the Nicaraguan Congress appointed him after Solorzano resigned and when Sacasa was out of the country. It happens that Solorzano resigned under pressure and Sacasa was driven out—which is the point where the argument begins as to who is the rightful president. The United States has recognized Diaz, and Mr. Coolidge defends his claims. Senator Borah, on the other hand, puts up a good argument for Sacasa.

The truth is, the question is one for legal argument, and a strong case can be made for either side. But the situation is in our hands to solve. Diaz is our man, aided by us now and earlier, and a word from us would suffice. Until very

recently he refused all suggestions of mediation, but recent reports say he has offered to do whatever we ask. Sacasa had made several proposals for mediation, though he refused the offer of Admiral Latimer, in charge of the marines who occupy a "neutral zone," on the ground that Latimer could hardly be neutral.

Public opinion in this country continues to be clear for mediation. Various proposals have been made, among them, one that this Government make up a mediation commission comprising representatives of the United States, Mexico and the other four Central American states, which happen to be evenly divided on the question as to who is legal president of Nicaragua. Meantime the latest report is that 1600 more marines have been ordered to Nicaragua.

The Allies Leave Germany

THE ending of inter-allied military control in Germany at midnight on January 31 marks another turn for the better in continental relations. For seven years the Allies have been trying to enforce that section of the Versailles treaty which says that Germany shall never have an army of more than one hundred thousand men. It proved a tough job. Scores of French officers, each with his private car and chauffeur, toured Germany endeavoring to ferret out secret armaments and fortifications. The chief result was to make even unpolitical Germans condone any violation of the armament clauses.

Gradually the Allies began to see the futility of these inspection tactics. Now they have given over all control to the League and have even accepted a compromise by which the Germans are permitted to retain some of the eastern fortifications which they erected in violation of the Treaty of Versailles. Another provision of the disarmament agreement is the creation of a demilitarized German border from Koenigsberg, on the Baltic, along the Polish, Czechoslovak and Austrian frontiers, to the Rhine. Germany also agrees to enact a law for the regulation of war materials. There will be a League Commission to keep Germany disarmed, which, in practice, will prob-

ably mean investigation after some other League member has complained about Germany's rebuilding her army.

Thumbs Down on a Billion!

THE complicated tax litigation now going on over the Ford fortune does not concern Henry Ford, but it is he



Henry has no use for a billion!

who is getting the limelight—the richest man in the world, which also means the richest man in history. Three times he has been offered \$1,000,000,000 for his motor company; three times he has refused. On the basis of such an offer it is estimated that Mr. Ford and his son should be worth \$1,200,000,000—far ahead of other men of vast wealth. Next come the Rockefellers with \$600,000,000 and next the Mellons with \$200,000,000. But not only does the Ford fortune exceed in mere bulk, it leads also in the amazing speed of its accumulation. Only twenty-five years ago Mr. Ford and a few others invested the \$100,000 which has now swelled to more than a billion. Part of the profits have been drawn out in dividends, but most have gone back into the business to build more factories, to buy iron mines, forests, railroads, blast furnaces, shipping lines, to control every process in the making of a Ford.

The real point of the case is a feud between Senator Couzens and Secretary Mellon. The Government says Couzens and other minority stockholders in the Ford company who sold out a few years ago didn't pay enough income tax. They say they paid on the basis of a Treasury valuation and that Mr. Mellon is after them now in revenge for alleged revelations made by Senator Couzens about Treasury favoritism.

Daugherty and Miller Again

THE first case of the Government of the United States against former Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty and former Alien Property Custodian Thomas M. Miller failed because the jury disagreed. Now for a second time these two former Republican leaders are facing the same charge—that of conspiracy to defraud the United States of their fair and unbiased services. It is alleged by the Government that for the consideration of \$391,000 in Liberty Bonds, these two men rushed through a claim for \$7,000,000 worth of German capital seized during the war. So far the Government claims actually to have



The menace of a coal strike

traced \$179,000—mostly in bonds—to the pockets of the defendants.

But it is a tangled skein, knotted with legal difficulties, and the less easily unwound because two of the men involved, John T. King and Jess W. Smith, are both dead. They would be under indictment with Miller and Daugherty were they living. Jess Smith committed suicide just as the story "broke"—to use the newspaperman's lingo. He was Daugherty's most intimate friend and at the present moment, with the Government's case resting and the defense about to present its side of the question, the spectre of Jess Smith stalks the courtroom. According to one New York paper, "the fate of Daugherty depends largely on whether the jury will allow this phantom to shoulder the responsibility for the wrong-doing of which his living friend is now being accused."

Yes, We Have No Coal

APRIL first may bring another coal crisis. The United Mine Workers have recently voted to demand a two-year extension of the Jacksonville agreement which has maintained the peak wages of 1920. Union operators in Ohio and Pennsylvania are insistent that these wage scales be cut, as they are competing with non-union mines in which wages are from 30 to 50 per cent below the Jacksonville schedule.

In recent years every strike has resulted in larger non-union production and already 65.3 per cent of bituminous coal is coming from non-union mines. In the event of a strike the United Mine Workers might be weakened again.

The soft-coal industry is very sick and there has been little attempt to doctor it. The Hammond report, covering the whole situation and making recommendations for legislation, has gone begging for action.

To Censor or Not to Censor

THE New York theatre is now struggling with the problem of censorship—and what kind. There is a bill up for state censorship in Albany. Governor Smith, on the other

hand, suggests that the problem is not state-wide, but municipal—that New York work out its own dramatic salvation.

Meantime the managers, producers, and actors of three plays running in New York City were arrested. "Sex" had



A typical street scene in the native quarter of Hankow before war swept that way. Hankow, considered the strategic key to Shanghai, has been taken by the Cantonese

been on ten months without interference when the warrants were served. "The Captive" was playing its fifth month, "The Virgin Man" its third week. The first two plays had already been passed by the citizens' play jury which, in the general excitement, seems to have been entirely forgotten, though District Attorney Banton pledged support to its verdicts.

The third, "The Virgin Man," had been playing to meagre houses and was, according to rumor, about to close its doors on a failure. Now, thanks to free publicity, it is playing to capacity. Or to put it in the words of the friendly cop as he said when he arrested the manager of "The Virgin Man"—"Young man, your fortune is made." As we go to press none of the cases against the plays has been tried.

A new jury plan, however, comes from the theatrical world itself. It is for a Theatre Supervision Board, to consist of three managers, three actors and three authors, which shall provide consideration for complaints concerning plays before or after they are put on. Every complaint would be reviewed by a jury with five members representing the public and two from the Supervision Board, and a majority decision would be binding. Police raids would still be possible but less likely to be needed.

Revising the Prayer Book

ALL the prelates and high dignitaries of the English Church gathered recently in solemn conclave. They were summoned to hear the announcement of the first changes made in the Book of Common Prayer for 265 years. "The Alternative Prayer Book," as the new version is called, represents certain compromises about matters of rites and rituals between the Evangelical or Low Church and the Anglo-Catholic, or High Church. Briefly, the changes concern "reservation" of the sacrament for the sick, prayers for the dead, the use of vestments in the communion service, the dropping of the word "obey" from the marriage service. No minister would be compelled to use the new forms, but his right to do so

would not be unequalled. He could not force them on his congregation. Many low churchmen are threatening to resist certain of the alterations which they contend are but a step to amalgamation with the Roman Catholic Church. There is time yet for further discussion. The changes must be approved by the House of Bishops in March, by the National Assembly in July, and finally by Parliament.

Very Briefly

SWEDEN and Belgium, whose royal houses were recently united by marriage, have made a treaty outlawing war. Even the usual exceptions of "national honor" and "vital interests" are ruled out. Sweden has a similar treaty with Denmark and Finland.

France has refused and Japan accepted the President's proposal for a conference on naval disarmament. (See page 25.) It is expected that Italy will side with France, Great Britain with Japan.

William Gibbs McAdoo's hat is again in the presidential ring, tossed there with a speech directed against the political machines of the large cities and the movement for "nullification" of the prohibition law in, for instance, New York State.

February 21, 1927

Women's Faults in Politics

Mrs. Voter Does Not Yet Hold Her Own With Mr. Voter in Interest, Information, Registration and Marking the Ballot

By FRANK R. KENT

TO those who sometimes grow depressed over the results of woman and her vote, faith and hope ought to be at least partially restored when they consider the significant difference between the way in which the country has accepted the Eighteenth Amendment, ushering in Prohibition, and its reception of the Nineteenth Amendment, conferring Suffrage.

In the one case there has followed resentment, revolt, furious agitation, thunderous protests, increasing defiance of the law and a condition generally deplored by all clear-headed people, the curing of which seems far distant and uncertain. In the other all the fury and feeling were in advance of the amendment's adoption. Following, there came complete calm, good-tempered and universal acquiescence in the final action of the ratifying states, and absolute absence of aftermath. Whatever else is heard about Woman Suffrage these days, and regardless of how far short of expectations it may have fallen, the thing never heard is a serious suggestion of back-tracking. It is not only that the utter impossibility of repealing the Suffrage Amendment is never questioned, but no one really wants it repealed—or modified. So far as the country is concerned, when the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment gave women the vote, it was accepted as "finished business."

A Square Deal in Sentiment

OF course the two are not parallel, but the Suffrage fight was every bit as bitter as the Prohibition fight, the methods used by its leading advocates were much the same, and the feeling aroused almost as intense. No one now can consider the contrast between public sentiment on these two vital questions that so long permeated our politics without feeling that whatever the discouragements women have met in the early exercise of their right, there are no real obstacles in the road now, not the least vestige of hostile feeling toward full political participation. It is, of course, much too early yet for conclusions, but if it does not work out in the end, it's woman's own fault. She

is certainly getting a square deal so far as sentiment alone is concerned.

The biggest fault of women in politics is a fault they are not responsible for. It is that their sponsors in baptism promised too much for them. Politics

"The political education of women has just begun. Personally I believe another generation will greatly narrow the gap now existing. Women will be much more potent politically than they are now. . . . But they have some dangers ahead—dangers mostly of indifference and inertia."

We asked Mr. Kent, brilliant political writer, to be candid on this theme of our faults. He has been. Any comments from the sinners?

and the country needed the vote of womankind, these sponsors said. Without it government would grow steadily worse; with it would come more idealism, less corruption, purity, morality, honesty. These sponsors made the mistake such enthusiasts always make—the mistake similar people connected with organized labor make when they claim ability to swing the entire labor vote in any one direction. The labor vote just won't be swung. There is no such thing as a "labor vote," pure and simple; there is no such thing as a feminine vote, pure and simple—and it is probably a blessing that this is so. Members of organized labor vote their individual convictions and so do women. They do not vote *en bloc* for any fancied ideals of organized labor nor for any chimerical principles presumably cherished by females alone.

Thus are the political sins of the mothers and aunts visited upon the daughters and nieces. Enfranchised womanhood gets credit for having done nothing with the ballot, because, compared with what the lady prophets and soothsayers said it was going to do, it really has done very little.

But modern women have another fault in politics for which they alone are responsible, and that is that so many of them do not vote at all. It is, for-

tunately, possible to present some figures to prove this statement. But it is not so easy to explain the fact. It is true, of course, that there are still living in the present generation women who were opposed to Suffrage, are still unreconciled and will neither register nor vote. They are few, however, and will pass. They do not account for the fact that in the Presidential election of 1920, out of a total of 23,994,580 native and naturalized white women of voting age (twenty-one years and over), it is estimated that in forty-two out of forty-eight states, only 43 per cent actually voted. When it is known, moreover, that of the 26,713,832 popular votes cast for President that year, approximately 10,000,000, or 37 per cent, were cast by women, and that the stay-at-home aggregate of both men and women approximated 50 per cent, it becomes clear that the stay-at-home vote among women was larger than among men.*

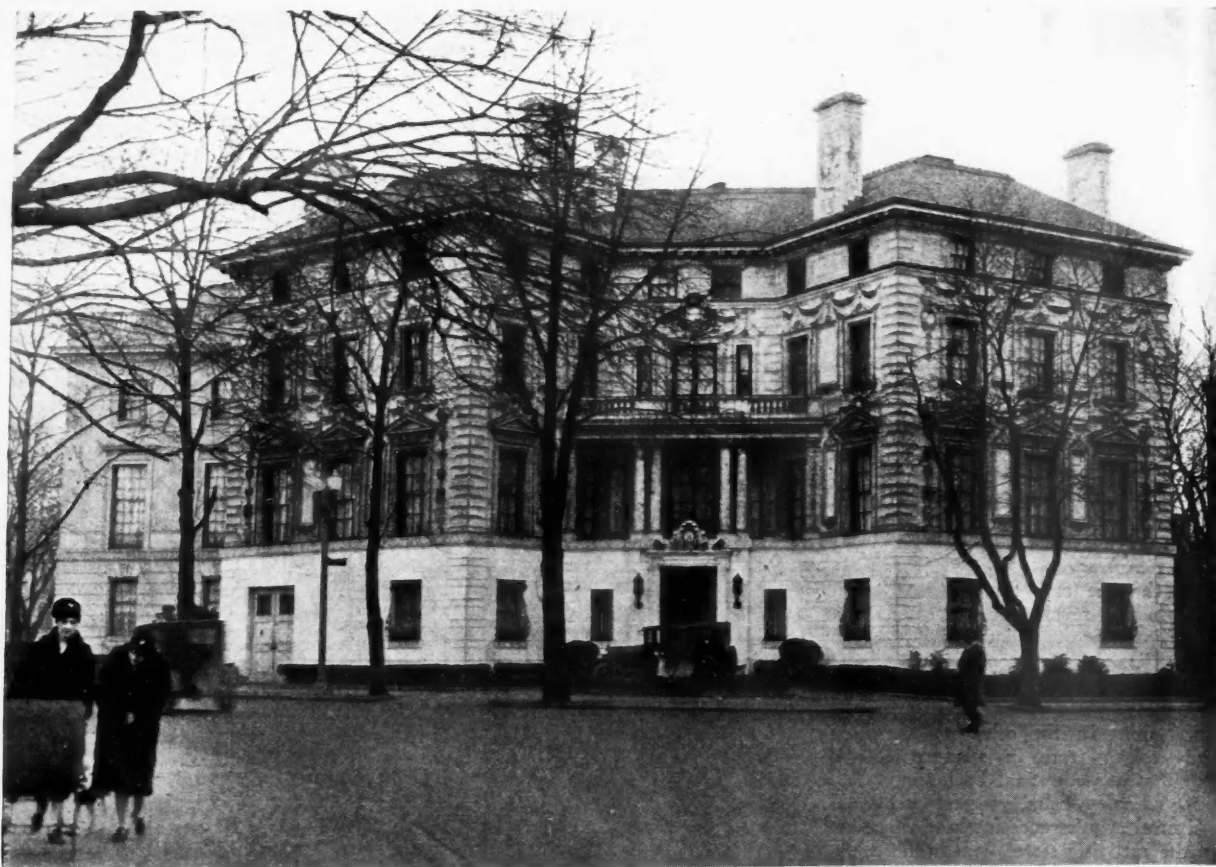
This, mind you, was a Presidential election. Does it represent the high-water or the low-water mark of feminine interest in voting? Can it be said, "A Presidential year is not a fair test; women have a deeper interest in the politics and government of their own states and cities. They function best as political housekeepers?" Chicago furnishes some illuminating figures. In 1920, Chicago women registered to the number of 338,613, and 312,859 of these voted for candidates for President of the United States. A splendid showing! Along came the city election of 1921 and there was an even larger registry. But the vote of the sex that might be expected to concern itself with "good housekeeping" in its own ménage fell off to 119,247.

"Political Housekeeping" Figures

ANOTHER example, again in Chicago: In the general election of 1922 Chicago women cast 264,241 votes; yet in the judicial election of 1923—a home town affair—they dropped to 151,167 votes. Two years later, March,

(Continued on page 46)

*These figures are from "American Women at the Ballot," by Simeon Michelet, National Get-Out-the-Vote Club, 719 Albee Building, Washington, D. C.



The Temporary White House

Wide World Photos

The Congressional Climax

*The Farm Relief Puzzle, A Presidential Proposal,
Two Foreign Policies, and Some
Congressional Tiffs*

By CATHERINE I. HACKETT

February 17, 1927

THE isolationists have it. The anticipated refusals of Great Britain and other members of the World Court to accede to the reservations demanded by the United States as a condition to its own membership have arrived, and for the time being the World Court issue is dead. The isolationists rejoice. American isolation and freedom from foreign entanglements!—with American warships and marines in Nicaragua to protect American property holdings and business investments in that small turbulent state; with a serious situation in American-Mexican relations precipitated by alleged danger from the new Mexi-

can oil and land laws to oil companies with \$318,638,000 invested in Mexico; with thirty-three American war vessels and 2,500 marines in Chinese waters to protect American interests in the Far East . . . The State Department is being very firm indeed in Mexico, Nicaragua, and China, insisting that the despatch of armed forces to protect American lives and property is according to the best American traditions. Democratic and "Progressive" senators, noting the lull in the Mexican situation, are apprehensive lest the adjournment of Congress leave the President and Secretary Kellogg free to take aggressive steps in Mexico without the usual efforts of Congressional committees to have a finger in the pie, and Senator

Frazier has introduced a resolution which would prevent the Executive from sending armed forces into Mexico before the convening of the next Congress.

Secretary Kellogg is temporarily blocked in his desire to meet the demand of new China for revision of the old treaties on customs and extraterritoriality by the deadlock between the conflicting powers of Peking and Canton in their struggle for control of the Chinese government. In a statement defining the American policy in China, he offered to meet representatives of both factions for the purpose of drawing up new treaties, and emphasized the desire of the United States to treat with China on a basis of equality and reciprocity. His next step, an appeal to the Chinese military lead-

ers to establish a neutral zone around the international settlement at Shanghai, was summarily refused, and followed within a few days by the call of the Chinese minister, Alfred Sze, at the State Department to ask why it was necessary to send American marines to China when there had been no injury to American interests there. The difficulty of setting up "neutral zones" to be respected by contending armies without direct interference with the plans of one side or the other has been demonstrated in both Nicaragua and China. It would be as easy to declare that fighting must be restricted to Mondays and Fridays.

Again the 5-5-3 Ratio

IT has long been the desire of President Coolidge to extend the 5-5-3 agreement reached between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan at the Washington conference to auxiliary vessels not covered by the treaty. He has been surprised at the refusal of France to consider his proposal that the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan attempt to deal separately with naval limitation, while the powers are discussing a program for limitation of naval, land and air armaments during the session of the Preparatory Commission for a Disarmament Conference, at Geneva. The reply of France was received in record time. It flatly stated that, since naval limitation was one of the major points of the League of Nations program, there is no necessity for considering a separate naval agreement until it is seen what the Geneva conference can accomplish.

With New England tenacity, President Coolidge refuses to give up the idea that the United States shall take the lead in extending the provisions of the Washington conference treaties. He has opposed the building of additional American cruisers on the ground that an agreement can be reached with other nations which will halt the race in armaments not covered by the existing treaties. The way is still open for a three-power naval conference of the United States, Great Britain and Japan.

The prediction in these columns that the second session of the 69th Congress, with the appropriation bills as the major item of legislation, would be one of the duller in years has been thoroughly discredited, and our only excuse is that it looked that way at the time. Who could have foretold that the sudden development of "situations" in Nicaragua and Mexico would turn the humdrum sessions of the Senate into stirring debates of foreign policies, disarmament, and the future course of this nation in world affairs? That a cleverly maneuvered deal between the "business bloc" and the "farm bloc" by which the long-pending McFadden branch banking bill and the McNary-Haugen farm bill were brought

to a vote would bring the agricultural situation in Congress to a head? That an unprecedented breakdown of party lines and a failure of Republican leaders to support the President on outstanding measures would put Mr. Coolidge in the tightest political fix of his career?

This last development, which has meant a shifting and realignment of political forces on farm relief, cruiser appropriations, and Presidential nominations, stands out clearly as the session draws to a close. By a vote of 49 to 28 the Senate rejected Cyrus Woods, of Pennsylvania, the President's nominee to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Three hours after the White House spokesman had issued an appeal to hold up the appropriation for building three new cruisers authorized in 1924, the Senate authorized them by a vote of 49 to 37, in an amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill carrying \$320,000,000, which is now in conference with every indication that the House will reverse its former rejection of the cruiser item. The McNary-Haugen farm relief bill, which has been steadfastly opposed by Mr. Coolidge, passed the Senate by a vote of 47 to 39, with eight former opponents of the bill voting "aye," and the House by 214 to 178. The Lausanne treaty, with the President and State Department solidly behind it, was defeated, and the Geneva poison gas protocol, another Administration project, was laid on the shelf. Altogether the G. O. P. forces in Congress have failed to uphold the President's hands.

The remarkable thing is that his prestige here in Washington has not suffered accordingly. The criticism which has been directed at the Administration's policy in Mexico and Nicaragua has been aimed at the State Department rather than at the White House. The phrase "Mexican-fostered Bolshevik hegemony" used in an Associated Press dispatch on Nicaragua and popularly supposed to have emanated from a State Department official still recurs with irritating persistence in anti-Administration newspapers and periodicals, and has caused Secretary Kellogg no little trouble in his effort to steer a clear course between protection of American interests abroad and popular aversion to anything savoring of "imperialism."

Farm Relief "Bursts"

WITH the suddenness of an explosion, farm relief took the center of the floor in both Houses, and the McNary-Haugen bill, which last session was conceded by its supporters to be on a back shelf, was taken out, dusted off, and with slight changes in minor provisions shoved through by a coalition of two fundamentally antagonistic groups—the Eastern supporters of the branch banking bill and the agricultural bloc. In the farm bill is more

political dynamite than in any other domestic or foreign issue. The Administration group, which has for three and a half years insisted that agriculture would come back under the tree play of economic forces, could find no adequate answer to the Department of Agriculture figures showing that the average price of an acre of farm land had decreased from \$108 in 1920 to \$76 in 1926, that the average income of the farmer is slightly over \$1,000, and that the constant production of more of certain crops than can be consumed in the United States is keeping prices below cost of production in most lines. The farm bill, which aims to control the surplus production, is destined to affect the political fortunes of President Coolidge, of former Governor Frank Lowden, of Illinois, who is credited more than any other one person with keeping the issue alive and stirring up farm organizations to demand passage of the bill, of Vice-President Dawes, described by Democratic Senator George, of Georgia, as the "directing genius" of the movement that brought about a vote, and of Senator McNary, to whom are ascribed vice-presidential aspirations.

Will It Work?

THE Presidential opposition to the McNary-Haugen bill has been directed chiefly against the "equalization fee"—an internal tax to be levied on every marketed unit of commodities to pay the cost of marketing the surplus, with the farmer guaranteed against loss from this surplus. The bill is declared by its supporters to be the only practical method yet devised to prevent heavy loss to the producer whenever surplus crops must be thrown on a world market in competition with agricultural exports from other nations, and with prices fixed at Liverpool and other world market centers.

It proposes to set up a Farm Board of twelve members to be appointed by the president from nominations submitted by farm organizations. A revolving fund of \$250,000,000 would be turned over to this board from the Treasury. Whenever a surplus of certain crops develops the Board would be empowered to discover the amount of the surplus, and to buy it up at prevailing market prices in the United States. It would then be held in warehouses for future sale, or would be sold on the foreign market, with the equalization fee assessed against each marketed unit of six specified products presumably taking up the loss to the Board. Under the provisions in the original bill, the fee would have been collected from the producers; under the 1927 model of the bill it would be collected from the middlemen who handle the product, and would presumably be passed on.

(Continued on page 43)



Late Winter Plays and Players

THE 1926-27 theatrical season in New York may not be admirable, but its case is not after all that of Sodom and Gomorrah, those wicked cities of the plain in which there was none righteous. No, a search for good plays would yield a list of far more even than the five we picture here.

We have chosen a few glimpses of plays in which women's share is prominent. Most notable is Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre. Convinced that the salvation of the stage lies in giving the actor a chance to play many parts and the playgoer a chance to hear many plays, cheaply—Miss Le Gallienne has bravely ventured on her own. Half a dozen plays have been rotating successfully, to the delectation of crowded houses. Best of all is "The Cradle Song," of which a scene is shown here at the left—a charmingly delicate and sentimental story of a baby mothered all the way to her wedding day by a



sisterhood of enclosed nuns. Miss Le Gallienne is *Sister Joanna of the Cross*, at the right in the picture.

Also on page 26 is pictured one of the most starry of those all-star revivals which happen every year or two. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, beloved of three generations of theatre-goers, ably sets off the charm of Pauline Lord and Rollo Peters in Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells."

Above, on this page, is Lynn Fontanne as *Eliza* in the Theatre Guild's revival of "Pygmalion." Shaw's comedy is a never-failing source of delight to those who enjoy seeing the cockney flower-girl transformed into a lady by education in proper diction and pronunciation.

Florence Eastman and Edward Johnson were the fortunate opera stars who had the honor of singing at the world première of "The King's Henchman," "made in America" by Americans, Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mr. Taylor holds a respected place in the musical



(Continued on page 38)

Editorially Speaking

The President's Disarmament Plan

BACK of Mr. Coolidge's unwillingness to endorse the building of cruisers lay the plan for disarmament counsels which he suddenly announced on February 10. At the Washington Disarmament Conference the famous 5-5-3 ratio was made to cover only battleships. Now Mr. Coolidge suggests that the delegates already appointed to the Preparatory Commission on disarmament at Geneva shall consider an extension of that ratio, for Great Britain, the United States and Japan, to all naval vessels—cruisers, submarines, airplanes—with special modifications for Italy and France. The proposal does not involve setting up new machinery, nor withdrawal from the Geneva commission. It merely suggests a conference of the five powers looking toward an agreement to halt the threatening growth of naval rivalry. France, the first nation to act officially, has refused the proposal, Japan has accepted. At the Preparatory Commission France has stood for the principle of considering land, sea and air disarmament problems simultaneously. She reaffirms this position. Besides, with delicate rebuke, she urges the importance of keeping all disarmament negotiation within the League of Nations.

Now the question is whether the three great naval powers will consent to a three-power agreement covering auxiliary ships. The situation bristles with difficulties, but the menace to peace that lies in a race of armaments is so serious that the task should be faced and tackled. It is, after all, these three nations that are eyeing each other's building programs and counting ship against ship. The American proposal is a new hope, with immediate promise in it if it works at all. The goal of limitation along all lines through the League is the goal, but distant. Any effort to stop competitive naval building at once should be encouraged. The President has shown himself consistently in favor of such limitation of armament and he should have our support.

* * *

The Cost of Clean Courthouses

A VERY difficult subject—taxation. Most women—and most women's husbands—can get wound up in its intricacies like a kitten in a ball of yarn. But the effect of taxation, the way taxes are used, is as practical and immediate as bread and butter, and every once in a while some group gets hold of it from the right end. There was a League of Women Voters group like that in Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, who (under the able leadership of Mrs. John O. Miller) were studying taxation. They had bumped up against ponderous reports and, after much mental anguish, had arrived at the fact that an expert accountant was needed to audit the comptroller's books.

But that, they said, was slow. And then they found something that they, as women, could understand—a matter of housekeeping.

They found that enormous sums were being spent for their courthouse—not a very big building, either, not nearly as big as many office buildings. They found that it was costing about \$200,000 a year to clean the courthouse. It seemed too much. Still, they had no basis of comparison. But right near the courthouse was a big office building (owned by a woman, incidentally), twenty-one stories high, with a big population carrying in just as much mud per human foot as was carried into the courthouse. So the women found the cost per square foot of cleaning the office building, and then they found the cost per square foot of cleaning the courthouse, though that space had to be calculated especially for the purpose, as nobody had ever before known how many square feet it contained. Well, to cut it short, the women found that to clean the office building cost *twenty-five cents* a square foot, and to clean the courthouse cost *seventy-five cents*. Further, one was clean and the other dirty.

The story is recent. We can not tell you whether a reform was wrought. But the moral is there for any other community to apply. How are *your* taxes spent? And why?

* * *

An American Grand Opera

A TRULY American grand opera composed to English verse, sung by American singers, the work of two of the most gifted of our young Americans, Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay, had its première at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City February 17 (just in time for us to crowd in one picture, page 27) and made a success that marks a milestone in the development of American music.

For years grand opera in the United States has been a foreign product sung in any language but English, and the desire for native work has not found the combined genius and theatrical experience which successful opera demands. This is the ninth native work in seventeen years to be given at the Metropolitan, but not one of these has made its way into foreign opera houses and at the same time remained in repertoire.

Instead of offering a prize in a contest, the Metropolitan directors about a year ago commissioned these two outstanding persons in the artistic world to write an opera for production at the Metropolitan. Edna St. Vincent Millay is recognized as one of the best of our young poets. Deems Taylor has been winning increasingly high regard for his genuine musical gifts through his songs and orchestral compositions. Both have creative ability and imagination of a high order. The resources of the greatest opera organization in the world

guaranteed the most favorable production of the work, and the success of "The King's Henchman" indicates that the United States, through the combined work of a man and a woman, has produced a music drama which will remain in the repertoire and be repeated in the great opera houses of the world.

* * *

Babies Should Be Recorded

IS your state in the birth registration area? Meaning states in which there are satisfactory registration laws and actual registration of 90 per cent of the births. It is *not* if you live in Alabama, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada, South Dakota or Missouri. Only seven states lie outside the death registration area—Arkansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Nevada, Texas, Georgia, South Dakota. The importance of accurate birth and death records is obvious. For instance, figures concerning the Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infancy Act could have been more detailed and effective had registration been universal. Workers under the Sheppard-Towner measure take endless patient pains to hunt up unrecorded babies in the mountains or remote rural regions, and the Children's Bureau is assisting the states in various ways—with posters, lectures and the occasional loan of personnel—to increase the enforcement of registration or to bring the missing states into the fold. The Bureau of the Census shares in the effort, and so do women's organizations. Now that the Sheppard-Towner measure has been renewed it is a good time for the women's groups to increase their activities. *Every* state should have good registration laws, enforced.

* * *

Women as Money Givers

THE American woman has little voice in the disposal of the large sums of money given annually to charity, in the opinion of Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, chairman of the World Service Council of the Young Women's Christian Association. A man, she says, gives directly to the causes which interest him personally. Movements which make their chief appeal to women receive few notably large gifts, not because women are less generous than men, but because their giving is usually dependent on some male member of the family; so the big outstanding gifts come from widows or as legacies.

While this is undoubtedly true to some degree, there is another consideration. Giving is largely a habit and men have been forming the habit many years, while it is only a short time since women have had any chance to be generous. The war and liberty loans marked the debut of women as donors in large amounts. But the situation has been rapidly changing ever since, and it is fair to assume that the habit of giving will grow as women become accustomed to having money.

Today, more daughters are inheriting equally with sons and more and more of them are earning money, sometimes in large figures. More married women are financially independent of their husbands. The number of women depositors and women investors is growing fast, and the business of women is a big factor in

the economic world. It is only a few years since the first woman's department in a bank was a news sensation. Now most of the big banks have women's departments, and many of the largest investment houses are spending much money to secure women's accounts.

But it is all a very recent development, and its growth has only just begun. Having once learned the advantages of an independent income—if measured only in their own increased self-respect—women will not go back to old ways. And when more women have grown accustomed to being mistresses of their own money, we predict that there will be no difference between men and women benefactors.

* * *

Concerning Daughters

THE CITIZEN is taking a hand in this discussion of the "younger generation." On another page you will find the confessions of a mother about her shock and bewilderment over her daughter's attitude. Accounts of the confusion of parents by the candor and freedom, not to say license, of their children have been both told and published. The younger generation has been attacked, and it has been defended. This account carries the charge into such homes as presumably exist among CITIZEN readers. We hope interested readers will write us—*Is* what this mother reports typical in your community, or isn't it? If so, who or what is responsible? The new freedom for women in general? The war? Too much money? The materialism of the age? Or is there perhaps nothing new here at all, except revelation and candor?

Personally, we are not prepared to believe that parents must succumb to the children's new standards. But of one thing we are certain, the answer will not be found to lie merely in lifting holy hands of horror. These young people must be understood, and the elders' code must be shown to have behind it not mere fiat but sound reason.

* * *

The Wrong Way in Nicaragua

WHAT are we doing in Nicaragua? Reports received as this magazine goes to press say that Diaz is asking us to take some very grave steps, amounting to virtual control of Nicaraguan affairs. We have sent more and more marines, and rumors of mediation have ceased. In the name of protection of life and interests, we have practically taken sides in a civil war which turns on a highly technical question. Scores of organizations, women's included, have expressed serious doubt of the basis on which our present relations with Nicaragua rest. They recognize our right to invest in smaller countries. They recognize the right to protect those investments within certain limits. But they believe that international friendship, the small nation's sovereignty, are also to be considered. In the case of Nicaragua, since Diaz is our own man and Sacasa has consented to arbitration, it would appear that our Government might easily have initiated mediation, with a far better chance both of protecting life and of serving the cause of inter-American friendship. If the Government knows some reason to the contrary, we are entitled to know it.

The Woman Voter

The Following Four Pages Are Edited for the National League of Women Voters

By ANNE WILLIAMS WHEATON

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Lobbying

TO a good many thoughtless persons the word lobbying, like the word politics, has a sinister meaning. A little reflection, however, will convince the fair-minded that lobbyists, like politicians, are not of one class. They cannot be disposed of as a whole because they differ widely in aim and method. The rightness or wrongness of what they do depends upon the underlying purpose of their work and the way in which it is carried out.

If the underlying purpose is to get something out of government that is contrary to the real interest of the great majority of citizens, then the lobbyist is reprehensible; or if he or she, even with a good purpose, stoops to unfair methods, the end is ultimately discredited by the means. On the other hand, if the purpose is beneficial and the methods are fair, the lobbyist fulfills a valuable function.

Mr. Frank R. Kent in his book, "The Great Game of Politics," says of the Washington "legislative agents," the term by which many lobbyists like to describe themselves:

"These men, as a rule, are highly paid, extremely practical, experienced in political and legislative ways, and many of them are extraordinarily able Most of them represent business interests that have joined together for the purpose of having at Washington an effective agent, whose sole idea will be to protect them of the 145 who have headquarters in Washington there are, perhaps, sixty with sufficient financial or voting strength back of them to compel consideration These have formed themselves into what is called the Monday Lunch Club. It is a little-known organization, yet its members are perhaps the most influential group of men in the country With few exceptions they are 'legislative agents,' and their job is to influence Congress. Most of them represent

great financial, business or group interests. One member of this club has an annual salary of \$75,000 and he is worth a good deal more than that to the protected interest he represents. All of them have large expense accounts. Most of them are agreeable, engaging fellows, who make friends, are in a position to reciprocate for favors, and know a whole lot about politics.

"This club is not a business organization. It is a social affair, run on a friendly basis, and they meet once a week at lunch. There are included in its membership the Standard Oil representative, the American Farm Bureau representative, the representatives of the coal

interests, the leather interests, the beef interests, the railroads, the silk interests, the glove interests, the fertilizer interests, the cotton interests, the banking interests, the express company interests, the wire interests, the steel interests, and a number of other similar interests."

Wrongdoing is not necessarily implied because these men represent business interests. Federal legislation means the success or failure of many kinds of business. It is entirely proper that the persons or corporations or organizations concerned in such a business should have their point of view presented to members of the Congress. If the legislative agent does that without misrepresentation or the use of underhand influence, he is genuinely helpful to the legislators who have to act upon the proposed legislation. Some of the legislative agents perform this kind of service. Others constitute the most baleful force in Washington today.

The very fact, however, that nearly all of them, whether helpful or harmful, have a financial interest in mind points to the urgent need of another kind of lobby—a lobby that represents general interests, that is altruistic, that speaks for large numbers of citizens on matters not financial, a lobby that is mindful of those without time or money to present their own case to the Congress.

Such a lobby is supplied by the



Maud Wood Park—not afraid of the word "lobbyist"

© U. & U.

little group of representatives of national organizations of women, the group that has been called the "front-door lobby" because its purposes are never concealed and its methods are direct and open.

This group of women does not undertake to harass or coerce the members of the Congress. It has no power except as it is known to represent widespread, intelligent and earnest public opinion in support of pending legislative measures or in opposition to them. Senators and Representatives are far too busy to let their time be wasted by persons who have little or nothing back of them.

What the members of the women's lobby try to do in Washington is comparatively simple. They see that information is furnished in regard to obscure or misunderstood points of the question at issue. They consult with friends of a particular bill inside the Congress about legislative procedure, the arrangement for hearings, etc. They keep the members of their own organizations informed about the progress of the measures endorsed by the various associations. They sit for weary hours in the gallery of House or Senate whenever these measures are likely to come up and thus they get first-hand knowledge of the tactics of opponents and the support given by friends.

The kind of woman sometimes described by hostile critics who know nothing of lobbying would soon find the doors of Congressional offices closed to her calls. A woman cannot do anything except harm to the cause which she represents if she is not intelligent and courteous. She will be able to accomplish little if she is not also patient and persistent and she will soon be discovered and discredited if she is self-seeking or insincere. The women who respect themselves and believe in their cause are not afraid to be called lobbyists.—MAUD WOOD PARK.

Montana Ratifies!

ON February 8 the Senate of the Montana Legislature ratified by a vote of 28 to 21 the proposed child labor amendment to the Federal Constitution. The resolution, which was introduced by Representative Lucy Curran, the only woman member of the Assembly, passed the lower house on February 3 by a vote of 78 to 18.

Montana is the fifth state to endorse the proposed amendment. Four states—Arkansas, Arizona, California and Wisconsin—ratified in the legislative sessions of 1925.

THE Los Angeles League of Women Voters extends a cordial invitation to League members from other cities visiting in Los Angeles during the winter and spring months to make frequent use of League headquarters. It is established at 805 Brack Shops, 527 West Seventh Street—right in the shopping district. League members will find the reception room, with comfortable chairs and plenty of League publications, a convenient meeting place. Mrs. Arthur C. Wier is president of the Los Angeles League.

In the Congress

AS the Sixty-ninth Congress nears its close (adjournment is on March 4) the "legislative jam" increases. Party leaders have announced that only the most important bills and appropriations will be considered in these last few days. A bill carrying a provision for civil service in the prohibition unit may be acted upon in the Senate. There are two bills embodying this principle. One is the Cramton bill (H. R. 3821), which has passed the House and is now on the Senate calendar. The other is the so-called Smoot reorganization bill (H. R. 10729), which includes among other matters a provision for putting prohibition enforcement agents under the civil service. Senator Smoot has given notice that he will ask for consideration of this measure.

Immigration and the Cable Act

A measure touching both immigration and the Cable Act is the Reed immigration bill with the Wadsworth amendment. The Reed bill (H. R. 6238) provides that an American-born woman who, through marriage to an alien prior to September 22, 1922, lost her American citizenship may come into this country "over the quota." The Wadsworth amendment makes the same provision for the wives and unmarried children under eighteen of alien residents who came to the United States before July 1, 1924, and who have declared

their intention of becoming American citizens. The history of the measure to the time of our going to press is as follows: the Reed bill without the amendment has passed the House; the Reed bill with the amendment has passed the Senate and has been referred back to the House Immigration Committee, where it has been tabled. Since both these measures involve the immigration law which is not a part of the League's program, no action has been taken upon them by the League, but they will be referred as a matter of study to the Special Committee on Immigration Problems.

Foreign Affairs

The Geneva Poison Gas Protocol providing for the elimination of chemical warfare between the signatory powers has been referred back to the Foreign Relations Committee. This action was brought about by friends who feared the protocol would not at this time receive a favorable vote.

At its January meeting the National Board voted to send the following statement to President Coolidge, to Secretary Kellogg, and to Senator Borah as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate: "The National Board of the League of Women Voters believes that the misunderstandings existing between the Government of the United States and the Governments of Mexico and Nicaragua could be settled in the interest of international harmony if the matters in dispute were submitted to arbitration before whatever international commission, court, committee or agency shall be acceptable to the interested governments. And it urges that the Government of the United States should follow this course."—JULIA MARGARET HICKS.



A foreign visitor—Madame Suzanne Grinberg, of Paris, lawyer, suffragist and writer

The April Council Meeting

AN event of importance to the progress of the League of Women Voters—and also the first gathering of its kind in League history—takes place in Washington April 26-30. It is the convening of the General Council of the National League in an "off-convention" year, at which time the Council assumes the aspect, and in some degree, the prerogatives of a miniature national convention.

When the 1926 national convention approved the biennial convention plan, the pioneer period in League work came to an end, and a new period of greater stability and progress was ushered in. Seven years of slow but steady growth has given the League many responsible leaders in forty-five states. It will be these women (a state president and one delegate from each state) who will make up the Council body when Miss Sherwin calls the first session to order on the morning of April 27. It will be these women whose understanding and guidance has brought the League to its place in public life today, who will also set the goal and mark the way for the coming year.

It will be a gathering featured by intimate conferences at which organization policies, the relation of items on the League's program to current governmental issues, and legislative policies and procedure, will predominate. It will be a miniature national convention considering methods of citizenship training for women both within and without the ranks of the political parties. Especially will there be opportunity before adjourning at noon on April 30 for Council delegates to discuss plans relating to the League's part in the 1928 presidential election activities.

While the Council does not formally get under way until April 27, the entire body is expected in Washington on the preceding afternoon for a reception at the home of one of Washington's most popular hostesses. The evening of April 29 is set aside for a banquet. It is sufficient to say that the plans are in the hands of Miss Katharine Ludington, whose record for engaging evening entertainments is so well known to League members. A luncheon meeting at the Congressional Country Club—a beauty spot an hour's ride from Washington—is another scheduled event.

Add to this partial list of Council attractions, the charm and historic background of the Capital City—and even, cherry blossoms on the Potomac—and what more desirable setting could be found for this history-making 1927 Council meeting!

When East Meets West

DURING the past six months I have crossed and recrossed two continents and touched the border countries of a third. In many countries and in many states I have met the women leaders and I am definitely impressed with the things we have in common rather than our differences. One of the things we have in common is a desire for peace and if I am any kind of a reader of signs, that desire is shaping itself into something very real.

My first stop after leaving New York was at Grand Forks, North Dakota. I was met at the train by a classmate of college days who is now the husband of Mrs. Harry Gavere, the president of the Grand Forks League. As a "daughter of the Middle Border" I felt very much at

home with the North Dakota League members. We talked over local and international problems, and the two seemed very close together to me for it had only been a few months before that I had been in the great agrarian section of Europe and had talked over local problems with the women of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—and found many of them the same problems that the women of North Dakota were struggling with.

A grand blizzard blew me across the prairie and on to Montana. I felt the call of the desert so strongly when I was in the Near East that I said I knew

I must have been a Bedouin in some past incarnation. When I looked across the prairie country at sunset in January, I felt the same thrill—the enchantment of its vastness, unending distance and changing color.

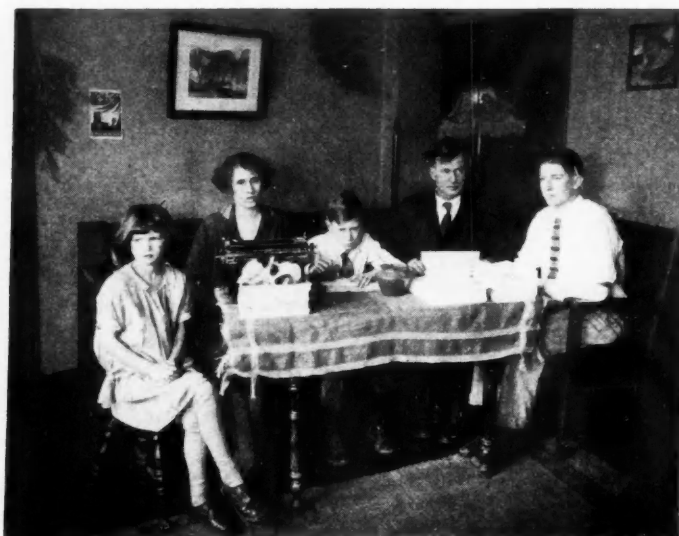
But dreaming ended on arriving at Helena and finding myself in the midst of a busy state convention where practical present-day problems were being faced by women from over the state of Montana. A most impressive session of the convention was held in the legislative chamber of the Capitol, with a number of state officials present and a spirit prevailing which showed that the women and the state government appreciated their common bond. Interest in international affairs was demonstrated throughout the reports of the local Leagues and a resolution in favor of arbitrating the difference with Mexico was sent to Mr. Kellogg.

The women in Washington also were alive to the Mexican situation as were all the Leagues that I visited. The Tacoma League sent a unanimous resolution to the President and Secretary of State urging arbitration. Mrs. C. C. Ruckman, president of the State League, and Mrs. Sorber of the Tacoma League have formed a round table on international relations which will meet bi-monthly.

Ice, I am told, is an unusual thing in Portland. Notwithstanding a storm of snow and sleet which swept into the city of Portland with me, nearly a hundred women came to the meeting to discuss the part women in America might play in international affairs. Mrs. Charles Carver, Jr., president of the Oregon League, has organized a series of lectures by professors from the University, in which current problems of local, national and international bearing are discussed.

The Reno League, through the initiative of Mrs. Thatcher, chairman of International Co-operation, is also running a series of lectures by professors from the University of Nevada in which international problems are discussed.

Mrs. F. C. Turner, chairman of the Department of Better Understanding among Nations of the Oakland Forum (which is a branch of the League of Women Voters) conducts two meetings a month of her department.—JOSEPHINE SCHAIN, Department of International Co-operation to Prevent War, National League.



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"The Bowman peace organization" in the home workshop

Spring Housecleaning

NO matter how much poetry a housekeeper may have in her soul, spring means more to her than opening buds, gamboling lambs and strawberries. It means windows to be washed, attics to be cleaned and new gingham dresses for small daughters. March and April are months for sweeping out and taking stock.

So also our spring ideas may need renovating—our Living Costs ideas. We may need to sweep them free from pleasant side-issues that ensnare interest but have no bearing on the governmental point of view to which the Committee is committed. When some one suggests as a topic for study such a one as "Buying Vegetables Out of Season" or "New Uses for Aluminum Ware" some of us may forget for the moment that we are not members of a League of Women Housekeepers but of a League of Women Voters. If the Committee is to make its mark we must keep its work within the bounds we have set ourselves—the relations of the Government (local, state and national) to Living Costs. This is a test that is sometimes easier to state than to apply. A little sharpening of our critical ability will help—a spring tonic to help us to a healthy League point of view.—LOUISE G. BALDWIN, National Chairman, Living Costs Committee.

A Row of Books

The Indiana Bulletin, in a recent issue, lists Living Costs reference books under the topics: The Tariff and Its Relation to Food Products, the Elimination of Waste, Electric Power, the Co-operative Movement and the Packers' Act.

"Co-operative Markets"

We accept the term "markets for goods." Why not "markets for words"? If so, we may go a step further and say that the New York League and the New York home demonstration agents have been conducting "Co-operative markets"—markets for the direct, understandable, thought-provoking words of Mrs. Harris T. Baldwin, National Living Costs Chairman. Mrs. Baldwin took a week for a recent tour in New York state, spoke in a different place each day, had conferences with home demonstration agents and interested League members.

A Traveling Salesman

The St. Louis League has a Living Costs study group. Just before the meeting at which a Federal Agent was to speak on Unfair Trade Practices Mrs. Comstock, chairman of the committee, had an experience with a salesman at her door that brought home to her and to other members of the St. Louis League the practical value of the study they were making.

The salesman tried to sell her stockings which he guaranteed were pure silk and sold direct from the manufacturer to the consumer. Mrs. Comstock knew at once that they were "weighted" and warned him against soliciting patronage in that neighborhood. She told him further (drawing on the information she had gained by studying the workings of

the Federal Trade Commission) that the very fact that he was an agent of the company precluded the possibility of the sale being made from the manufacturer to the consumer.

This is a direct application of the relation of Government to every-day living. When we begin to think of unfair trade practices, tariff, co-operatives, or electric power in terms of kitchen stoves, pots and pans, market basket and clothing, we will have gone a long way toward a real understanding of the Living Costs program.

A Peace Family

MONTANA has a unique family. It is probably the only one of its kind in these United States. Father, mother and the children—in other words, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Bowman and five boys and girls—make up this family group whose mission is peace, and whose workshop is the living or dining-room of their home in Helena.

The Bowman peace organization—for in reality its contribution to world peace has assumed organization proportions—has in three years carried its work into fifteen states. Eleven thousand "lesson forms" for study groups on international subjects have been distributed.

From this home workshop, where these publications, including the World Peace Primer (a product of Mrs. Bowman's pen) have been assembled for mailing, and also a statewide campaign directed, there radiates a wholesome unselfish spirit. Every member from the youngest child to both adults, plays his or her part. One presides at the typewriter, another at the paste-pot, and so on, until the work is done. Small contributions have met the necessary expenses; the family service is entirely donated.

In her peace information service Mrs. Bowman, who is chairman of international co-operation for the Montana League of Women Voters, has had one idea, to paint a picture of peace, which can be seen as vividly as the scenes of war.

"Today peace means only the absence of war and no such negative idea can bring enthusiasm," she says.

"Because we have seen legislatures or have been to the courts, we visualize government," Mrs. Bowman points out. "Because we have seen schools and classrooms, we visualize education. Because we have seen soldiers march away and have watched battle scenes in the movies, we have a picture of war. When we get a picture of peace as a machine, with its courts, its arbitration bodies, and perhaps an international police force carrying out the collective authority of international law, we will have begun to visualize peace."

MADAME SUZANNE GRINBERG, assistant treasurer of the International Alliance for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, a vice-president of the French Union for Woman Suffrage, and the only woman member of the board of the French Bar Association, arrived in this country February 10 for a speaking tour in several states. She is speaking at several meetings arranged by the National League of Women Voters, further report of which may be carried in the next issue. Madame Grinberg has written several books, her most recent one carrying the title, "History of the Suffrage Movement in France since 1848."



Mrs. Harris T. Baldwin, leaving the Tariff Commission hearings

Policewomen on the Pacific Coast

By IMRA BUWALDA

This page is furnished by the International Association of Policewomen, which is solely responsible for what appears thereon

FREEDOM! How we of the Pacific Coast revel in the term! Freedom to ignore the merely formal social conventions; freedom from the bondage of an icy winter and the heat of summer.

"Yes, and freedom to commit crime!" dryly comments a great criminologist from the East. But," he added kindly, "you also have the freedom of social mind that permits you to experiment with new and strange methods of crime prevention. For after all, it takes much the same type of mind to organize a Juvenile Court as to commit highway robbery!"

Which, perhaps, explains the fact that the policewoman's movement originated on the Pacific Coast. During the World's Fair in Portland, in 1905, Mrs. Lola Baldwin was given police power in order to meet the social problems which the Fair threw into sharp relief. In 1908, the Portland City Charter, incorporated this service as the Woman's Auxiliary of the Police Bureau, and it is still a definite unit in the department known as the Women's Protective Division. There are nine women—only recently called policewomen—headed by Miss Martha Randall, who is fortunate in having the support of the women of Portland, the churches and the press. Eugene, Salem, Astoria, Bend and Oregon City also have women connected with their police departments.

California claims the double distinction of having the first woman in a police department actually to be called "policewoman," as well as the first policewoman to be a college graduate



Imra Buwalda, the California representative of the International Association of Policewomen

and a social worker. Those of us who are fighting for this standard today look with gratitude to Alice Stebbins Wells who, in 1910, presented a petition containing the signatures of one hundred influential citizens to the Los Angeles Mayor, asking for her appointment as policewoman. She is still a member of the department, which now numbers thirty. About twenty of the policewomen are attached to the Crime Prevention Bureau, composed of men and women officers, and headed by a man. The rest are police matrons.

Many of the smaller cities in Southern California have at least one woman in the police department, as for instance Santa Barbara, San Diego, Santa Monica, Pasadena, Alhambra, Monrovia and Venice. San Francisco has three women in the Detective Bureau who have been serving for many years. The city charter specifically limits the number to three, but there is a movement under way to form a Woman's Bureau.

Berkeley deserves special note as the "home port" and the police laboratory of Chief August Vollmer, America's

foremost police expert. As might be expected, he has a very special kind of policewoman in his own department, Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson Lossing, often called "the best-trained policewoman in the United States," and she is specializing in pre-delinquency!

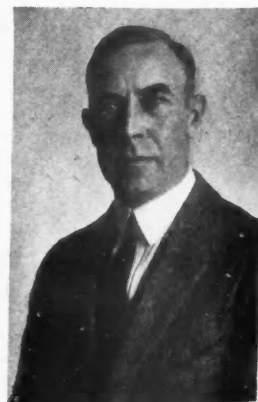
Seattle, Washington, has had policewomen for a dozen or more years, organized in a Woman's Protective Division, with an Advisory Council of representative women to assist in specific cases, in matters of policy and politically. For there have been political difficulties in the past, but now we are congratulating the Seattle Division on the election of Bertha Landes as Mayor, meaning, of course, that its hands will no longer be tied. There are also policewomen in Tacoma, Bellingham, Spokane, Yakima.

We may say then that the policewoman's movement is well established on the Pacific Coast. But the old social stigma attached to the term "police" has by no means disappeared. Men's and women's clubs are often prompted to ask a policewoman to speak, simply through curiosity to see what a "lady cop" looks like. We still need education among socially minded people—especially among other social workers, who are often a bit "up-stage" with the policewoman; we most urgently need standardization, both of civil service requirements and of the proper functions of the policewoman, and we need recruits to take advantage of the splendid opportunity to train for this service in the department of Social Economics at the University of California, where the post-graduates and students may do their field work under Chief Vollmer.



Elizabeth Anderson Lossing, of Berkeley, California, a pioneering policewoman of the West

© McCullagh



August Vollmer, Berkeley's Chief of Police, one of America's foremost police experts

NOTE: For information, address 220 Star Building, Washington, D. C.

World News *About* Women

EXPOSITIONS of women's work bloom out all over the country now. New York began them, we think; Chicago is planning its third—



© Harris & Ewing
The wife of the Democratic senator from Rhode Island now heads Washington's Congressional Club—Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry

May 19 to 27; Kansas City and half a dozen other cities have found it worth while to mirror every phase of women's activities in the business, art and professional world, with hand crafts for color and tone. The latest is the Women's National Exposition held at St. Louis in February, to which the flavor of Western rural life added interesting touches—women dairy farmers, truck gardeners, cotton growers and stock-raisers showed miniatures of their farms along with samples of their products.

ALMOST every month holds a convention of some important woman's organization—especially the spring months. Ahead, for instance, there are:

National Winter Chautauqua, Keystone Heights, Florida—February 7 to March 27. (A new enterprise. Mrs. Lee Joseph, of Austin, Texas, head of the Southwestern Ozark Chautauqua in Arkansas during the summer, heads the women's work and the woman's club.)

American Homes Congress, Des Moines, Iowa—March 8 to 11. (Under the auspices of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.)
Biennial Convention of the American As-

sociation of University Women, Washington, D. C.—March 31 to April 2.

General Council Meeting of the National League of Women Voters, Washington, D. C.—April 26 to 30.

Twentieth Annual Meeting of the American Home Economics Association, Asheville, North Carolina—June 21 to 24.

Late January was the Woman's Christian Temperance Union's time for a general conference, of which the object, says Mrs. Ella A. Boole, National President, was to focus public sentiment behind the nation's lawmakers.

Enforcement officials, Government representatives, members of Congress and leaders in women's organizations all took part in this attempt to give prohibition a fairer trial, discussing ways to enlist the support of social leaders for law observance, to secure enforcement legislation.

The twelfth annual meeting of the executive board of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, held recently in New York, also dealt with vital problems—especially those that send scores of farm girls to seek the independence of city life. Inadequate elementary schools, difficult home conditions, isolation, lack of social experiences and of opportunities to earn money, all play their part in the story. The Alliance, whose object is educational and vocational guidance for the individual girl, is doing much through research and practical experimentation to improve and make known the advantages of the country and to give a clearer understanding of what lies ahead in the city.

BUILDING, for or by women, is quite in vogue this year. To begin with New York, there is the Panhellenic House, a beautiful terraced skyscraper structure to go up at Forty-ninth street, near the East River. It is to supply comfortable and attractive quarters at reasonable cost for the hundreds of college women who come to New York and who want a home with friends. West, on Fifty-seventh street, is to be the twenty-six-story residence and club building planned by the American Woman's Association, for which a last "drive" is under way. On the Great White Way the first theater ever designed, built and managed by a woman opened its doors in October—the Edyth Totten Theater, destined for clean plays only.

Out on the Pacific Coast, in San Francisco, long years of hard work and thrift are about to take shape in an apartment house, costing more than \$250,000, and exclusively for Chinese. To Mrs.

Charles F. Low goes the credit of converting the penny savings of her small Chinese store into the steel frame of a multiple home.

In Philadelphia, Warburton House has just opened—a million-dollar hotel for women, equipped and furnished by Mrs. Barclay Warburton and the late Mrs. Norman MacLeod, daughters of John Wanamaker.

Not only one building, but a whole college of buildings is the project of Mrs. John Wallace Riddle, one of our foremost woman architects. CITIZEN readers have had the story (June 13, 1925) of Avon College at Avon, Old Farms, Connecticut, a junior college for boys, expected to open next fall.

AMONG recent CITIZEN callers was Mrs. Anna Bugge-Wicksell, of Sweden, a leading European feminist, for many years on the board of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. Mrs. Wicksell is the only woman member of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, and one of only two members who also belong to the League of Nations Assembly. The Mandates Commission is studying means of educating the native population under its charge, and that is why Mrs. Wicksell is here, observing



© Wide World Photos
A woman leader of the Cantonese forces—Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, who is carrying on "at the front" the ideals of her late husband (right)

how teachers are trained in some of the principal colored schools of the country.

Another caller was one whom Mrs. Wickseil would have been glad to encounter—Mary Bethune, whose college down at Daytona, Florida—Bethune-Cookman College—is a triumphant testimony to the power of this able colored woman's intelligent devotion to her own people. It is too good to put in a paragraph—one of these days we must tell you about this splendid woman and the fine big job she has done, beginning with just exactly nothing.

A SAD little story of failure is told about the Sentinels of the Republic, who opposed renewal of the Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infancy bill. During the eight-day Senate deadlock some of the Sentinels, including Miss Mary G. Kilbreth, of the *Woman Patriot*, had been earnest workers. When she and Mr. Peckham left for the annual Sentinel meeting in New York, it was with high confidence. At the meeting Mr. Peckham announced that they had left enough senators pledged to filibuster to hold the fort for three or four days against this "paternalistic" scheme. As a matter of fact, Mr. Peckham said, the senators didn't want to pass this measure, but there was a strong lobby of women's organizations in Washington, including, alas, women deplorably uninformed but—powerful.

Things went on like this until almost time to adjourn, when a quiet little woman in the back of the room rose and said that unless she had misunderstood a paragraph in her morning paper, the bill had passed . . . Consternation

. . . A paper was sent for . . . Then, "I'm sorry to announce that the Senate passed the bill last night."

That was when Miss Kilbreth, according to the *Boston Herald*, mourned that "the minute we left, the Senate went back on us."

Could it be that the secret of that "lobby's" power lay in the senators' knowledge that they actually represent the dominant sentiment of the country?

FINAL and official counts from secretaries of states show 122 women now sitting in the state legislatures—12 senators and 110 representatives. We are glad to add the following names to our December list: Arkansas—State Representatives, Mary B. Wigstrand, Florence McRaven, Democrats; Mississippi—State Senator, Belle Kearney, Democrat (holdover); State Representatives, Nellie Nugent Somerville, Mrs. W. Y. Woodward, Democrats (both holdovers); Nebraska—State representative, Mable Gillespie, Democrat; Pennsylvania—State Senator, Flora M. Vare, Republican (holdover); Utah—State Representatives, Mrs. A. J. Lowe, Jr., Julia Smart, Mrs. H. S. Tanner, Achsa

E. Paxman, Republicans; Virginia—State Representatives, Sallie C. Booker, Sarah Lee Fain, Democrats (both holdovers).

ARIZONA is an appreciative state. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Miss Mary Garrett Hay have been spending part of the winter there—at Chandler—and the state has taken grateful note. The governor's wife gave a big reception in their honor to the club women of the valley in which Chandler lies, and the three women representatives

in the legislature brought to the two eminent suffragists a resolution of thanks from the Assembly for their great service to women in Arizona and the nation.

ENGLAND'S peeresses may not sit in the House of Lords, but they may work in the administrative offices, even in the higher posts. For the first time in history a woman has gained control of an important administrative office in the House of Lords with the appointment of Miss H. F. M. Court to be head of the Costing Department.



© Life Publishing Co., 1926

THE artist is correct in the particular facts that he represents, but wrong, it seems to me, in their implication. The various muddles and messes which he depicts do exist. The women haven't cleaned them up. But neither have the men. He implies that women, alone, ought to have accomplished these things. He implies that women haven't done anything since they got the vote. In these implications he is wrong.

I suppose that Mr. Sykes had in mind the adage, "A new broom sweeps clean." Well, did he give Mrs. Voter a new broom in the picture? You will observe that he did not. That is the broom which she told Mr. Voter he might take downstairs and use in the cellar because she wanted a new one for herself, one that she could get into the corners with. That broom, which was put in the hands of women together with the ballot, is made of ancient political machinery, practices and rules—the caucus and convention system, the rotten borough system, the system of patronage, the custom of senatorial courtesy, the unwritten law of party regularity; it fairly bristles with age-old traditions of petty graft; it is odorous of promises never meant to be kept, of frame-ups, stuffed ballots, dirty work at the polls, and memories of little black satchels and other containers. It's a shabby, dirty and clumsy old broom, adapted only to back-stairs work.

How True Is This Picture?

First Prize Answer

By RUTH M. DADOURIAN,
New Haven, Conn.

A few months ago we asked the question and offered three prizes. The second and third were won, respectively, by Mrs. S. F. Glasscock, Morgantown W. Va., and Mary M. Griscom, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

But Mr. Voter has stood out against getting a new one.

Even with an old broom one can do something. Women have had the franchise for only six years. They have done some astonishing things in this short time, simply by main force and determination: In one state a juvenile court system established, in another an adequate child labor law; here a corrupt judiciary put down, there a woman mayor elected; the Sheppard-Towner bill passed, the Women's Bureau supported, independent citizenship for married women—who can doubt that without the woman vote these things and many others would not have been done?

But Mr. Sykes is partly right. What they have done is not enough. Women haven't always had the courage of their convictions. They have given too much reverence to party regularity and thereby blocked their own hopes and opportunities; they haven't been active enough in getting their own sex elected to Congress, the state legislatures and local office; there aren't enough of them attending to the efficient and honest management of the public household. They have shared the men's indifference to Teapot Dome, the Veterans' Bureau and the alien property scandals. But I don't think that the serious woman voter has really forgotten what she wanted to do. Her dilemma lies in finding the tools with which to do it.



The two-piece dress is as popular as ever

The Afternoon Gown

Models of the Minute for the Woman Who Must Dress the Part

By VIRGINIA DIBBLE

Sketches by Ruth Hutton



The smartest afternoon gowns are simple

THE afternoon dress is the "grand dame" of the whole wardrobe. An afternoon toilette is either good or bad; it never compromises. A cheap little office dress can be made smart with a fresh piqué vestee; a perfectly plain evening gown can be made distinctive by the sleek grooming of the woman wearing it, or by a telling bit of antique jewelry; but the so-called afternoon dress has to rely on its own lines and quality. It usually mingles in a critical feminine group where the details count fully as much as the general impression.

The professional woman and the club woman who interests herself in outside affairs faces the problem of choosing a dress which will be appropriate for business appointments first and a formal luncheon, tea or informal dinner after. A few years ago, when ostrich feathers nodded over teacups and real lace fell over the hand holding the sandwich, each function required its own costume, but fashion has grown practical of late and most of the smartest afternoon gowns are simple enough for office wear and at the same time of such beautiful cut and excellent fabric that they are suitable for any occasion thereafter.

Assuming that the gown will be purchased in a good shop and that it will cost somewhere between fifty and a hundred and fifty dollars, let's study the models of the minute with an eye as to which will best suit the different molds into which feminine material has been poured.

To my mind the most universally becoming model is the long waist slightly bloused at the hips, or bloused across the back and side, or occasionally all the way around. The hip section must fit snugly and the skirt should have fullness somewhere so there will be no pull. Frequently gathers and pleats will be grouped in

front only; again the pleats or gathers will be in both front and back, and for the slender-hipped gathers can go all the way around.

The bolero is very smart for slender women and is at its best on the boyish type. It is found just as frequently in lace frocks as in kasha. For real smartness, the hip section which comes from underneath must be tight and the youthful, rather saucy effect of the bolero may be heightened by a full overskirt a little shorter than the under one. Of course this and the cape back are flattering to the round-shouldered woman.

Tiered skirts are modish and becoming to all except the very short and very stout. These tiers may be graduated with the smaller at the bottom or they may be all of the same size. They may be plain, pleated or gathered. Sometimes they are faced or bound with a contrasting color, for horizontal lines are smart and they are likely to be more becoming on the skirt than on the blouse. They are like the little girl with the curl: when good they are very, very good and when bad they are horrid. Horizontally striped silk blouses have a great deal of "swank" on the flat-chested woman, but if she has wide, square shoulders they accentuate this to an unpleasant degree. Wide square yokes and necklines have this tendency too, and must be handled carefully. Often a string of beads will break the line successfully. Decorative bands around the hips, usually at the bottom edge of the over-blouse, are smart and becoming to the small-hipped woman. Bands are found sometimes on the bottom part of sleeves and often on the skirt. The tailored belt so popular now is part of this tendency to horizontal lines.

The waistline which slants up at the front and sometimes pulls up the skirt



The vogue for diagonal lines is a friend to all regardless of girth

with it is graceful and gracious on the slender woman, but these lines are disastrous on the fat lady.

The vogue for diagonal lines, on the other hand, is a friend to all, regardless of girth. Tiny diagonal tucks on the waist, diagonal tiers of fringe or circular flounces on the skirt are found on a great many of the most exclusive models. This rhythm is always pleasing.

On frocks of soft fabric, bows of self-material are used with pleasing results. They are found usually at the side or front near the shoulder or hip line.

An appearance of fulness and movement in the skirt is fortunately necessary for smart effect. It has always been necessary for grace and comfort. The two-piece dress is as popular as ever, although it is not found quite so frequently in afternoon gowns as in sports dresses.

"Composé" is a popular word in fashion journals just now. It applies to the mode of using two fabrics of the same color or two or more colors of the same fabric and is responsible for many beautiful gowns. Different shades of one color also make attractive costumes. A long blouse with two-tiered skirt in a graduating scale of color is extremely pleasing.

As for color, beige and biscuit will continue to be more elegant than any bright color, and dark blue, dull brown, bottle green or gray-green will be a wise choice if the dress is to serve double duty. Frocks of one color are always the wisest choice for women with a small wardrobe. But silks with small geometric designs and little picturesque flowers in gay hues on black, white, beige or biscuit backgrounds will have their place, and the combination of two colors will also be popular.

Georgette, crêpe romain and crêpe marocain are fabrics extremely flattering to almost all women. The soft and heavy crêpes such as crêpe de chine, crêpe faille and crêpe satin are close seconds in their adaptability to all sizes. There are a few rather pert women who wear taffeta well and for them there are taffeta models with circular skirts.

The uneven hem line is still being worn and is a wise choice for the woman with large legs. The long parts should come where they will conceal the outside silhouette of the leg when standing. This unevenness will also fall over the side of the upper leg when seated and thus break that trying horizontal line which tight skirts make when they cut the legs off squarely at their greatest diameter.

These semi-formal gowns should be intricate in cut but simple in appearance. If the sleeves are long and tight there is frequently a fall of self-colored chiffon at the outside seam of the wrist, or the cuff band will go on in loops and ends—either of these giving a note of luxury by its very impracticality.

When the dress is extremely simple the accessories are important. A string of semi-precious beads or the usual strands of pearls may adorn the neck. Long earrings are distinctive on the sophisticated and the relaxed, but very distressing on the vivacious woman who talks with her head. Bracelets of the bangled or jeweled link type are smart and feminine. A beautiful pin of precious stones or striking design is beginning to take the place of the shoulder flower. When this flower is worn it usually matches the gown or is another shade of the same color instead of furnishing the bit of contrast which has been its excuse for so long.

Late Winter Plays

(Continued from page 27)

world both as critic and composer. And Edna Millay? All who care for poetry cherish the thrill of being alive during the lifetime of a great poet—and she a woman, and an American. This, her first venture into opera, is an event to all who cherish a faith in native art. Europe has sent us her music and musicians for so long that one likes to think that some day "The King's Henchman" will be sung in English at La Scala.

The lower left-hand picture on page 27 is of Ruth Gordon and Roger Pryor, the young married couple in Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children," who find romance badly damaged by domesticity on too little money. Ruth Gordon's performance is

more important than the wistful comedy—it is so perfect that no one else is conceivable in the part.

"My Children, Too"

(Continued from page 14)

tern themselves upon our delicacies, our fine restraints and loyalties!)

Or is the new day—the first fruits of the economic independence of women—rendering them free of obligation to conform to any particular pattern of personal behavior for the sake of support?

Has an undigested new psychology brought it about, and are petting parties youth's crude, ignorant translation of the philosophical doctrines of the Ellen Keyeses, the Havelock Ellises, and the rest?

Have we all too much money, especially the young who have not had to work for it?

What Shall We Do?

I AM asking these questions as a mother who, suddenly awakened to the fact that the new immorality, or immorality, permeates all sections of society and that her own is not miraculously spared, is frankly alarmed by the discovery. There is the personal anxiety over what appears to me as utter tastelessness on the part of children who have had every chance to form high tastes. There is the fear that they will lose the fine flavor of ultimate human relationships through their cheap promiscuities even when these stop short of the ultimate danger point. But even more important, it seems to me, is the larger social question involved. Young people who, like Kipling's hero, are accustomed to taking their fun where they find it, are not going to enter marriage with any strong feeling of the permanence of its responsibilities. Impermanent marriages, impermanent families, certainly foretell an impermanent state. Perhaps our present state is none too perfect—but can anyone see a better growing up out of the present situation?

Can anything be done about it? If so, what? Ought anything to be done about it? Or should the order which is about to die salute that order which my Aimée and her confrères are ushering in, and, saluting, pass?

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The BOOKSHELF

By C. S.



Nathalie
Sedgwick
Colby

FIRST novels are winning laurels this year. On last month's Bookshelf was Elizabeth Madox Roberts' first—"The Time of Man." Now comes "Green Forest," the first novel of a woman of fifty, Nathalie Sedgwick Colby, wife of Bainbridge Colby, former Secretary of State. Here are no Washington revelations, no story of either society or politics, such as this experienced, sophisticated woman might have written, and no conformities of writing. It is a slender story whose actual happenings are compassed in the course of a voyage between New York and Cherbourg, though Mrs. Colby contrives to make one know all the lives of her characters. At the center is Mrs. Challoner, imaginative, richly human, widow of a convention-bound husband, accompanying her daughter to Europe to help that young woman recapture an escaped fiancé. For young Suzette, beautiful, hard, convention-bound like her father, there is no Green Forest—symbol of imaginative release, of freedom from the tyranny of things. Suzette devotes the voyage to making life difficult for the escaped fiancé's mother and for her own by a swift engagement to a diplomatic and despicable Peruvian. Besides these, there are all those other vanities of human tragedy and joy that a ship can readily hold, and—left behind in Cherry Lane—there is David, with whom Mrs. Challoner expected to find the Green Forest for the rest of her life. But in the end she had only memories, and Suzette had only the Peruvian. Neither big nor profound, marred by a few irritating tricks of writing, Mrs. Colby's story has a many-faceted sparkle, a rich wisdom, keen observation and a refreshment that comes only too rarely.

AGAIN John Erskine has given us a penetrating insight into modern minds in an ancient setting. Like "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad" crystallizes in witty, biting, sometimes brilliant dialogue, the ideas of an

ultra-modern and their effect on people very much like ourselves.

The story tells how Galahad, an impudent, mischievous little boy, comes finally under the influence of Queen Guinevere and is inspired to the pursuit of rather tenuous ideals. It is really Guinevere's story—the story of a woman, held back by custom from doing the deeds her romantic nature craves, trying to inspire the men about her—Arthur, Lancelot and finally Galahad. And it is a little Elaine's story too—Elaine, who through a ruse of her own, bears Lancelot's son, Galahad, only to lose both father and son to the Queen.

Into that situation Erskine has woven all the flash of his irony, all the keenness of his criticism of life. Yet the characters never become puppets. Through all the sparkle of their unceasing repartee they live. Even the second Elaine, the nebulous lily maid of Astolat, though she has but few words, projects herself very adequately on the scene. Those who prefer their romance straight will find in "Galahad" no authentic version of a well-known legend, only the witchery which makes life in the eyes of Malory much the same as life now.



Sarah
Warder
MacConnell

IN "Rivalry," her fourth novel, Sarah MacConnell tells a story of family rivalry—of that demand to be "kingpin" which, we suspect, she considers more characteristic of women than of men in their intimate relationships. Julia and Elena Doane, from early girlhood to their closing years, strive for dominance in every phase of life that means display . . . from choice of husbands on. At the end, only Julia is willing to face the facts and admit that at last nothing is left for them except to dominate by nobility. At times the plot serves the author's needs a bit too responsively; but "Rivalry" is absorbing reading, not only for the story but for its excellent characterization and imaginative detail.



Anne
Parrish

PUTTING things off is such a universal habit that Anne Parrish's latest book, "Tomorrow Morning," will have a universal appeal. In the case of Kate Green it was Art that got postponed. First Joe, extravagant, lovable Joe, came along and snatched Kate from her painting. Then when Joe died, leaving Kate a burden of debt but a memory of happiness, it was Joe, Jr., who cried out for her attention. Art was turned to fashioning place cards so that Joey could have Christmas trees, dancing lessons, schooling. Later, after Joey married Evelyn, the city girl who Kate knew could never make him happy, Aunt Sarah and Carrie moved into her studio to fill the gap in her household budget. Finally, with the studio empty, Kate cleans her palette and puts her brushes to soak, only to hear that Evelyn, bored to death with the village, has left Joe for her own glittering world. Once more Joe comes to his mother, and we leave Kate content, her art a dream floating hazily over the near, dear cares of her home.

Everyone who has lived in a small town knows the neighbors, the village gossip, the village round of entertainments that Miss Parrish describes. But she has dug into this life with fresh insight. Just as in "The Perennial Bachelor," she has used the modern tools of psycho-analysis to probe unfulfillment and tragedy out from beneath calm surfaces, and yet so skillfully has she worked that we hesitate to apply so pretentious a term to her simple, homely narrative.

A RADICAL and successful business woman—the combination sounds improbable, yet Helen Woodward by her own confession is both. On the first page of "Through Many Windows" she discards the theory taught her in school, that "enthusiasm, exactness, and hard work are needed to make money." Through her many windows she has looked out on the growth of advertising, publishing, women at work,

social and economic problems, individuals of every kind. A woman with no long business tradition back of her goes into work with what an artist would call a fresh eye. She is seeing a new world. And in that wild, gay, grim struggle that is modern business, Helen Woodward kept her eye fresh and her mind clean—honest. She was not fooled; she recognized "the bunk" when she saw it. "The business mind does not like clear-cut contracts . . . It prefers that everything should be a little vague . . . There is no recipe for getting on in business." All this is the observation of a woman who started in the outer office and ended back of an executive's desk. And from first to last, from stenographer to boss, Helen Woodward enjoyed her experiences in modern business. The reader enjoys them with her—enjoys her gusto, her fighting spirit, and—most of all—the fact that she always saw through the bunk.

THE European travels of the four Parkers—Cornelia Stratton Parker, whose "American Idyll" is well remembered, her daughter and two sons—made good reading two years ago. Now in "More Ports, More Happy Places" Mrs. Parker tells further European adventures, with a humorous intimacy, a descriptive skill that make one long to take the Parker trail.

Green Forest, Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1927, \$2.00.

Galahad, Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1926, \$2.50.

Rivalry, Macaulay, New York, 1927, \$2.00.
Tomorrow Morning, Harpers, New York, 1927, \$2.00.

Through Many Windows, Harpers, New York, 1926, \$2.50.

More Ports, Boni & Liveright, New York, 1927, \$3.50.

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Two Women Poets

By MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Author of "Citadels," etc.



TWO women distinguished in the world of American letters have brought out new volumes of lyrics recently. One is Grace Hazard Conkling, poet of rich culture and warm colors. The other is Sara Teasdale, poet of personal and universal emotion.

Mrs. Conkling was born in New York City and anybody could know just by meeting her that she belongs to the eastern side of these United States. She was graduated from Smith College in 1899 and later studied music and languages in Heidelberg and Paris. She became a teacher of English in her own college where she is now an associate professor. She has two daughters, Elsa, who is musical, and Hilda, the beloved little-girl-poet. She has traveled far and wide and her mind is full of rich memories. Wherever she goes she seems to find sound and color, the manifold tones and hues of the external world with all their variable loveliness. Her friends must inevitably find these things in her personality associated with her dignity, her gayety, her courtesy. And her readers must inevitably and thankfully find them in her verse.

Her latest book, "Flying Fish," is decidedly her best. No American poet of our period except, perhaps, Amy Lowell, has cared so deeply for color and light, for the mere gold and coral and ivory of life, for the amber of a python, for the "superb and bitter blue" of his skin. Mrs. Conkling really knows the "rain-dark bougainvillea," the "pomegranate's sharp cornelian seeds" and "birds with the ripple of rubies on their necks." Her "Lilacs," like many of her other lyrics, is just an exquisite color-study. She knows, also, the ways of the dusk and the half-light, and something of what light can do with form. Her rhythms have grace and balance. She is always careful of the details of her craft.

In a period when sonnets are fashionable, but, as a rule, very bad, it is worth while to say that "Flying Fish" includes several gallant ones. I like the first of her second sequence:

Now I have come a long way down the sea
Toward the Guianas and the deep Brazils
That hid Manoa . . . where they say the hills
Have cores of silver, where a man might be
A lifetime on one river hopelessly
Caught in its python coils, where thunder
spills

Fierce rain along the jungle's tarnished sills,
They are forbidden. They escape from me
And baffle me with islands. I shall find
Sea-urchin sands and palm trees and a white
Smother of reef. Distance will thicken soon
Into a wan and crinkled melon-rind
Of coast, to round and ripen in the light
As though a Line storm had blown down the
moon.
—S.S. Miraflores.

SARA TEASDALE was born in St. Louis and was educated somewhat more informally than Mrs. Conkling by tutors and travel and in private schools. She reads great books with reverence and finds much happiness in all the arts mankind has practiced. Like Christina Rossetti, she enjoys watching small animals in the park. She is physically frail, as Mrs. Browning was, but has a shrewd and subtle intellect and a luminous spirit. She has done no work except the making of poetry.

She believes that the lyric poet must have a single-hearted and fiery devotion to the truth as it is felt and must be candid and fearless in the telling of it. But her own books bear witness to the possession of an extraordinary literary tact and discretion—things quite as rare in this period as good sonnets! Until recently "Flame and Shadow" was considered her best book. Now perhaps we must admit a surpassing loveliness in "Dark of the Moon."

In the new book are a number of poems of life's autumn, wise and brave with an uncalculating honesty, several interesting portraits of complex personalities, many admirable lyrics in which fine memories of places are interwoven with the poet's glad or wistful moods, and, of course, a number of excellent love songs. These last are of deeper sense and sound than her earlier love songs. One rather simple one which pleases me is "The Beloved."

THE BELOVED

It is enough of honor for one lifetime
To have known you better than the rest
have known,
The shadows and the colors of your voice,
Your will, immutable and still as stone.
The shy heart, so lonely and so gay,
The sad laughter and the pride of pride,
The tenderness, the depth of tenderness
Rich as the earth, and wide as heaven is
wide.

Flying Fish, Alfred Knopf, New York, 1926, \$2.00.

Dark of the Moon, Macmillan, New York, 1926, \$1.50.

When writing to The Boyd Tours, Inc. and Boni & Liveright, please mention the WOMAN CITIZEN

Our World

(Continued from page 17)

after the Revolution the eyes of most Americans were still looking overseas. We were largely the industrial dependents of England. But when the English navy blockaded our ports and our government put an embargo upon English trade, we were forced to look to our own struggling factories for the production of necessities. Everything was done to encourage our genuinely "infant industries." Government specifications provided that army supplies must be "American-made." Premiums were offered to industries, bounties were paid to the manufacturers, societies were formed (the first Chambers of Commerce) to encourage American enterprise, the exemptions were granted; the manufacturer, next to the soldier, was the hero of the hour. By 1815 half a million spindles were running in American cotton mills where there had been but eighty thousand six years before. The iron industry centering in the Pittsburgh district came within 300 tons of supplying the entire need of the nation. The number of patents granted was increasing daily. In two directions there was a shifting of national gravity, out toward the West where the lure of free lands beckoned to the pioneering farmer and toward the Eastern cities where the factories were setting up urban centers.

Until the middle of the last century the Western movement was wave-like. Pioneers of the type of Daniel Boone, James Robertson and John Sevier had gone on the first crest that swept over the Alleghanies into Tennessee, Kentucky and the Ohio Valley. Then came the most magnificent real estate deal in history, the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, whereby the United States by the expenditure of fifteen million dollars doubled her territory over night. This did not at once open up the new lands to settlement, but by 1817 the number of immigrants had risen at a bound from the average four or five thousand a year to 22,000, mainly from Ireland, Germany and England. And most of the newcomers headed west. By 1830, the West had developed a genuine American type, rugged, self-sufficient, crude, living dangerously along the Mississippi Valley, the frontiersmen, with their own philosophy and folklore, the first Americans to be free of European influences.

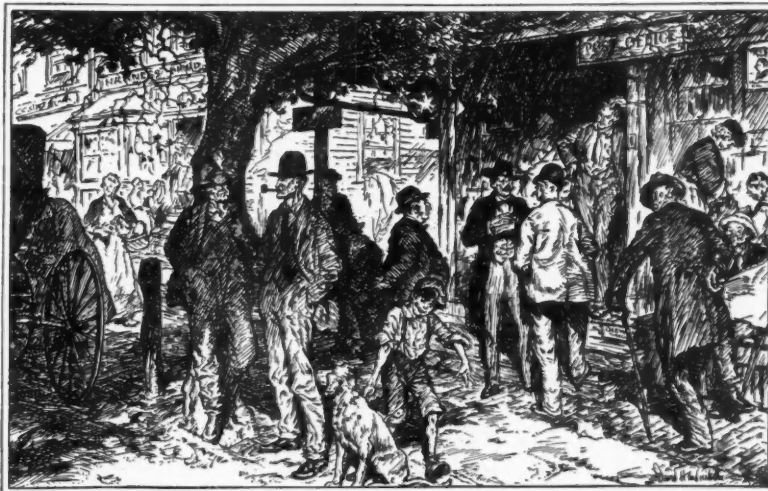
The American of today, the result of the mixed and complex pulls of the organizing and pioneering spirit, often seems a fantastic figure to the civilized European. Visitors from overseas almost invariably pick out from the American panorama two scenes that appear to them most remarkable. One, of course, is the dramatization of mass production that has its high point in Mr. Ford's Detroit factories; the other is the rest-

less moving to and fro across the continent, most marked perhaps at either end of our social scale.

Visitors see the casual workers drifting about through the forty-eight states, taking the dust from the cars of the over-incomed, and they speak of America as "always on the go." They have forgotten the pioneering origins of the majority of our Americans, native-born and immigrants alike. They have forgotten, too, perhaps, that despite the fact that the free lands of this country are no longer to be had for the mere asking, there is always deep down in us a

troublesome yearning for horizons on which no roof top appears, for those "great wide open spaces" that even the little bank clerk shut up in a boarding-house bedroom reads about in his favorite fiction magazine with sympathetic understanding. The pioneering spirit still survives—one of the forces that make us American; a force that, liberated from the materialistic thrall, may be put to fine social uses.

The next "We Look At Our World" will tell the story of The Machine Age.



The Meeting Place

*An Advertisement of
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It is not so long ago since people met in town hall, store or at the village post-office, to talk over matters of importance to the community. Then came the telephone to enable men to discuss matters with one another without leaving their homes.

With the growing use of the telephone, new difficulties arose and improvements had to be sought. Many of the improvements concerned the physical telephone plant. Many of them had to do with the means of using the apparatus to speed the connection and enable people to talk more easily.

This need for improvement is continuous and, more than ever, is a problem today. Speed and

accuracy in completing seventy million calls daily depends upon the efficiency of Bell System employees and equipment as well as upon the co-operation of persons calling and those called and numerous private operators.

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The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated Bell Telephone Laboratories have practically for their sole task the making of the telephone more serviceable and more satisfactory—as a means of conversing with anyone, anywhere, any time.

A Model Investment Program

For the Woman Who Handles Her Own Money

By MARY RIIS

ANDREW CARNEGIE is reported to have advised "putting all your eggs in one basket and watching the basket." The catch in the advice is watching the basket. At different times, different classes of securities offer more for your money, and are a better purchase from the buyer's standpoint. If you could be sure of your industry, its future as well as its past, it would pay to put all your money in these issues at the right time.

A specific example of what I mean is the story of what are called equipment bonds, brought out in great quantity six or seven years ago by the leading railroads. In spite of the fact that this form of bond represents the best and safest type, it was a new class of security to the investor, and until it became familiar enough to be popular, the bonds had to be sold at very tempting prices, to yield seven per cent, as against six and six and a half per cent for less attractive bonds of the same railroad. The very bonds that were brought out to yield seven per cent now sell to yield four-seventy per cent, and yet it would have been a very unusual and lucky "average" investor who would have put all his or her money into this one class of investment at that time.

In attempting to make a model investment list for the average investor, since this plan is for the WOMAN CITIZEN, I am going to assume that the reader is of better than average intelligence; that she is a woman of active interest, too busy unless she is connected with the business of finance to give much time to her personal holdings, but with enough to go over her list twice a year with some careful adviser whose business is finance, and to take the responsibility of decision when changes are advisable.

At different times different securities are the best things to hold, and the suggestions which follow are based on conditions as they look to me now at the beginning of 1927.

First of all, in the last twelve years a great change has taken place in the financial position of the United States. From being a nation which had to borrow money from Europe every time we wanted to build a railroad or open a mine or develop a public utility, we have

This is the second in a series of short practical articles on investment problems. Each will be written by an experienced investment adviser—a new occupation in which women have made good within the past few years. Mrs. Jacob Riis is one of the pioneers, one of the outstanding women in the field. She has devoted ten years to the study of investment programs, and the advice she gives here is invaluable for the woman investor.

graduated to the class of nations with money to lend other countries for their industrial needs. In other words, from a debtor nation we have become a great creditor nation.

Not only have we money enough to take care of all our own industries, but the economists say that we have about one billion nine hundred million dollars a year left over—not needed here.

The result of this, you can easily see, is more favorable to the person who needs to borrow money for safe and legitimate purposes, than to the person or bank or institution with money to lend, and so the borrower does not have to pay so much rent or interest. Not only is this the case now, but economic students are all agreed that this plentiful money will continue and increase, so that probably the borrower will be able to make better and better terms, and pay lower and lower rent.

Now, since bonds are certificates of indebtedness, and the bond holder a creditor, it is easy to see that bonds should go higher in price, to give lower yields. This was the case after the Napoleonic and Civil Wars, and it looks as if history would repeat itself.

So we can safely say that a model list today should consist largely of bond holdings, and perhaps preferred stocks. But the woman who is interested in the development of her country does like to have a little share in the growth of its industries, and she should, or I think she should, have a few shares of stock—become a partner in some of our corporations. She can do this by buying a few shares of their common stocks. This makes her a shareholder or partner.

If her mind and temperament run that way I think it is legitimate for her to put a little, a very little, of her money into companies whose prospects for the future

are better than their present condition. In doing this she cherishes the hope that she may, as a partner, reap considerable benefit, if the future does fulfill its promise. This is speculating.

Speculating is buying with the idea of profit rather than income, and you can speculate in anything: bonds, real estate, wheat, cotton, and all the rest, as well as in stocks. When you speculate, do not fool yourself into thinking you are investing. Meet the issue frankly, and follow fundamental conditions rather than tips.

The first list I am going to make is for the woman who is away from easy knowledge of conditions and markets, and who has no capable adviser, with her interest at heart, to watch things for her. Needless to say, such a list must be more conservative than that of some one nearer sources of information.

We will arbitrarily take \$20,000 as an amount. A larger or smaller sum can be divided proportionately.

	—Feb. 15th—	
	Price	Yield
\$2,000 Baltimore & Ohio Refunding 6s, 1995.....	108 $\frac{1}{4}$	5.53%
\$2,000 Missouri Pacific 1st & Refunding 5s, 1965.....	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.95%
\$2,000 Illinois Central 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, 1934.....	103 $\frac{1}{8}$	4.97%
\$2,000 United Light & Railway 1st & Refunding 5s, 1932..	98	5.46%
\$2,000 Minnesota Power & Light 1st & Refunding 5s, 1955.....	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.67
\$2,000 Public Service of New Jersey 6s, 1944.....	105	5.54%
\$2,000 Youngstown Sheet & Tube 6s, 1943.....	104 $\frac{3}{8}$	5.58%
\$2,000 American Smelting & Refining 6s, 1947.....	108 $\frac{1}{8}$	5.33%
\$2,000 Standard Oil of New Jersey 5s, 1946.....	102 $\frac{1}{4}$	4.82%

Here you have bonds representing different industries. The bonds are the obligations of important, well managed companies. By putting \$2,000 in each of the nine bonds, you have \$2,000 left over to increase the amount in your favorite holding.

For securities as well known and of such high rating as the above, you are getting a better than average yield. Since the income from these securities was not affected by the War or the terrible deflation that followed, it is safe to say that you could go on a trip around the world and have confidence that your income would continue through any think-

able happening or unforeseen calamity.

If you are willing once in a while to watch your holdings, I think a list with a slightly higher yield would be permissible, and you might consider:

	Price	Yield
Missouri, Kansas & Texas Adjustment 5s, 1967.....	98¾	5.07%
Missouri Pacific 1st & Refunding 6s, 1949.....	106¾	5.46%
Great Northern Railway General 7s, 1936.....	114	5.12%
Western Maryland 1st 4s, 1952	78¾	5.57%
Southeastern Power & Light 6s, 2025 (without warrants)...	98½	6.09%
Penn-Ohio Edison 6s (without warrants), 1950.....	97¼	6.22%
Utah Power & Light Deb. 6s, 2022.....	99	6.06%
Goodrich 1st 6½s, 1947.....	106½	5.95%
Colorado & Southern 4% 2nd Preferred.....	73	5.50%
Penn-Ohio Edison 7% Preferred.....	99	7.08%
American Superpower 6% Preferred.....	95	6.32%
Commonwealth Power 6% Preferred.....	92	6.52%

Selections of ten securities from this list will give better than a six per cent return, besides a good possibility of appreciation and as good safety as you can get at that yield.

I have not put real estate bonds on the list because real estate and building costs have risen so abnormally that each situation needs very careful investigation to assure ample protection against a possible shrinkage in real estate values. Also the lack of marketability and appreciation makes them less interesting.

If we have any confidence in the present scheme of the world, foreign bonds offer many opportunities to the investor. After the awful cataclysm of the War, it needs time for Europe to prove her permanent stability. For this reason the would-be purchaser of foreign bonds should have the careful advice of an expert. Such bonds as the Kingdom of Denmark 5½s, the German Government 7s, the Argentine Sinking Fund 6s, and the issues of the Canadian Provinces are sound and give us a chance to have a part in constructive world affairs.

If you can look upon your investments as giving you a part in the great economic structure upon which our lives are based, they cease to be dull, uninteresting figures, and becoming living powers. It always gives me a thrill to find that I am traveling on a railroad whose bonds I hold. It makes you at once more sympathetic and more critical to have a part in the drama of American business.

SNUG IS A CLUB WITH A RUG

"WITH another \$100 added to the CITIZEN \$100, we have purchased a rug for our clubhouse," writes Mrs. Ida Schappa, chief engineer of the successful drive for subscriptions to the WOMAN CITIZEN undertaken by the Westfield (Massachusetts) Woman's Club.

Washington

(Continued from page 25)

As soon as the surplus production in any crop was taken off the market prices would drop no further. This has given rise to the objection that the plan is fundamentally Government price-fixing through control of surplus. To this its advocates retort that it is merely price stabilization. Other arguments heard against it are that it puts the Government into the farming business and that it is class legislation; to which it is re-

torted that it only extends to the farmer the same protection against foreign competition that the tariff assures to manufacturers.

Secretary Mellon wrote a letter to Representative Chindblom, of Illinois, criticizing the equalization fee as difficult to administer, predicting that the \$250,000,000 revolving fund would never be returned to the Treasury as contemplated in the bill, and estimating that it would cost the Government \$800,000,000 a year to administer.

Congress will adjourn with the usual

Minutes Are Valuable to the Woman

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number of loose ends of legislation. The Swing-Johnson Boulder Cañon Dam bill, authorizing a Government appropriation of \$125,000,000 to construct a dam for control of the Colorado River and for Government development of power, has been fought by a powerful lobby representing the private power companies in Western states so successfully that at present the measure is hung up in the House Rules Committee and will probably not come to a vote. The bill, which has been fought over for three years, has been finally reported by both the Senate and House Irrigation Committees. The Senate held that it must be acted upon first by the House as being an appropriation measure. Weary legislators will hand over Muscle Shoals, that perennial problem, to the next Congress. After six years of haggling as to whether the power plant at Muscle Shoals should be developed by the Government or private companies, and if the latter, by what company, the House Military Affairs Committee has decided to take no action, and Senator McNary has introduced a resolution calling for a joint Congressional Commission to study the project and bring in

recommendations as to how it can best be developed to produce cheap fertilizer.

Similarly the expected upheaval over the flexible tariff and its administration by the United States Tariff Commission will be deferred until the next Congress meets. For eleven months Senator Robinson's special committee held hearings, and it will submit its report during the summer or at the opening of the next session. It is predicted that the charges that the Tariff Commission has been made a tool for special industrial interests seeking higher tariff rates will open up the whole subject of the flexible tariff which was hopefully expected to "take the tariff out of politics." The fact that only three out of twenty-seven reports sent to the President under the flexible tariff provision of the 1922 Act looked to rate decreases lends weight to the charge that the flexible tariff has been utilized by high protectionists to raise, but seldom to lower, rates.

Whether it is the approaching political convention of 1928 or a touch of spring which has keyed up Congressional tempers, or whether our politicians are taking their pet projects more seriously than usual, Congressional dignity has suffered several severe jolts in recent encounters. Two peppery Southerners, Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, and Representative Blanton, of Texas, recently engaged in what are politely described as "personal encounters" with Senator Wheeler, of Montana, and Representative Sol Bloom, of New York, respectively. Nevertheless, declared Henry Ford, departing from a call at the White House, "they have a fine bunch down there in Congress."

Mr. Ford also expressed his approval of President Coolidge and the hope that he would be a candidate in 1928. No inkling has come from the White House as to whether the President will follow Mr. Ford's advice or that of President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, who thinks that the precedent against a third term is too strong to be defied, even by an astute Yankee who is being daily assured by delegations from distant states that they are for him.

After March 4 the President and Mrs. Coolidge will be at home at number 15 Dupont Circle while the White House is undergoing repairs. The Patterson Mansion, now occupied by Mrs. Elmer Schlesinger, offered the inducements of thirty rooms, a priceless Gobelin tapestry and a marble stairway lined with heads of caribou, mountain deer and other trophies killed by the former Countess Gizycka on her Wyoming ranch. Mr. Coolidge has never gone in strongly for Gobelin tapestries and other art treasures and will probably not be greatly excited over the game trophies, but the house is large and comfortable, and there is good walking down Connecticut Avenue.

Any illusions we have had that Washingtonians are a sophisticated and cosmopolitan lot are thoroughly dispelled. Swami Yogananda, Indian religious teacher, drew crowds to the Washington auditorium for a series of lectures on "Developing the Power of Concentration," "How to Achieve Success" and other subjects growing out of an application of Indian religious philosophy to practical American problems. Clad in flowing orange silk robes over the latest model of Arrow collar and tailored shirt, the Swami was received at the White House and fêted by our leading civic organizations. In ever greater crowds we went to hear Aimee McPherson revive the "old-time religion." Government clerks turned around and shook hands with Senators and Congressmen at the bidding of the much press-agented Mrs. McPherson, and a good time was had by all. Finally comes Evangeline Booth, speaking under the auspices of the Salvation Army at a meeting presided over by Herbert Hoover.

We were surprised to find, during the sessions of the conference on national preparedness called by twenty-two women's organizations, that the spectre of Communism in America still causes 100 percenters to shake in their boots, and that the belief persists that large armies and navies will keep nations out of war in the future, although they have never done so in the past. With amazement we learned from speakers at the conference that a pacifist does not mean "one who works for peace," but one who is disloyal to his country and is invariably a Communist. We noted that no one arose to remark that "the 100 per cent American always supports the President"; no one observed that the conference resolution calling for the immediate building

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of the three cruisers opposed by Mr. Coolidge expressed opposition to one of the major planks in his present platform—that the United States refrain from competitive armament building in so far as is compatible with the national security.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

(Continued from page 12)

the woman whose love and reverence surrounded him as with a mighty cloud. Inevitably, for any person of perception, she must continue to carry till the end of her own life, some measure of the dignity of history.

It is a dignity as frail as a bubble. The slightest word could shatter it, the slightest act. Yet one feels, when one knows her, measurably sure in the prophecy that the word will not be spoken nor the act done. An hysterical woman, an egoist—even any one of a number of kinds of perfectly decent, nice sorts of women, can be imagined who might shatter it. But not this woman, whose characteristic is a great calmness, a fine repose.

Those who credit her invariable capacity for adequately meeting each new situation to her "tact" do not go far enough. She has tact. But many a woman has "tact" who has neither her judgment nor her discretion.

One saw her riding through the crowded streets of Paris—banners waving, flowers thrown, vivas re-echoing—a public figure.

In a moment, she had withdrawn into a little room, whose four walls secured from public prying all that she genuinely loved.

There is not the slightest doubt for all who know Mrs. Woodrow Wilson that for her, whether in glory or in tragedy, there was from the day of her marriage to the President only a supreme devotion to the man.

One guesses what that great calmness of hers must have meant to the President, harried by the cares and annoyances of those days. She used to take a piece of sewing in her hands and sit in the room while he worked. She did not speak. She just sat there, quiet. Her presence was a symbol of a watchful love.

During his illness, when it was commonly said about Washington that executive decisions were made by her, it is probably the truth that she simply acted as a buffer, to keep away contacts which would have proved to him irritating if not fatal. She could talk to agitated politicians, simmer out the sheerly necessary, carry it to his bedside, discover with prescience his opinion, and report his judgment back. It is a great scene as well as a pathetic scene.

Perhaps one of the reasons why it was

currently believed at that time that the executive decisions were made by her was due to her reputation for being a good business woman. She had made final decisions in matters of her first husband's estate. She had been girlhood guardian for the charming wife of that Dr. Carey Grayson who became the President's close friend and physician.

Strongest reason of all must have been that impression she gives for possessing those assets of the business man—judgment, discretion, a level head, composure. There is nothing flighty about her.

To believe that she was, in those last days of the Administration, the President's mouthpiece, never uttering her own thoughts, one has only to observe Mrs. Wilson's conduct today.

The death of her mother a year ago, which prolonged her mourning, has added to the period of her seclusion away from Washington. She is occasionally seen at a concert—at one of those morning musicales arranged by Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, for example, which bring to Washington music-lovers the finest artistry in the world.

But she lends her name to nothing but the two or three ends for which President Wilson himself had expressed an interest. She is, for example, honorary president of the Women's National Democratic Club. She prefaces such an action by suggesting that she knows her



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would have liked it. She seems always aware of him, of his desires, of his tastes.

It was at his wish that she rode with him when he was President, played golf with him at the Chevy Chase Club. Now that he is gone, she neither rides nor golfs.

She is not an intellectualist nor particularly a reader of many books. She likes a quiet game of bridge or mah jong with very close friends.

The large brick house in S Street, with its slanting garden, to which she went with the President when he retired from the White House, is neither gay by day nor illuminated by night. Yet one feels sure that while it may be a quiet woman, a woman a little sad, who lives within, it is not an unhappy woman, nor above anything, a discontented one. And one sees that here is one who has realized that seven years of a life may hold in their crowded hours more than seven lifetimes.

Serene when she is with her friends, she listens to others. She is not apt to volunteer her opinion. There is something infinitely comforting in her repose, in the midst of this screaming, shouting world of today.

Never seen at large social gatherings,

occasionally at a concert or at the luncheon of the Democratic Women's Club, she is almost every Sunday to be seen at the afternoon vespers at the Cathedral. That cathedral's soaring Gothic rises on a hill at the edge of Washington. Unfinished though it is, already it houses a small, beautiful chapel, low-ceiled, many-pierced and arched in stone. On one side, in the center, is the tomb of Wilson with a great spray of palm upon it. There the Sunday vespers are sung.

As time goes on, there is increasing curiosity in Washington as to what Mrs. Wilson will do. Her prolonged mourning has necessarily limited the extent of her personal social life. But the memory of her graceful entertaining in the White House has not been forgotten.

Still more, however, there is curiosity as to whether she will take a hand in politics. Someone who knows remarked that she is frequently approached for her opinions on some pending legislation and that she refuses to give them. This was suggested as a proof that she will not take a hand in politics.

But here, I believe, one should observe a distinction. One who urges a certain vote on pending legislation, outside of those men and women on the Hill who are duly elected for the purpose, is (in a way of speaking) rather a lobbyist than a politician. A politician deals with men more than measures. That is, he approaches the measures of the future by seeing to it that those men or women are elected to office who will carry on certain legislation. This is not a complete statement, but it is a suggestion of the situation.

When, if ever, Mrs. Wilson does take a hand in politics, it may be rather in the direction of the one than of the other. Yet many of those who know her doubt if she will ever be especially active in either direction.

She will be interested. People will come to her for her advice, for her opinion. She may give it. But it will probably always be an advice and an opinion founded in her great knowledge of the wishes of her husband. It will be as his interpreter, the posthumous inheritor of his desires, that she will, so far as she can, reply.

It will be as his interpreter and inheritor that she will have an influence and inevitably that influence will be considerable.

Yet, though she will hold it and wield it as his inheritor, it would be impossible for her to keep it, even to have kept it until now, if it were not for the solidity of her character.

Swept up by Fate into a drama which is one of the great dramas of American history, Washington watches this gentlewoman with Washington's critical eyes. But Washington gets little chance to take a look at her. She is too far removed into the reserves of her chosen intimacies.

It is only when she emerges for a moment into the public view, as she did on that memorable day, in the hushed, packed silence of the Senate Gallery, that she reaffirms for the general that impression of serenity which is recognized by her friends.

Women's Faults

(Continued from page 23)

1924, the registration of women reached the high point in Chicago with a total of 349,283, yet their voting fell off even in the Presidential primary, when they cast 200,791 votes; while in the June judicial election, coming again close to home, only 56,557 of them voted.

For the most part the hand that rocks the cradle disappears in a sort of mist when it takes up the pencil to mark the ballot. There are few official returns anywhere showing the vote of women apart from the vote of men. Few states and cities show separate registration for men and women. In Illinois there are official returns of women's votes. So that only rarely, as in Chicago, does the feminine vote step out from the mass and stand by itself to be inspected and appraised by critics of woman suffrage.

It is possible, nevertheless, through studies of registration records, through approximate estimates of women voters made by election officials noting first names in voting lists, and through the separate registration of the sexes in many cities and towns, to make such appraisals with fair accuracy, and often they are interesting. For example, hidden away in that 37 per cent to 39 per cent of the total vote for President in 1920 are the percentages of votes by women in geographical divisions of the country. The women from the buttes and steppes of Montana led all other single states. There 62 per cent of all women of voting age actually voted, and the women cast 45 per cent of the total vote polled in Montana. Compare this robust gesture of the women of the West with the feeble political flickerings of the women of the East, of New York, for instance. New York women polled but 30 per cent of the total vote of the state in 1920. Why? Because only 34 per cent of all the women qualified to vote in New York actually came forth to vote. It probably is not true that more New York women believe woman's place is the home, but it certainly seems beyond dispute that fewer of them believe woman's place on election day is at the polls.

Is it because enfranchisement is new to them? Will more and more women vote as the years go on and they become more familiar with the process? Well, it is true that the Western states, like Montana, where women make the best showing in the country, are the states

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where they have had much longer voting experience. In Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, Oregon, Washington, from 50 per cent to more than 60 per cent of the eligible women went to the polls and voted. But it becomes difficult to tell whether this represents growth and development from political infancy, or whether it simply represents stagnation, when you know that in many states, including some on the Atlantic, where in 1920 women voted for the first time, they polled as high a percentage of the total vote as in states where they had become old hands at the game.

In little Delaware, for example, while the votes of the women were only 42 per cent of the total votes cast, we find the astonishing fact (astonishing when compared with the rest of the states) that 72 per cent of the women qualified to vote really voted. This makes even the record of the veteran women of Montana look a little seedy.

However if the skeptics can get any comfort out of the fact that in states where suffrage is comparatively new, women are now voting in as great numbers as in states where it is not new, they are entitled to it. What this fact really demonstrates, of course, is the slow but steady development of feminine interest in politics. Registration returns for 1922-24 indicated, on the whole, largely increased activity of women in the elections. Vermont presents a notable example. In 1920 the Vermont women appear to have cast only 30 per cent of the Vermont vote, while in 1923 about 42 per cent of all those registered were women. In Boston the recent police voting lists show as many women as men, indicating a probable increase over the 1920 percentage.

In some sections during the past three years the female registration has grown more rapidly than that of the men. There is a long way to go, but the gap is being slowly narrowed. Probably the time will not come soon when as many women vote as men—certainly not in our time—but there is no reason why it will not come sometime.

What has all this to do with an essay entitled, "Women's Faults in Politics"? Simply this: that the plain fact is, women have mighty few faults in politics that cannot be attributed to men as well. It is easy enough to say that women do not know what it is all about, that they are uninformed, that they vote without reason, that they are swayed by emotion and prejudice. All of that may be true—it probably is. But, Lord save us, it is also true of men! Do thousands of women say on election day, "Oh, what difference will my vote make?" and "I haven't the faintest idea what the issues are," and go to the movies instead of to the polls? So do thousands of men. Have women any monopoly on ignorance, inertia and

indifference in government and politics? No more than men have a monopoly on the time of our cleverest barbers.

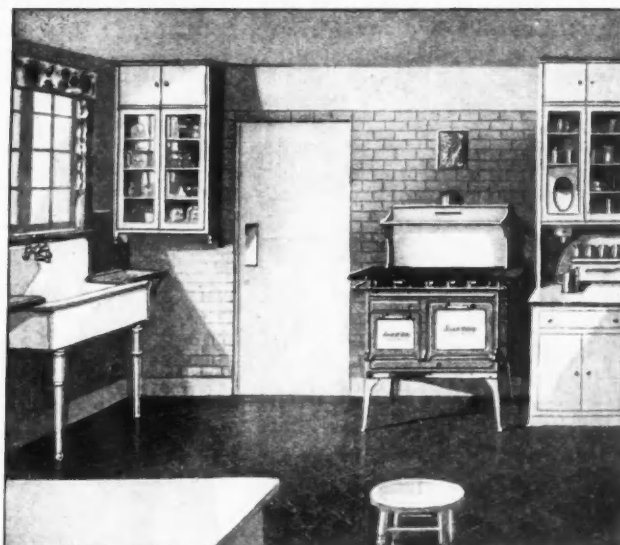
In fact, as you go along contemplating the American woman in politics you find yourself picking up the things that have been loaded on her as faults and throwing them aside, either because the pot is simply calling the kettle black or because if they didn't have these "faults" they would be a little more than human.

There is the charge, frequently made by pompous, serious old fellows, that women are influenced in their politics by feeling instead of by fact. I must say I have not seen many political campaigns in which these strong-minded he-

men would let a few lone, lorn facts stand in the way of a rush of some sort of "feeling," provided the feeling came from the right quarter and seemed calculated to produce the right result. As between a "feeling" and a "fact," about the only test you will ever see applied is this one: "Which will turn the trick quickest, neatest and with the biggest majority for us?"

The old charge that most women vote the way their husbands or male relatives do is, I believe, a true one in the main. The critics are, therefore, right when they say that the enfranchisement of women has not lessened but increased the power of the machine politicians be-

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cause the machine men not only come out themselves with unvarying regularity, but invariably see that their women come out too. But why anybody should have expected anything else is beyond me. And why anyone should desire anything else is equally beyond me. If machine rule is bad how can women best make it good, if they are capable of reforming it, and want to? By bucking it from the outside, with all their frailty in numbers and organization and their ignorance of its strength and methods, or by getting inside of it and seeing how the wheels go round and, by learning how it has been put together, learning how to take it apart? There seems to me only one right answer.

I use the qualification, "if they are capable of reforming the machine and want to." This is important. Women today are joining machine organizations and swiftly becoming just as loyal, industrious, boss-ridden machine workers as the men.

What is to be done about it? Leaders among women in politics—leaders with higher ideals for women than the ideals

thousands of them have hastened to embrace once they entered politics—have got to work harder. But they ought to concentrate their efforts, I think, not on trying to get nominations or jobs or recognition, but on the political education of their sex. That is the real job and should be for years to come. That is the road by which woman suffrage can be made a success. If the average woman can be better informed, more active, more interested and more intelligent about politics than the average man, hers will become the dominant sex politically. So long as she grades lower than men in interest, information, registration and voting so long will she be the dominated sex.

The political education of women has just begun. It takes years. Personally I believe another generation will greatly narrow the gap now existing. Women will be much more potent politically than they are now. The character, capacity and courage of the leaders amongst women in politics today makes that almost certain. But they have some dangers ahead—dangers mostly of indifference and inertia. Women cannot expect as a whole to be as potent politically in five years as men have become in centuries. They need time. If in another generation women are not as good politicians as men, then they never will be. They may be better—and that wouldn't be any too good.

The Calhoun School

(Continued from page 19)

done," one of the mothers wrote back to Miss Thorn. "When the ground were dry enough they worked in the farm; when it rained they cleaned the house, cook and made dishwashers and wash dishes and other things necessary to be done. I just were compelled to look at them with amazement." Which shows not only the handy things encouraged at Calhoun but also the responsiveness of the Negro boys to the influence about them.

In Belgium at Le Zoute, last autumn, Miss Thorn attended the International Conference on Christian Missions in Africa. She was invited as a consultant in rural work, not because she had ever been to Africa, but because her school represented so well what might be done for Negroes in their native land. Hampton and Tuskegee, with their enormous plants, are a bit discouraging to mission workers, but Calhoun, teaching from three hundred to four hundred pupils, with its snug little group of buildings and its close connection with and service to the community, is a different and more possible proposition. So Miss Thorn went to Le Zoute and whenever she rose to speak was greeted with attention and with hearty applause.

Mabel Dillingham gave her life at once, but Charlotte Thorn has given her life slowly, year by year. One cannot work as she did and come out without scars. In the early days she was not only teacher, she was intimate friend to a community of thousands of souls. Often she was called out to do a nurse's and even a doctor's work. Her father had been a surgeon in the United States Navy and she knew enough of the physician's craft to be horror-struck at the germ-laden instruments with which the wretchedly trained county doctor some times operated upon the Negro sufferer. She met with discouragements that would have sent most women, brought up as she had been brought up, scuttling back to their homes. But she worked, long hours, heroically, until now, her health impaired, she leans upon a crutch, and yet in her very carriage, reveals her unconquerable virility.

There is a tendency today to lay great stress upon the practical and to deride the emotional element in work. The women who, with shining eyes and glowing hearts, went out to change the world, are talked of as foolish fanatics. But Miss Thorn has changed her world. The hamlet that prayed for a teacher is today transformed. Beyond it, to be sure, is the same heartbreak, but within it is hope and pride in achievement. And from out the hamlet have gone hundreds of boys and girls, not to become rich or to show especial talent, but to be helpful neighbors, ready, as the mother said in writing of her children, to do whatever was necessary to be done.

The school goes on, its bell chiming out the hours for work and recreation and worship. Its boys and girls still sing the spirituals of a Sunday night as they are sung nowhere else this side of heaven. And about the place moves the principal, guiding here, suggesting there, encouraging, stimulating. She lives in the world of her school that she herself has built up, in its bricks, in its trees, in its ideals. She lives in the community and in the hundreds of homes that have come under her influence. Until she went to Europe this fall her life had been spent at her school and in New York and Boston and its vicinity where she went largely to raise funds.

When her nephew, Sidney Dickinson, the portrait painter, last visited Miss Thorn, he was greatly disappointed to have the Farm Superintendent, thinking to do him honor, meet him with his new car. Mr. Dickinson wanted to ride behind the span in the old barouche. So one should be met who goes there to visit. The old carriage with its pair of buckskin horses rolls over the narrow clay road. You reach the gate and then you enter into what to those who know the school well will always be enchanted land. There is the Cherokee rose bush by the cottage, the first building the school knew. There is the drill ground

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From the tops of their well-groomed heads to the soles of their well-shod feet, the readers of the WOMAN CITIZEN are vitally alive to the calls of the present day. They dress as becomes women of standing in a community. They live in beautifully appointed homes, equipped with labor-saving devices of all kinds. They buy good food and drive motor cars. They are, indeed, an audience which any advertiser might happily cultivate, for they spend money on advertised goods.

where the students are assembling for chapel, there are the pleasant paths leading to the schoolrooms and shops, and there on her porch is Charlotte R. Thorn, her blue eyes glowing, alert, ready with her welcome, eager to show you everything, and before you go, almost converting you to the belief that to teach the Negroes in the hill lands of Alabama is the highest lot that can be given to woman on this earth.

Mrs. Riccolo

(Continued from page 9)

spacious life, because of the stepping up of the town's weekly payroll.

Now it must be borne in mind that all this discussion has so far dealt with skilled workers, most of them organized into strong trade unions. It must be remembered that the average factory wage in the United States is well below thirty dollars a week and that there are some thirty million unorganized workers in this country who have no effective weapons for acquiring wage increases.

There are those neighbors of the Riccolos back in Italy who stayed in the East, while the more energetic Riccolos went West, and finally landed in a textile factory. These are the Martinis, father, mother and two sickly children.

The Martinis are still down in the shack by the railroad tracks. In order to make any sort of living it is necessary for the mother to work at the looms at night and the father to go out trudging off to the high-walled factory through gray dawns. It is a grim fact that the Martinis' beds are always warm.

When the exhausted woman returns in the morning she has little heart for the necessary housework or the preparation of scanty and poorly chosen meals.

The Martini children are undernourished, rickety, prey to the various epidemics that recurrently sweep the workers' homes; they are forever being taken to hospital clinics, forever visiting charitable institutions kept up by taxpayers' money. Far from being an asset to any community they are a distinct liability. When they do go to school, their sickened bodies and dulled minds are sinister menaces to the health and mental progress of all the other children. Sorry material here for the community's future citizen.

Salesmen pass up the Martinis and their neighbors down by the tracks, knowing full well there is no purchasing power there for anything more than the bare necessities of life. Little storekeepers worrying over the possibilities of collection insist on cash-down payments from the Martinis and these payments hardly help in the turn-over of stock. Landlords with the alternative of eviction or whistling for their rent do not look with favor upon the arrival of more Martinis. Of course the orbit of the Martinis' drab life never crosses those of

the more well-to-do "service" elements dependent upon the size of the community's payroll for a living. The Martinis have no interest in local activities, they take no newspaper, not even the foreign language paper, they are usually too tired to get to church, they have not even bothered to become naturalized citizens. They are, as a fact, sheer social drags upon progress of any sort and it is doubtful if Americanization efforts, social service work and the like can do much to "uplift" the Martinis until they are receiving something more than a mere "subsistence" wage.

In every state in the Union it is the Martinis who make up the bulk of our tax-eaters. It is impossible, of course, to tote up the national bill against them. Unemployment, sickness and old age are the inevitable three fates that hover always above those without any surplus above the immediate needs. Here and there we have hints as to what the Martinis cost us. A survey made by the United States Public Health Service in seven South Carolina mill villages in 1916 showed that the lowest paid workers had the highest percentage of sickness. The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has found that among the children of poorly paid parents there was a death rate of from two to nearly seven times the rate among those of well-paid workers. Until some sort of decent comfort level is reached by the millions of Martinis in factories and workshops, until the collective intelligence of the community resolves to take to grips with this problem of poverty wages, there is little prospect of removing the solution of poverty from the realm of the indifferent reactionary, on the one hand, who professes to see in the Martinis' plight a just retribution for "shiftlessness," and on the other, the revolutionist who looks upon the Martinis as first-rate material for agitation.

In both instances, that of the Riccolos doing very well indeed, thank you, and that of the Martinis, just keeping their heads above water, the emphasis has necessarily been on the material side of things.

Materially, America never produced more goods than in 1926. New techniques of management and distribution, new skill in mass production, new uses of power and new ways of waste elimination resulted in an almost incredible outpouring from our factories and workshops. Naturally the workers demanded and will continue to demand more money as rewards for increased productivity. Sometimes they have gained their demands by such bitter industrial struggles as those in the Jersey textile mills. Sometimes the mere threat of stoppage or organization has been enough to gain wage rises. Sometimes these have been granted by farsighted employers of their own volition.

Of sheer things, America seems to produce aplenty and most American communities seem outwardly, at any rate, well off. No doubt about it, good wages pay.

The thinking citizen who is interested in something besides mere accumulation may be permitted to speculate as to what is happening in the spiritual life of the average American community with all this new and downward distribution of income. Will the chief end of the lately arrived Riccolos be the buying of a bigger and better car? What will they do with their new-found leisure, their fresh glimpses of worlds beyond the railroad tracks? When Mrs. Riccolo dresses up, is she really going anywhere?

Here, of course, are problems well beyond the scope of this article. They require for their solving the collective intelligence of the community. The first steps toward their solution consist of the establishment of a degree of economic security for the majority of the workers in the community. That these steps are being taken in so many instances through the payment of decent wages is a hopeful sign for the future.

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With Our Readers

DID you read Miss Crosby's article, called "Go West, Young Woman!" in the February CITIZEN? It showed the uneven distribution of the population, by sex—the surplus of spinsters in the East, the surplus of available husbands in the West. The writer of the following letter of comment asked that her name be withheld. She lives in a Middle Western city.

I ALSO feel, as do many of your readers, that no intelligent woman can afford to be without the CITIZEN. But I thoroughly disapprove of that article, "Go West, Young Woman!" by Miss Crosby. I think the influence on young girls would be pernicious, making them think that sex experience was the main thing in life. It gives a wrong outlook. I and my scores of unmarried friends here are unmarried because we prefer a state of single blessedness.

We see thousands of women in hospitals suffering horribly from venereal disease—conveyed to them by their husbands. We see married men running around everywhere with other women. We know that now one in every seven marriages ends in divorce, and that only fear of the publicity keeps thousands of others from going there. We can go to the Children's Homes and adopt babies, illegitimate, of course, in whose veins flows the best blood to be found in the country. Clients of mine, running hat shops, dress shops, etc., tell me that both the wife and the mistress run accounts with them, and the husband allows the larger account to the mistress. With a good home of one's own, the ability to earn a good income, peace, comfort, happiness, and perfect freedom, why annex grief!

And here is another:

THE writer was interested in reading your article in the recent issue of the WOMAN CITIZEN, entitled "Go West, Young Woman!"

The writer is a married woman, and in the past twenty-eight years has come in contact with thousands of maiden women throughout New England in a business capacity.

I have had as high as one hundred and twenty-five women working for me at one time and find that there is an entirely different viewpoint from the one described in this article, and would ask you to please send me the address of Katharine Crosby, who is the author of this write-up. I feel that I would like to redeem the women of New England and especially those in Boston and Massachusetts from the air which has been depicted in this article.

I have found them entirely different; in fact, I have known of cases where women have refused marriage. They were most happy and did not wish to take any chances of uncertainty.

Several readers have said Hurrah! to Mrs. Winifred Starr Dobyns' article in January, "The Lady and the Tiger." Says Amy G. Maher, president of the Toledo, Ohio, Consumers' League:

EVER since the January CITIZEN came and I read "The Lady and the Tiger," I've meant to write and tell you how fine I think that article and that kind of article is. We ought to talk over our experiences with each other that way! I hope I'm not wholly influenced by agreement with the conclusions stated (I do believe that it's the women outside the parties who have forced the parties to put some of the things women want into their platforms), but I think we ought to be able to look back over the files of a magazine like the CITIZEN and trace what women have experienced and thought about political affairs—ought to be able to trace the evolution of their opinions, based on enlarging experience. Such magazines should be "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time."

We agree. And we'd like your help in finding more of the experiences women are having in the early confronting of the political world, and what they themselves think of such experiences.

Congratulations on a CITIZEN advertisement come from Pennsylvania:

AS an officer of the Philadelphia Branch of the American Birth Control League, I want to thank you for allowing the advertisement of Julia E. Johnsen's books to be printed in your January issue.

Our League feels that lack of birth control knowledge is the chief cause of war and the enormous numbers of divorces. The more publicity given the subject, the better. There are hundreds of your readers in Pennsylvania hoping to see the movement endorsed by the National Convention [League of Women Voters] as New York did at its state convention recently.

Thanking you again on behalf of the Pennsylvania League, I am

Very sincerely,
MARTHA MOORHOUSE, Secretary.
Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

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Heart to Heart

Double the Woman-Dynamo

FOR over half a century—fifty-seven years to be exact—the women of the United States have had a paper of their own, leading them in progressive measures. First it was the Woman's Journal, leading the fight for woman's rights—her right to own property, to have her own wages, to have a legal claim to her children, to obtain an equal education—rights which were bitterly fought fifty years ago, but which have been so completely won that the girl coming out of college today does not realize they were ever denied her.

In the last years of the fight for woman suffrage and equal citizenship the Woman's Journal became the WOMAN CITIZEN, and the CITIZEN was the leader in this cause which culminated in 1920 in the Nineteenth Amendment.

Although "causes" have gone out of fashion, progressive women are not standing still. Face to face with this new world in which we are living, they are like children on the threshold of life, eager to know and learn, full of questionings, stretching out their hands for new experiences, experimenting for themselves, and finding both joy and disillusionment.

Pointing the Way

THE WOMAN CITIZEN is still the leader of such women, leading them out of the ruts of dreary household routine and "cooped-in" thinking, stimulating their desire for something better, encouraging their activities and helping them seize every opportunity for a rich, full life.

In return you tell us that you find the WOMAN CITIZEN invaluable.

"I can't tell you how much the CITIZEN means to me," writes Mrs. John Slaker, of Hastings, Nebraska. "Without the CITIZEN I really can't be well-informed," says Mrs. William Butler, of Detroit. "Every number of the CITIZEN is a treat," is the flattering message from Mrs. John M. Hager, of Washington, D. C.

Sharing Is Believing

SCORES of letters with scores of similar comments come to us every week, telling us that the CITIZEN gives you just the information you want, that it helps you meet the problems of mod-

ern life, that you find it fascinating, absorbingly interesting, and that it thrills you with its stories of women's achievements.

But, here is the point, does your appreciation end with letter-writing? We love your enthusiasm, but do you share all this with your friends? Do they know about the WOMAN CITIZEN? Is it in your public library? Do the teachers in your schools know about it? Is it on your club table? Do you bring it up for discussion at meetings? Are you giving it the word-of-mouth advertising that is the most effective of all advertising?

It is difficult and expensive for us to reach large numbers of women to tell them about the CITIZEN. It is easy for you. Think what a power in the land the WOMAN CITIZEN would be if it had twice, or better still, ten times its present circulation. *We want every woman in the country to know that there is this one woman's magazine published by women as a service for the live, modern woman.*

A Challenge to You

THE WOMAN CITIZEN is different today from what it was only five years ago. Today it does not urge women to demand a share in the making of opinions and conditions in our modern world—that already belongs to us. What it does is to urge you to *accept and fulfill your obligation to do these things*—to play your part in directing the progress of the world. Education or illiteracy; marriage or divorce; a job or staying at home; child rearing or child neglect; pacifism or militarism; law enforcement or speakeasies—these are all questions intimately concerned with your life and happiness, and even more with the future of your children. They are problems which demand your best thinking and about which you want other women to think. The WOMAN CITIZEN is published to help you think intelligently and meet these problems wisely.

Won't you tell other women about it? Won't you help double the woman-dynamo?

Let us increase the number of CITIZEN readers this coming year fourfold and help the women of this country gain the great power they might have in directing human progress and be the real force they might be in our national life.

A new Literary Movement is born

On the 17th of November—1926, a group of writers gathered in a high office on Fifth Avenue, and put into motion a stupendous new idea. For two years the idea had seemed a dream; but slow and careful work had made the dream into a reality, and there came into being the

Literary Guild of America

Its plan is new. It is bound up with two thoughts—the coöperation and the saving of money for its members. Nearest to it is the Theatre Guild—the Guild which has at the same time lifted the theatre of America to a higher plane and has brought that theatre to its members at a lower price.

Hunting Books as Game

Carl Van Doren, Editor-in-Chief, says: "Everything is conspicuously on sale but books. Candy and cosmetics, jewelry and automobiles—these come and offer themselves to every American. But if he wants to buy a book, he must go hunting for it, as his ancestors had to go hunting for the more elusive kinds of game.

"This means that the American must fall back on primitive methods to get his books. No wonder he does not do it. He is a citizen, not a pioneer. It is my idea that **The Literary Guild** will do this pioneering for him."

Theodore Dreiser

—greatest living American novelist—says:

"There must be thousands of people in the United States who now read good books occasionally but who would read them habitually if they had a chance. It seems to me that **The Literary Guild** will do a great deal to give them that chance, and I am heartily in sympathy with the undertaking."

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(II) 12 Great New Books a Year

These books will not be chosen for you from books already published. They will be published especially for you by The Guild. Each month one book will be brought out—and one only.

(III) ECONOMY

By subscribing for a year at a time, the members of The Guild will get these books, *postage prepaid*, at about half the price non-members will pay when they buy single books in the stores.

The publisher sells you each book individually. The book stores make very little money. Both have to figure on losses and failures. The Literary Guild sells you something only once a year. All that money is saved for you—the difference between 12 selling efforts and one. That is one reason for the half price. There are others. The coupon brings you the whole story.

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Young China

by Lewis S. Gannett

Associate Editor of The Nation

A collection in pamphlet form of some of Mr. Gannett's articles on China, printed in The Nation and elsewhere just after his return from the Orient last spring, together with a diary of editorial comment on the Chinese situation from September 22 to February 23. (Published by The Nation, 20 Vesey St., New York, 25 cents.)

Young China gives you in fifty pages the background against which China's historic struggle is being enacted. There are interviews with Chiang Kai-shek, General of the Cantonese army, and with Soviet agents in North and South China; conversations with American and British officials, missionaries, the mayor of Canton, Chinese revolutionists, village scholars and the student leaders of the Nationalist movement fresh from Harvard, Lehigh, Columbia and other Western universities.

A missionary in China writes, "You have come nearer in these articles to striking bottom and giving us the facts than has anyone I have read. . . . I want to thank you again for the part you are playing in helping America to know and understand the China of today."

Mr. Gannett's contribution to an understanding of China has not ended with these articles. He is giving continuous service to readers of *The Nation* in editorials which present as intelligent comment on developments in China as can be read in this country.

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W.C.-4-27

The Cover Picture *A Pioneer Mother*

CHEER up, brothers, as we go
O'er the mountains westward ho, . . .
Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,
Fair freedom's star
Points to the sunset regions, boys,
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

So sang the early pioneers as they set out with high hearts, the call of far lands and free lands luring them on. And their women went with them, sometimes to danger and death, always to hardships and endless petty discomforts more trying to courage than an emergency.

The first white woman to cross the continent was Narcissa Whitman, who went with her husband as a missionary in 1836. She met her death in an Indian massacre ten years after the mission was founded. After her came thousands of women unrecorded in history except as here and there some pioneer society has dug up an old diary or a bundle of letters. But even these are few enough—those that exist show plainly how little time women in the wagon trains had for writing down their impressions and thoughts.

Indian raids, prairie fires, dangerous river crossings and death from illness are spectacular current coin in descriptions of the trek westward. These diaries mention such happenings often enough, but their striking feature is the hardship of day-to-day life and the matter-of-fact acceptance of that hardship and of dangers our softer generation would consider high adventure. Imagine being routed out of one's blankets in the middle of the night to help the men and boys guard the horses lest they stampede with terror in the midst of a blinding prairie thunder storm.

The farm woman who cooks her three meals a day for ten husky men, takes care of a couple of cows, acts as laundress, seamstress, sick-nurse and midwife, can compare her lot favorably with the women who for months on end did the same work on the move. The rough necessities of the trek entailed much extra work. "To pack and unpack so many times and cross so many streams where packs get wet requires no small amount of labor," one wrote.

Little tragedies made the way hard, big ones made it heartbreaking. Clear voices broke and stumbled at "O'er the hills in legions, boys," when the singer remembered that back over the hills a fresh mound on the dusty plain marked a grave. For truly, as Joachim Miller said later—
None but the brave started,
And none but the strong got through.



The Special Order Salon

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Edna St. Vincent Millay

The Woman of the Hour

A WIDER fame than this young poet had ever known came to Edna Millay when she wrote the libretto for Deems Taylor's new American opera, "The King's Henchman," which was produced recently at the Metropolitan. Publicity spread her name and picture throughout the Sunday papers, but to the tiny audience that loves poetry—especially those of the war generation and younger—she needed no introduction. On their bookshelves her slender volumes shoulder Keats and Shelley.

Born in New England, Edna Millay spent her childhood on the coast of Maine. When still in her teens she wrote *Renascence*—and a new American poet was born. A summer visitor who saw

the verses supplied funds undreamed of in the Millay household and sent the gifted child to Vassar. From the shelter of college she stepped into the shelter of a New York Y. W. C. A., still under the protection of her benefactress. But the "Y" could not long contain that spirit "flippant, arrogant and free." Poor rooms in Greenwich Village were to know her. Young men and women home from trench or canteen, strange to the world their parents knew, quoted her verses before the world at large knew she existed. This girl poet who played hard, worked hard, loved hard, spoke their language, said what the inarticulate could not say. She wrote. Flippant verse:

Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand:

Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!

Love sonnets of pain and passion and never a regret:

*Oh, think not I am faithful to a vow!
Faithless am I save to love's self alone.
Were you not lovely I would leave you now:*

After the feet of beauty fly my own.

Ballads of merry loves and blithe forgettings, songs of nature, of beauty. Beauty—religion to a generation that has known the stink of ugliness, who would snatch, for however breathless an hour, beauty in love or life or nature—savor its ecstasy, recognize its passing, treasure its memory. To these Edna Millay is no mere "woman of the hour," but a poet for all time.



Evicted miners—"and their women stick by them . . . familiars of war and death and all stark things, the last of the American pioneers"

Coal-Diggers' Wives

Spring Brings Crisis to the Coal Fields. The Life of the Miners' Wives Under the Recurring Threat Is Told By One Who Knows Them

By CHRISTOPHER PITTMAN

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, "Egypt" they call it—this delta country of cornfields over coal beds, of miles on flat miles marching away to horizons smudged with smoke from the stacks of the soft-coal mines. Across the borders in Kansas and Indiana and Ohio, over into Western Pennsylvania and down south of the Ohio in West Virginia, Alabama and Tennessee you come on the soft-coal mines where the underground workers are digging away at the dirty, black bituminous whose energy turns the wheels and belts of our factories and workshops, lights and heats the homes outside of the Eastern states, which still enjoy the luxuries of anthracite, and generally serves as a basis for our machine-driven civilization. There are some half-million tons of this bituminous, valued at a billion dollars as it leaves the mines, being brought

to the surface every year by close to seven hundred thousand workers.

And for most of us this Titan in-



Babies and puppies share the rough tent life

dust is a matter of supreme indifference when not one of acute annoyance. Something always seems to be going wrong with coal. If it isn't the operators, it's the miners who are kicking. All we can do is to pay the bills and get the horrid stuff into our cellars and down our throats and try to forget about the whole mess.

One reason, and a human and understandable reason, for the public's indifference to coal is that those who mine it are, for the most part, a people isolated. Most of the fields are far away from any large cities. The average city dweller sees a coal miner in the flesh about as often as he sees the rhinoceros in the city zoo, and he is apt to think of the miner as a strange and unreasonable creature, who has unaccountable spells of sulkiness which he calls "strikes," and who is generally a being set apart.

YOUR miner and his wife, however, who can't go away and forget coal because it is their very life, are colorful, courageous, often fascinating individualists, the last of our pioneering breed, with all the virtues and all the faults, as well, of those who have kept away from the run of men and made their own folkways and customs and cherished their own traditions. While they resent the idea that they do not play an important part in the more familiar American scene, they are at the same time secretly proud that they can wear their "rue with a difference." It takes a good long while for an "outsider" really to know a miner, and when it comes to the miner's wife—well, here's Mrs. Evan Evans for example.

She lives in one of a row of stone and wood bungalows set down at the edge of cornfields beside a Southern Illinois coal mine. A single street of these with post-office, one or two stores and a pool room and miners' hall constitute the "camp" which huddles about the tipple of the mine. As we approach the Evans's house, a woolly pink and white kid runs off with flat mechanical "maas" to hide behind his mother, a dirty old she-goat tethered to a fence post.

Evans, checkweighman at the Little Muddy Mine, clucks at the alarmed parent and then calls to some one inside the house. His wife comes to the door, shielding her dark violet eyes against the rays of the spring sunlight. She wears a dusting cap and the chequered blue and white housedress that is the uniform of the women of the coal fields. When she sees that her man is bringing home a stranger, she ducks back into the house. The appearance of a visitor in a mining camp is a very unusual event. It is celebrated by a lot of unnecessary tidying-up, nervous dusting of chairs and tables, twitching of curtains and the setting forth of food and drink.

For a while Evans talks about union politics and the chances for a strike this

spring, when the Jacksonville agreement (made between the United Mine Workers of America, the one big miners' union which takes in the workers in all the central field, and the operators) expires after running for three years. He knows that the operators are demanding a cut in the wages of union men who are now receiving a basic rate of \$7.50 a day—working on an average thirty weeks a year. He hears that the operators in the central fields maintain that they cannot pay such wages while non-union wages south of the Ohio River run as low as \$4.50 per day.

LIKE every one else he realizes that there are too many coal mines and too many miners. Maybe the union will have to take a cut. Maybe they will decide to resist as they have done so often in the past. However it goes, Evans, who is a good organization man, will stick to orders.

He used to be a bit of a "red," did Evans, before he came to Illinois from Wales three years ago, but he has largely abandoned all that now. "That happens to a man," he explained half apologetically, "especially over here. Things are fairly comfortable. They've been working us steady so as to get up a reserve in case of strike. You can't do much agitating with men who are thinking about their kids and radios and furniture and such." He waved his pipe vaguely about him to indicate surrounding grandeurs.

We were sitting stiffly in the front room on the hard leather seats of mail-order chairs. On the exact center of the composition rug was a heavy table with a cut-glass vase on its shiny surface. Against one wall stood an upright player-piano with a number of records stacked on it—"High Up in the Hills," "Remember," "The Death of Floyd Collins." Above the player hung a picture of Evans taken in his pit clothes that time he worked at the coal beneath



This old miner was blinded after twenty-five years underground. His wife, unused to life in a tent, tripped over a rope and broke her arm. Their grandson is the youngest union member in camp, formally initiated as an honor to his family

the Rhondda Valley of South Wales. On the opposite wall was a huge picture of Bob Smillie, hero of coal-diggers the world over. In elaborate script beneath it was a placard with the words of the miners' marching song:

"Step by step the longest march
Can be won; can be won;
Single stones will form an arch
One by one, one by one,
And by union what we will
Can be all accomplished still,
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly none, singly none."

All this while his wife had been moving busily about in the kitchen. Presently she emerged bearing coffee and cakes. She bobbed her head stiffly as the introductions were made and then stood bolt upright by the door as we drew up our chairs to the table. Fortunately I had been around the camps long enough to know that etiquette forbade my offering a chair to Mrs. Evans. She was there to "feed the brutes," not to engage with them in tiresome conversa-

(Continued on page 40)



A village of "company houses" from which miners are evicted when they strike, and to be sure they cannot get back the town is protected by barbed wire entanglements and armed guards

Common Sense About Alimony

*A Well-known Feminist—Who Is Also a Much Admired
Writer—Records Her Conclusions About What
the Average Woman Should Do When
Her Marriage Is Broken*

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest," "Gertrude Haviland's Divorce," etc.

Drawings by Esther Andrews

PERHAPS there is no subject in the world about which has been spilled so much argument and so little common sense as alimony. There are those whose slogan is No Alimony Under Any Conditions. There are those whose slogan is Alimony Under Some Conditions. Generally speaking, those who are immovably set against alimony are young and inexperienced. Generally speaking, those who are adjustably reasonable on the subject are older and more experienced. One of the most amusing traits of youth is its passion for general statements; its certainty that it knows how it would act in any situation, however new and startling; its certainty that circumstances never, never, never alter cases. The older one grows, the more difficult it is to make general statements, the more uncertain one is of how he would act in unexpected situations and the more certain one is that circumstances do alter cases. That is why the young often belong to the No Alimony Under Any Conditions Club and the middle-aged to the Alimony Under Some Conditions Club.

When I was a very young girl I belonged to the Alimony Under No Conditions Club. But I have been converted to the Alimony Under Some Conditions theory by the number of women, wrecked by fighting an unequal and unjust battle, who in the last twenty-five years have come under my observation.

To me, now, the whole business seems so simple that it is like an elementary problem in arithmetic; the answer is so obvious that it were almost folly to discuss it. Indeed, I feel a little self-conscious about this article, as though I were taking my pen in hand to prove that two and two make four or that B follows A.



The middle-aged woman with children and without alimony is often in desperate straits

In discussing the subject of divorce and alimony, I am discussing the average marriage and the average divorce; the marriage broken because, for one reason or another, no longer is there in the union a "togetherness"; no longer does it develop that happy content in which spiritual life may be maintained. And just as I am discussing the average marriage, I am discussing the average woman. I am omitting all consideration of the "gold digger" type, the woman who marries and divorces wantonly at the erratic urge of her senses, or because matrimonial change means financial promotion; the woman who, often herself to blame, exacts from her husband all the alimony she can legally get. Nor am I considering the woman of inherited wealth, who has been and always will be financially independent.

Last of all, I am not considering the woman who is established in a trade or a profession or an art—especially if she has managed, all through her marriage, to keep working at it.

No, I am writing of the average woman. That average woman is, in my opinion, a self-respecting and independent creature. To that average woman the thought of alimony is innately repellent. If she has listened to the members of the No Alimony Under Any Conditions Club, she may even think it unjust. But should it be repellent and is it unjust?

Let us analyze the situation.

Most people are agreed that whatever else marriage is, it must be a partnership. It may be in other aspects a romance, a grand passion, a creative collaboration, but it must be *au fond* a partnership. I think also that most just-minded people will agree that in a partnership the savings are the common property of both partners. This is equally true of that partnership which is marriage. In other words, the man earns the money to support the family and in return the woman gives her services as wife, mother, housekeeper, perhaps maid-of-all-work. In addition, she may be a dressmaker, a milliner, a painter, a carpenter, an upholsterer, even a plumber of sorts. She is jack of a great many trades but master of none. And the whole content of her inchoate accomplishments, one may say in passing, would not yield her a living wage. What is saved by this pair is saved by the careful economy of one or the other, or both—generally both.

LET us consider, first of all, divorce in the case of a marriage in which there are no children. One is forced to admit that the absence of children simplifies the problem enormously. If the woman has been self-supporting

and if she is still young, she may glide almost without difficulty to a condition of self-maintaining, economic independence. But what if she has never earned a cent in her life!

Suppose she is the wife of a farmer and that, in part through her hard work in the partnership, they two have improved the farm, bought farm stock, new and expensive farm machinery, an automobile. It seems to me that in every moral sense she owns an interest in that farm. Suppose she is the wife of a business man and that, in part through her economy, they have bought their house; made improvements on it; purchased an automobile. It seems to me here, too, that in every moral sense she owns half of that property. Suppose she is an artist, creative or interpretive. I once knew a young woman painter, who was accorded unusual artistic gifts by the best critical talent of her community. She married a poor man; worked hard at every household task; became divorced fifteen years later. All that time she had scarcely touched a brush. When she turned to her art for support she found that in those fifteen years of paralysis all the magic had gone from her fingers—gone never to return. Surely she has a right to savings made at such a cost.

If the woman who has never earned a cent in her life has been all during her married life a housekeeper, she is often limited in a choice of occupation to domestic service, or to inadequately paid jobs in shops and factories. Perhaps she will be ambitious enough to want to fit herself for special work. But technical training takes time and money. Is it unjust to ask that whatever savings her marriage may have effected be divided equally between her and her husband? Is it unjust to ask that she be maintained at a rate proportionate to his income until she becomes independent?

NOW let us consider divorce in a marriage which has produced children. In such cases—unless



The "gold-digger" who marries and divorces wantonly takes all she can get



A woman with a job does not have to worry

she has been proved unfit—the children are generally awarded to the mother.

What is the woman to do if she does not accept alimony?

She has invested the best self-supporting years of her life in her marriage. And because of this absorption in wifehood, motherhood and home-keeping, her self-supporting powers have steadily decreased. You may say that the man has also put the best self-supporting years of his life into the business of his marriage. In his case, however, his self-supporting powers have steadily increased. If the marriage has been a happy one the children are the assets of both. But if the marriage breaks and there is no provision for alimony, the children become, financially speaking, the liabilities of the woman. It is true that the court, in granting the divorce, usually orders the husband to contribute to the support of the children. And that is some help—if the mother can collect it. My observation is, however, that this "support" is in many cases painfully inadequate. Often it will not more than cover, and often not entirely cover, the wages of a person competent to take care of children. In the meantime the mother must earn rent, food and clothing and the many other necessities.

I remember the case of such a woman, divorced and with one child, who refused alimony. She said to herself: "I am not young, but I am still very strong. I shall get a job and I shall put my whole heart and soul into it. Some employer is sure to see that a middle-aged woman will work much harder and more faithfully than a younger woman, simply because there is no romantic dream of the rescuing knight to tempt her to neglect her opportunities or to soldier on the job." That all seemed good sense, but do you suppose she found any such employer? In place after place to which she applied for work, either sent there by an agency or invited by an advertisement, the employer would give one look at her and emit a curt "You are too old!" There was no appeal from that dictum. In

the end relatives came forward and set her up in a little business, which, after years of agonizing toil, she brought to profitable proportions. But why was not that the duty of the father of the child?

REMEMBER, too, in the case of the woman—past her first youth possibly and the mother of children—who refuses alimony, that she must earn enough not only to pay the expenses of her household but to hire a competent servant to take care of home and children during her absence. Unless a woman has a profession and unless she has those recuperative talents by which she can with swiftness and capacity command a clientele or build a business, life will become an abject slavery, haunted by the constant terror of unpaid bills.

The alimony, on the other hand, will float her until she can make herself entirely self-supporting, or it will sustain her partially in the case of a half-time job, or it will take, as in justice it should, complete financial care of her in case of inability to work.

I object very much to the kind of thinking which impels the recipient of alimony to look upon herself as a parasite, a beggar or a dependent. Most women, I think, prefer to maintain themselves, but not all women can—especially those who were not brought up to be economically independent.

One of the great arguments against the No Alimony Under Any Conditions idea is that it is unjust to the children. Even when divorce is conducted along the most decent and honorable lines, it is often a heartbreaking puzzle to them. This may be inevitable. But a struggle with poverty may not be inevitable. And

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The jack-of-all-household-trades, master of none in the business world



Doctor Chloe
Owings and
petite Marguerite

Chloe Owings

*The Story of a Girl
Who Exchanged Her*

Sunbonnet

for the

“Bonnet de Sorbonne”

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

IF you would know what a fascinating thing a woman can make of her life against almost insuperable odds, listen to the story of the rise of Chloe Owings—up from a Kansas farm to distinguished honors at the Sorbonne. Twenty years ago she was a hard-working daughter of the fields, barely conscious that such a place as college existed. Today she is a delightfully civilized person, the only American woman who has ever had a book “crowned” by the French Academy of Political and Moral Sciences. A splendid story of achievement; yes—but also a story of service.

At the age of sixteen Chloe Owings, already accustomed to the heaviest farm work in Illinois, “trekked” with her parents across the plains to western Kansas in a prairie schooner. When once they were settled in their own “diggin’s” she started in working from early dawn until late at night, helping her father make the furniture, caring for her invalid stepmother, doing all the housework, drawing the water, planting wheat, stacking hay in the night hours, and often pitting her own strength and courage against the encircling prairie fires—since her father’s work kept him away from home much of the time.

No wisp of social life. No time for books. Her work left her slight leisure for dreams, and her faith—which was very strong, even though her home was not a religious one—bade her do the tasks set before her without asking why.

She has several sharply etched memories of her girlhood on the farm. One of a night when



Chloe Owings, dressed in her Sunday best, sunbonnet in hand, sitting with some friends who shared her strenuous days and her rare moments of relaxation



At fifteen Chloe Owings (the girl on the stepladder) hired herself out to a neighboring farmer for the princely sum of \$2.50 a week

her stepmother seemed on the verge of death and she had to run several miles to send a neighbor for a doctor. It was the time of year when wolves are very hungry. Yet, accompanied only by her dogs and armed with a hoe, she scurried over the prairies. Another memory harks back to a moonlight night when she stood in the haymow wielding a pitchfork and watched, with a lump in her throat, a shining "rubber-tired buggy" roll by carrying another girl to a party with a youth who had invited her first. And parties were so rare in her life that she attended only two between sixteen and twenty-one!

FATE released Chloe when she was twenty, her stepmother having died the year before. She was free now, and instinctively she turned to the idea of going back to school. So it came about that she landed at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, with \$1.60 in her pocket.

The story of Miss Owings's four years at Knox reaffirms one's faith in the good that colleges can do—especially the small college. Even though she had to resort to the hardest kind of manual labor to make her expenses, she discovered a marvelous new world of the intellect and spirit. Like rain-parched soil, she absorbed all that the professors offered her, both in their classrooms and in their homes.

After receiving her master's degree from Washington University she entered social service work, and two years later she was made General Secretary of the

Associated Charities of Poughkeepsie, New York. During her four years there she did a great deal to create a social and civic consciousness in the community.

In the fall of 1916 she went to France. She did volunteer work with the French until the Armistice, when the Red Cross placed her in the American Embassy as liaison officer. Perhaps the most picturesque of her war experiences was one which sent her up to Noyon, with her bed and baggage and three and a half tons of sugar on her train, all for the purpose of making jars and jars of current jam, that the morale of the French soldiers might benefit from a change in army diet. The houses in Noyon were mere skeletons, and she could not even find a place to put up her bed. But she managed some way, dug up a few stoves, and organized a force that made more than seven thousand pots of jam in four weeks.

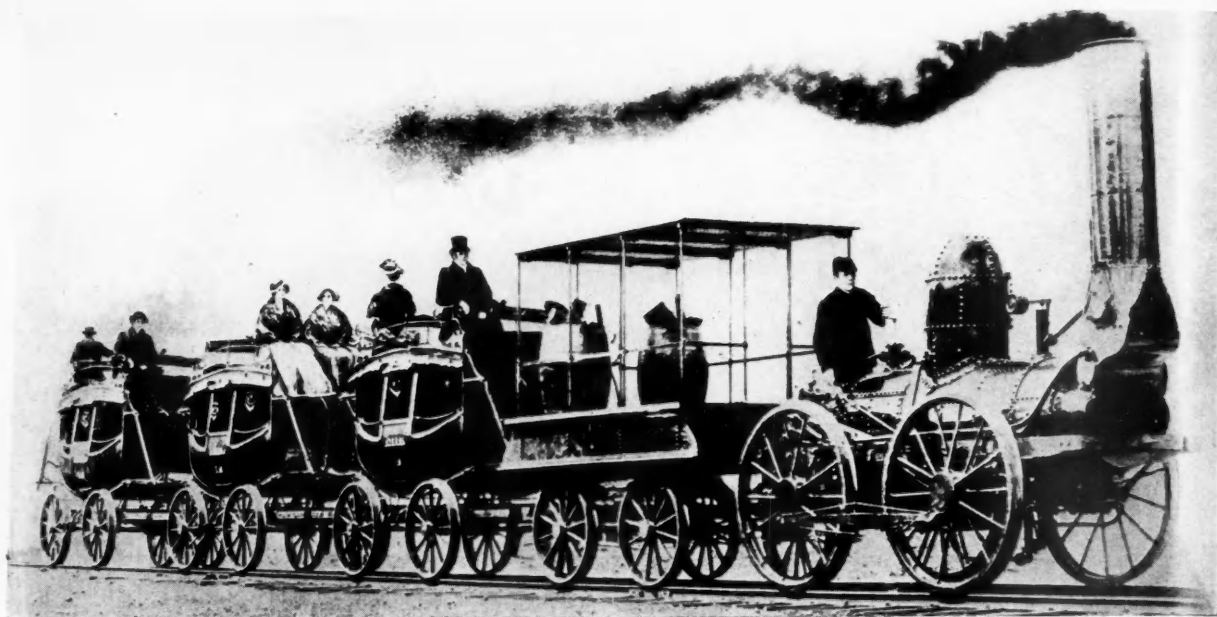
Most Americans came away from France quite convinced that they knew all about the French people. Miss Owings, even though she had learned to speak their language fluently and had lived and worked with them for four years, felt that in order really to understand France she must study some one aspect of its social life. So, upon the advice of the faculty at the Sorbonne, she set about making an investigation of juvenile delinquency in France, working directly with the judges and the children, who numbered some thirty-five hundred. She completed her work in a year, and wrote her book. It was ac-

claimed as the first thesis ever presented to the Sorbonne Faculty of Letters, which was a study of actual social institutions rather than a document written out of books.

Finally came the day when she appeared for the oral defense of her thesis in the great *Salle de Doctorat* at the Sorbonne. With the busts of the philosophers looking down upon her and some two hundred academicians, judges, civic officials, and citizens at her back, she sat quite alone before a small table, facing the tribunal of distinguished faculty members. During three long hours they plied her with questions, one after the other—and the audience knew that they were satisfied with her answers. As she neared the end of her examination she had a sudden vision which carried her to the edge of a stubble-field in Kansas where a girl in sunbonnet and calico dress was hanging out clothes. With a start she realized that this same girl was now receiving her degree of *Docteur de l'Université, avec mention très honorable*—the highest honor of the University of Paris. She was now entitled to wear the robe and *bonnet* of the Sorbonne, which signifies that degree.

THE French judges, deeply grateful for the service she had rendered their country, asked her to form a Social Service Committee to work in the Juvenile Court. This committee is today functioning most effectively, and claims as honorary members some of the

(Continued on page 48)



Courtesy of the New York Central Lines
The steam engine made its debut dragging in its wake a weird collection of stage coaches

We Look at Our World

In This, the Third of a Series of Articles on the Forces That Mold America, We See the Swift Growth of a Power-driven Civilization and Face Some Questions About Where It Is Going

By McALISTER COLEMAN

LOOKING at our world to find the origin and growth of the forces that are molding our life today, we have no difficulty in tracing the beginnings of machine-made America. While the pioneers of the West were battling Indians and clearing forests, Easterners were pioneering in that essentially American field — invention. "The American invents as the Greek chiseled, as the Venetian painted, as the modern Italian sings." In 1831 the McCormick reaper appeared, to revolutionize harvesting. Iron stoves began to rival the open fire, planing mills made a new wood industry, but most revolutionary of all was the fact that steam was applied to the hauling of cars upon tracks. On August 9, 1831, a momentous expedition set forth from Albany to Schenectady, the first railroad locomotive that ran in New York State dragging behind its puffing bulk a weird collection of stage coaches. The year before that there were but thirty miles of track in all America; ten years later nearly three thousand miles

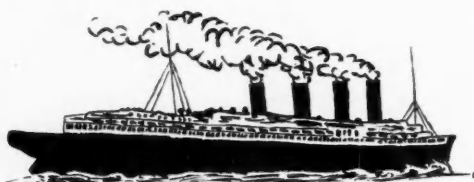
were in operation, and the railway, the arterial system of the nation, had definitely arrived. Soon the rails were stretching out into the West. In some cases they were outrunning settlement. In 1852 the first train on the Pacific Railroad of Missouri steamed proudly from St. Louis to Cheltenham, a distance of five miles, and the United States took on continental outline.

Railroads became the popular craze of the day. They were looked on as the forerunners of a new order. Business was good, credit was expanding, and an indulgent government gave public land away to the builders with generosity that many have since regretted. In Illinois alone three million acres of public lands were given to one road.

The Civil War put a check upon railroad expansion, but almost immediately thereafter in 1869 the famous "Golden Spike" was driven that joined the east and west rails of the Union Pacific and men could cross the continent in a week of comparatively easy travel.

Once the Civil War had settled for good the supremacy of Northern industrialists over the agriculturists of the South, it was inevitable that this nation should grow out along the tracks laid down for the steel horses. The story of the West, after its first settlements, is largely the story of the railroad. New forces may be crowding from the picture the snorting locomotive, but in any true symphony of America its melancholy whistle must be the refrain.

Despite their corrupting influence on political life, despite the bare-faced abuse of public confidence for which the railroads were responsible; wherever they went, they brought with them new ideas of living, new needs and new national ideals. The expansion of the railroads required the expansion of the steel industry, which

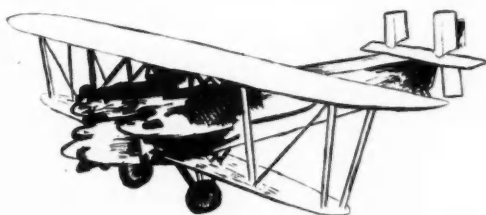


was begun in 1867, making possible increased traffic and heavier equipment; it was responsible for flinging bridges across great rivers such as the Mississippi; it helped in the standardization of time, the development of the mail service, the evolution of the telegraph and most of all perhaps it was a controlling factor in the rapidity with which town life wiped out the old romantic West and built Main Streets of depressing sameness from coast to coast.

WITH this weed-like growth of cities and towns after the Civil War, the plowshare ceased to be the symbol of America. Men came away from the black soil to the soot of the factory. They huddled together around power sources. Another type of American less picturesque than the frontiersman came on the scene. This was the capitalist, the man who owned the factories, but who had no personal contact with the men and women who worked in them, the man who, with his money, built railroads and cities and colleges and bought legislatures. With no formidable opposition, he had his way, everywhere consolidating and standardizing, everywhere wiping out in the name of "individualism" the individual operator.

In Chicago, in 1870, Philip Armour was packing and distributing "everything except the squeal" of hogs. The history of the packing industry with all

its lights and shadows is the history of American enterprise of the past fifty years. The energy of tens of thousands of men and women has made it pos-



sible for the coal-miner in Colorado and the millionaire in New York to have bacon and eggs for breakfast and steak or chops for dinner. These basic principles of large-scale and efficient handling and distribution of goods may be found underlying practically every national business enterprise today. In that same period there began experiments in the preserving and canning of foods that have changed the eating habits of the entire nation. Canned milk, canned eggs, canned coffee, canned fruits, canned meats and all too often canned ideas—these are of America American.

City life had its profound influence upon our national dress. The homespun gave way to the factory-made product, the standardization of men's clothing, and the elaboration and ornamentation of dress for women. A great new indus-

try, the clothing industry, came into being.

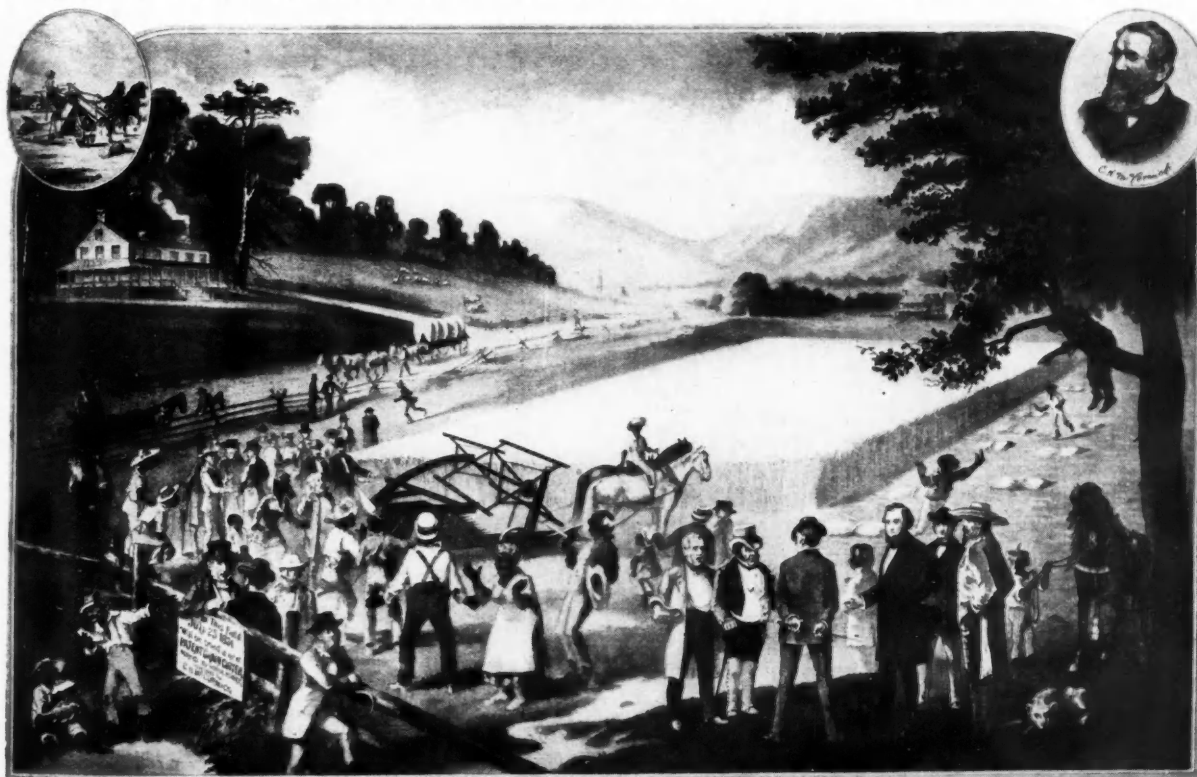
The machine cut deep into every phase of American life. It made over the outward appearance of the country. Machine-made houses took the place of hand-hewn. New building materials, new methods of assembling and rearing made possible the skyscraper and the modern apartment house. Machine-made cabinets, chairs and tables and beds, machine-made bed and table linen, machine-made cooking utensils and kitchen equipment, machine-made bathtubs, all made,

in turn, by other machines, brought at one and the same time a new cleanliness and efficiency, a greater opportunity for leisure and a more standardized existence to the bulk of the people.

IN the possession of many "things" the average American today makes the aristocrat of colonial times seem a pauper by comparison. In his ability to communicate his thoughts, to transport goods and persons, to project his personality beyond boundaries and barriers this 1927 American is as far superior to his ancestors of 1777 as Greek culture was superior to that of the Australian bushman.

When one considers what the machine has done to the inner life of America, an entirely different picture arises. The successful machine is one which pro-

(Continued on page 47)



The McCormick reaper, practically a miracle in its youth, is one of the very early inventions of a century of inventions

Courtesy of the International Harvester Co.



*The touch of a gallant's finger-tips
would move the modern girl not at all*



The Younger Generation Speaks

Reported by

One Just a Little Older

Drawings by Ethel Plummer

IN last month's CITIZEN a modern mother "confessed" what her cultivated daughter and her educated niece had told her about the way their generation was acting in its off moments. From their own accounts, she concluded that America's youth, even the best of it, is indulging in indiscriminate and promiscuous "necking" parties, that it "permits liberties which are dangerous to self-control," and that it is frankly indifferent to "that womanly virtue which was the *sine qua non* of my youth, the one without which all the others were but dust and ashes."

These are charges that have been made with varying degrees of sorrow and indignation ever since those boys and girls who were the "younger generation" in 1917 marched off to fight and nurse and scrub and sing their way through the most appalling war that revered elders have ever been able to prepare.

Some of them never came back. Some who did held in their memories personal experiences that made them reject all the standards of the old, safe pre-war world. Others, the majority, struggled through a restless period and then settled down to building homes and careers, grew past the "younger generation" stage, graduated into "the young married set," and became the parents of what will be the

younger generation ten years from now.

But there was no corresponding settling down of public opinion. Having acquired the habit of censure, it kept right on wailing over the "wildness" of youth, while the years passed, flappers became matrons, and those who were children of ten when the outcry started made their way through grammar and

high school and college into the world.

The "younger generation" of 1927 has grown up under a constant barrage of headlines, novels, short stories, and parental conversation, all telling them how wild youth is. Wildness has become the fashion. It should not be surprising that many live up to what is so emphatically expected of them.

Yet the fact is still that wildness is a relative quality, that young people vary widely in their devotion to it, and that there is so little agreement as to what constitutes it that what may be anathema to a worthy parent may be only "playing the game" to her daughter.

It was for the purpose of finding out how "wild" the daughters in families like those of last month's "confessing" mother thought they were, what standards they were setting for their own behavior and that of their friends, what was the color of their minds when they were mulling over their own problems, that we started the investigation whose results we are about to chronicle. We had friends in colleges and out who were typical of different phases of the much-discussed generation. We were fairly sure that they, individually and under strict promise of anonymity, could be persuaded to discuss what was, after all, their affair. As for the degree of



Ethel Plummer
*"Yes, petting is the price of popularity—
of a kind"*

frankness we expected, well, there are advantages in being much too young to be a worthy parent.

PEGGY invited us to tea in her own charming apartment. She is a gorgeous person, abounding in health, valedictorian of her class and voted the most popular in half a dozen categories. Peggy has been out of college a couple of years, and she knows her way about, whether it be Havelock Ellis or Irving Berlin, night clubs or Italian primitives. In the daytime she works hard at an exacting and highly paid profession, but that does not keep her from giving the sort of parties that make her friends yearn to steal her cook and subsidize her bootlegger.

She nodded gravely at the indictment of "mother's confession," but there was a quirk in the corner of her mouth that said her nod did not tell the whole story. "It is true," she mused, "that petting is the price of popularity, of a kind. But that is not a new thing, nor as alarming as it may sound. I remember," her voice warmed with a kind of little-girl mirth, "the summer that I was eighteen I spent at a mountain resort. There were two groups of youngsters, the speeds and the slows. I looked them over carefully, and decided it wasn't any fun being a slow. They were stupid, and didn't have a very good time. So I'd be a speed. It worked, too.

"I suppose there is no doubt that we were considered wild. I don't remember feeling any different. I got kissed, but it was more or less unimportant. Certainly not a thing one would worry about. I think the thing that bothers older people," she speculated, "is that we are an experimental generation. They say they used to take their parents' word for everything, and respect their authority. I think their memories are

one-sided, or perhaps rose-tinted by time.

"But anyhow, our slogan is 'try anything once' and to a certain extent we live up to it. There are some things we don't try—I don't try," she narrowed it down, "but I'm deterred by definite reasons of my own, not because someone else tells me I mustn't. We don't give a whoop for authority, and we won't take an older person's word. God knows there is no reason why we should. They've been wrong about so many things, they've forfeited any superior rights they might have thought they had."

Her face was somber for a moment, then she went on more impersonally: "People talk a lot about the effect of kissing in breaking down self-control. They fail to take into consideration the fact that lots of the girls—the seventeens and eighteens that are supposed to be so wild—don't develop any real consciousness of sex until they're well over twenty. And the very fact that they do their kissing while they're young develops in them a type of self-control that stands them in very good stead later on, when emotion rises to such heights that they might otherwise very well mistake a kiss for a marriage ceremony.

"I think that the whole trend of modern education, with its emphasis on sports, on healthy living, and co-education, and detached scientific training, works toward delaying the development of sex consciousness and the establishing of a better type of self-control than the older generation seems to have known. The modern girl is so used to having boys around—at school and parties and games—that contacts far more intimate than the touch of a gallant's finger tips move her not at all.

"And I'm not at all sure but that it's better for a girl to do a bit of experimenting in the traditional outlets of emotion—even as exemplified in petting parties—so as to find out how much there is in them and what they do to her. She may be a far finer type of human being, whether wife or spinster, for the knowledge."

Ann was boning French in her room at college, but she laid aside her books and uncurled her long legs to rise in gay greeting. Ann is a sophomore now, and already holding class offices and managing activities. The daughter of prominent and wealthy parents, she is débutante as well as college student.

Yet, in spite of these advantages, she answered questions about the lamentable behavior of her own generation from hearsay rather than from experience.

"Of course I don't go in for petting and all that sort of thing"—her tone was as matter of fact as if she were talking of the nebular hypothesis—"and neither do my friends. I've never run across it personally, and I've never seen it at parties. The big deb affairs are



The modern girl is used to having—

always full of mothers and official chaperons.

"It all sounds so silly," she shrugged her young shoulders and twisted her vivid young face into a grimace. "There are so many interesting things to do, talking and hiking and reading and playing tennis, I don't see why anybody wants to waste time petting."

"Of course they tell terrible tales of the youngsters, the ones in high school." She, nineteen, spoke of sixteen in exactly the same tone in which thirty condemns twenty. "But I know those things are exaggerated. When I was still in school, two years ago, we heard stories of parties that were terribly wild. But when I went to the same houses, with the same crowd, there wasn't anything the least bit wild. I suppose," she voiced wisdom which went farther than she knew, "that something depends on who tells the story."

Molly's testimony, too, was made up of hearsay evidence. Molly is soft and round and cuddlesome as a kitten, and she never questions food, heaven, conventions, or her fiancé's judgment. She thinks, round-eyed with horror, that her generation is perfectly terrible. But the fact remains that she and her friends, who are part of it, will have nothing to do with wild parties, and Molly went through four years of college parties and fraternity dances without letting any man hold her hand, much less kiss her.

Dorothy, on the other hand, had both personal experience and venturesome friends. She may go in for art, when she finishes college, if any one of a dozen lads doesn't manage to persuade her that home-making for him is more important. A flawless skin that dimples in unexpected corners, short blonde hair crinkling into crisp gold, a generous mouth whose habit is laughter, all these combine to make her dangerous to masculine peace of mind.

Yet she said decisively: "I think neck—
(Continued on page 44)



boys around, on the tennis court, in the school room, at parties



Cherry blossoms along the Potomac

© Harris & Ewing

The Last Days of Congress

The Senate Stages a Double Filibuster and Leaves Work in a Jam. But the Record of the Session Is Better Than It Promised to Be

By CATHERINE I. HACKETT

March 19, 1927.

ONE early March day a small wooden sentry box sprang up, mushroom-like, outside the Patterson Mansion at 15 Dupont Circle. The personal effects of the President and Mrs. Coolidge were moved from the White House, the Presidential collies and the pet raccoon called Rebecca were driven out Connecticut Avenue in the White House car, the Presidential flag was hoisted to the roof, and the First Citizen and his lady were officially at home in their new residence.

President Coolidge's temporary home looks out upon a small park where children play all day long and the gracious marble fountain erected in memory of Admiral Dupont stands in beauty which is a mute rebuke to the

atrocious Washington statues honoring other great Americans. It must be a relief to the President no longer to see the rocking-horse statue of General Andrew Jackson in Lafayette Park as soon as he opens his front door. The Jackson statue, unfortunately, will still dominate the view from the White House steps when the Coolidges move back into the Executive Mansion, but there will be a new roof, and the exciting possibility of a cave-in during an official White House reception will no longer exist.

For the next few months Mr. Coolidge may ponder in quiet the problem of whether the White House, having a more secure roof and being reinforced at other weak points, would be a desirable residence from 1928 to 1932. He still conducts business in the Executive offices of the White House. There he is visited by politicians from distant states who

report that he is their candidate for the Republican nomination. Simeon D. Fess, Republican Senator from Ohio, returned from a fifteen-day survey of the agricultural districts of the Middle West to say that the veto of the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill has "made President Coolidge stronger today than any member of his party." It will be remembered that the veto was accompanied by a statement of 11,000 words explaining Administration opposition to the bill. The fact that this document was forthcoming within a few days after the bill had been passed by the Senate and sent to the President for his signature led to the suspicion that the veto message had been prepared in advance, or else that the President and his whole office force had sat up nights drafting the statement.

No announcement of Mr. Coolidge's

plans for 1928 is expected until after he returns from his summer vacation, which will be spent this year "somewhere in the West." It is presumed that President Coolidge, dressed perhaps in the rural costume in which he used to be photographed while pitching hay up in Vermont, will mingle with the citizens of the corn and wheat belts and find out for himself what has been their reaction to his veto of the farm relief bill—for of course everyone knows there are those who differ with Mr. Fess. The President now faces the problem of just where he shall pitch his tent in the open spaces of the West to which he will go when the heat of summer days descends upon the capital. Bids are coming in from the corn-belt states, from the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone National Park, from Wisconsin and Minnesota. If he likes, he may summer in the California home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, in which case the motion picture industry will line up to a man behind the Republican party.

When the Senate Filibusters

NEVER again will I take an out-of-town visitor, of inquiring and intelligent mind, to the Senate gallery, to watch the closing hours of a Congressional session. It is too sad to see the disillusionment of a person who has been brought up with the proper respect for the "greatest deliberative body in the world." I kept telling the lady from out of town that this session of Congress had accomplished more than any short session since 1912; and she only asked irritatingly why, with such important non-partisan measures as the second deficiency appropriation bill, the alien property bill, the medicinal liquor bill, the public buildings bill and the Boulder Dam bill waiting for a vote and all expected to pass by a large majority, the senators couldn't stop talking long enough to vote. She wanted to know why Senator Moses of New Hampshire was reading a speech on the tariff when the question before the Senate was the extension of the life of the Reed Committee on Investigation of the Primary Campaigns.

"This," I explained patiently, "is a filibuster, and every senator in the chamber can talk on any subject under the sun until the session automatically expires, if he wants to prevent a vote."

"Why," she asked later, "does some one say 'I object' whenever they try to get unanimous consent for a vote on the deficiency appropriation bill? That is certainly a routine, non-partisan measure."

"Because the filibusterers against the Reed resolution are in control and don't want to take a chance of its being slipped through. They can't shut off debate on the Reed resolution under cloture rule because it takes a two-thirds vote to force cloture under the Senate rules, and many

of the senators who support the Reed resolution oppose cloture on principle. They may want to use the filibuster themselves some day. Also they believe that the right of a minority to prevent action desired by a majority of a lame-duck Congress is a safeguard. Many of the members will not return in the Seventieth Congress. If a vote on some important measure can be staved off at the end of a lame-duck session, the result may be quite different when it comes before the next Congress."

She gave up the effort to understand the workings of Senate machinery.

An hour before adjournment on March 4, Vice-President Dawes was scribbling something on a pad before him. As he scribbled, and as the Senate sank deeper and deeper in the morass of the worst legislative muddle of the session, he smiled. Two minutes before noon he read to the members a few statements.

"The chair regards the results of the present legislative session as primarily due to the defective rules of the Senate," he said. "This is the only great parliamentary body in the world where such a situation exists."

"I Told You So"—Dawes

MR. DAWES began his service as presiding officer of the Senate by an attack on the Senate rules which enable a minority to block action desired by the majority and by advocating a change in the rules whereby debate could be limited under cloture by a majority, instead of a two-thirds vote. He is in a good position to say "I told you so"; he regards the failure of important legislation at the close of the session as justifying a change in the rules which permit minority control. To his plan Senator Copeland of New York has added the suggestion that a unanimous consent agreement to vote at a certain time or to displace a pending measure could be held up only if three or more votes are recorded against it. At present such an agreement can be blocked so long as one senator continues to shout "I object."

The two filibusters which hurried the Sixty-ninth Congress to an ignominious end were directed against Senator Johnson's Boulder Dam bill and against the motion to extend the life of the special Reed Committee on Campaign Investigations; the first lasted twenty-seven hours, the second, over forty hours. It is claimed that there were enough votes to pass both measures.

Boulder Dam Lost

AFTER six years of constant effort to secure Federal control of the Colorado River development, Senator Hiram Johnson of California had victory almost within his grasp. Through a night-long session, with Mrs. Johnson—lone spectator from the gallery—he tried to break through the filibuster

led by Senators Ashurst of Arizona and Phipps of Colorado. Against him were arrayed the invisible forces of the Western power companies which oppose Government control, and which during the past session have kept up a steady bombardment of wabbling senators.irate senators were routed from their beds by the sergeant-at-arms, taxied up to the Capitol, went to sleep again on the couches along the walls of the Senate Chamber. A cloture vote was taken and lost. The hour came when the Senate had agreed to take up other business. The filibusterers were triumphant, and Boulder Dam was handed on to the next Congress.

The Two Reeds

SENATOR REED of Pennsylvania is now in Bermuda recovering from the effects of the filibuster which he conducted against the resolution to enable Senator Reed of Missouri to continue during the summer his investigation of alleged campaign frauds in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and other states where charges of fraudulent campaign activities have been lodged. Senator Reed contended that the committee has no right to continue its investigation of the campaign of William S. Vare in Pennsylvania, since it expired with the Sixty-ninth Congress. He proposed that the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections should take up the matter of Mr. Vare's election when he presents his credentials next December. This committee, it was noted, is fairly "regular" in its membership, and would probably deal more considerably with Mr. Vare than would Senator Reed's group. Also, public indignation over slush fund revelations would be expected to wane with passing months. Senators Reed of Pennsylvania, Watson of Indiana and Moses of New Hampshire called for the reading of the Journal, read state constitutions and ancient documents and rambled over the whole field of politics and history in America. Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina was the sole Democrat to support the filibuster. He later accounted to constituents for his party defection by warning them that the Reed committee should not be given too much rope because, next thing you know, mightn't they just come investigating down south and complaining that their representatives in Congress were illegally elected because the colored voter has no voice in the elections!

The Missouri Senator Reed, beaten by the filibuster, announced that he considers his committee a continuing body, that he will continue the investigations in the Pennsylvania primaries if he has to pay expenses out of his own pocket.

In the muddle of the last few legislative days was also seen an argument for the Norris constitutional amendment which would eliminate the short session of
(Continued on page 48)

Current Events

Drawings by LOIS C. MYERS

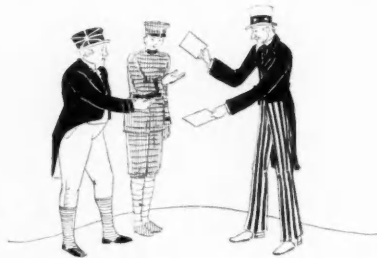
The Fall of Shanghai

FOR weeks the Cantonese forces had been moving up toward Shanghai, their goal in the effort to gain control of the country. The end came with startling suddenness. Cantonese forces routed one wing of the Northern army, which retreated to Shanghai, and the Southerners entered the native city, practically without a battle. As this is written, the military story is still untold; the simple fact that Shanghai is taken and that the international settlement is untouched, is the gist of the situation. Meantime the city is a confusion of defeated Shantungese soldiers, terrified civilian population, incoming Cantonese and some twenty thousand foreign troops. The foreign concessions are guarded by barbed-wire barriers, extending in some places out into the native city, and a fleet of warships is on guard in the river.

What next? A general strike has been called, with the strikers among the first to fly the Nationalist flag—a red background, with a white star on a blue square. The Northerners have commenced looting in the native city. Naturally, the situation is filled with dynamite. There is danger from the defeated Northern army, which has consistently looted in other cities; danger from the victorious Cantonese, though its officers have promised not to attack the foreign settlement or foreign property; danger from some overzealous foreign commander losing his head; from an accident flaring up into explosion. A few days will furnish the test. Meantime, throughout China many foreign churches and schools are making readjustment to the new order they believe in—conforming readily to the requirement that such institutions shall be under Chinese control and that religious instruction shall be elective.

Reports of splits and dissensions among the Chinese Nationalists are probably exaggerated. Factions there doubtless are. Certainly there is a left wing, which is clearly Communist. Yet that the movement is not essentially Communist, and is not likely to be, despite the presence of Russian advisers, all informed speakers and writers admit. And because it is not too well understood, and because it was the Cantonese program that brought thousands flock-

ing to the new movement, let's put down here the program of the Kuomintang, the Nationalist party, of which the Cantonese army is the military expression. The basis is the "three principles of the people" promulgated by Dr. Sun Yat-



Naval Conference—R. S. V. P., Uncle Sam

sen, founder of the Chinese republic and the real father of the Nationalist movement, now led by Chiang Kai-Shek. Those three principles are "people's nationalism"—the program for freeing China from foreign control; "people's sovereignty"—including all the steps toward establishing democracy: popular elections, recall and referendum, etc.; and "people's livelihood"—covering the effort to improve conditions for the common people. In the Kuomintang's manifesto of January, 1924, embodying these principles, are outlined the familiar foreign policies concerning customs, extra-territoriality, etc. (see March Current Events), and a platform of domestic policies which include a very rational arrangement for the election of provincial governors of the provinces; universal suffrage and sex equality; freedom of press and assembly; conscriptive military service; labor legislation; universal education, and familiar-sounding tax laws. A very moderate, sane program, it sounds.

To the north there is no such program—there has just been for years a conflict for mastery among warring "war lords." With the taking of Shanghai a new day is dawning—for a united China, a China which very soon, it seems, should be able to dictate terms and demand new international relationships.

Nicaragua—Still Serious

THE astonishing proposal made by the President of Nicaragua that the United States should establish a protectorate by treaty over that coun-

try did not meet with favor. Whatever the State Department's wishes may or may not have been, it must have been obvious that such a treaty would never pass a Senate containing, to mention no others, William E. Borah. Diaz's proposal, amazing as it was, especially coming from a man who does not represent his country, had its pathetic touches. It recognized American intervention from time to time as inevitable, and desired to put it on a better basis. So it sought to stabilize intervention, as it were, in order that it might operate to keep the government firmly in power, and yet without impairing its "sovereignty." A loan of twenty millions was suggested, and the aid of American financial advisers.

As for the civil war in Nicaragua, Sacasa continues to win small victories in spite of the aid our marines give to Diaz. We control the railroad, have neutralized the Sacasa zone and released Diaz's troops for action, yet the others win village after village. It seems likely that, without our men there, Sacasa would have succeeded long ago.

"Fraud" and "Contempt"

HARRY F. SINCLAIR, millionaire oil man and co-star with Albert B. Fall in the Teapot Dome serial drama which began in 1924, sat on the steps of the courthouse in the spring sunshine and talked about Zev, his famous racehorse. A few hours later he stood in the courtroom of the District Supreme Court and heard the foreman of the jury, which had been trying him for contempt of the Senate, bring in a verdict of "guilty"—the result of his refusal to answer questions put to him when he was a witness before the Senate Public Lands Committee investigating the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills naval oil leases three years ago.

A few days earlier the Supreme Court ruled on the important case involving Mr. Doheny's lease of the Elk Hills reserve under Mr. Fall's administration. It disagreed heartily with the jury which several months ago found Mr. Fall and that "improvident old prospector," Edward L. Doheny, innocent of fraud; ordered the Elk Hills leases canceled, branded the whole proceeding as tainted with fraud, and even denied the surprised and pained Doheny the right to receive back the \$12,000,000 which he had spent constructing stor-



The Law takes a hand

age tanks at Pearl Harbor "from patriotic motives." This is the first important victory for the Government in the suits growing out of the senatorial investigation of the oil leases three years ago. A similar verdict on Sinclair's Teapot Dome leases is expected.

Henry Ford on Trial

A "50-50" jury made up of six men and six women, a jury particularly representative of Mr. Average Citizen, a jury that listens with unwavering attention to the smallest, dullest detail—so the headlines run, almost taking precedence over the facts of the \$1,000,000 libel suit brought by Aaron Sapiro, Chicago attorney, against Henry Ford and his *Dearborn Independent*. These facts have to do with a series of attacks made in the Ford weekly against the Sapiro scheme of co-operative marketing, alleging it to be a dishonest attempt on the part of an international group of Jews to exploit American farmers. Mr. Sapiro and his lawyer, William Henry Gallagher, claim that the co-operatives have earned millions for the farmers, and that had it not been for the Ford articles, even greater benefit would have resulted. To them, not only the issue of co-operative marketing, but of Mr. Ford's well-known anti-Semitism is on trial, and this no doubt is the reason for the wide interest in the case. But to Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, defending Mr. Ford, the issue is just Mr. Sapiro and Mr. Ford, and he is making a strong effort to keep the Ford anti-Jewish complex out of it.

The Debts

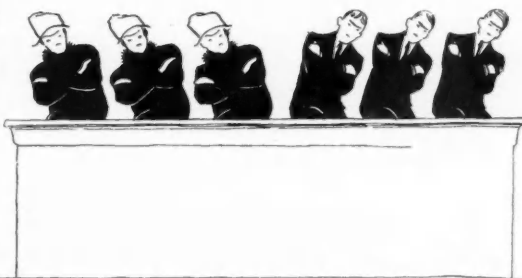
PRINCETON professors followed the example of Columbia by endorsing the pe-

tition drawn up by the Faculty of Political Science at Columbia for reconsideration of the settlement of allied debts. Boiled down to every-day language the argument runs something as follows: A man may owe you—who are very rich—money. Legally you are entitled to collect and it seems possible that you can do so. But that man has been your friend and partner in a great enterprise. By pressing him for the money honestly owed you, you may do him a great injustice. It may be difficult, almost impossible, for him to pay. Pressed for payment, he will find the money, but such matters rankle and you have lost a friend. Stated simply, in other words, we must count the cost. Is collection worth the price of the ill-will we will also collect? That is the question the professors of Columbia and Princeton are asking.

Mr. Mellon replied publicly in words to the effect that we had already dealt very leniently with our debtor nations, that payment is essential to economic stability, and added a wistful regret that the professors had not come to headquarters, i. e., the Treasury Department, before making deductions from their own inadequate knowledge.

President Hibben, of Princeton, replied promptly to Mr. Mellon's intimation that the professors were badly informed. The statements contained in the petition "were based upon the general information which the State Department had made public for the benefit of the American people and it had not occurred to us that there was any essential information concerning the situation which was not forthcoming."

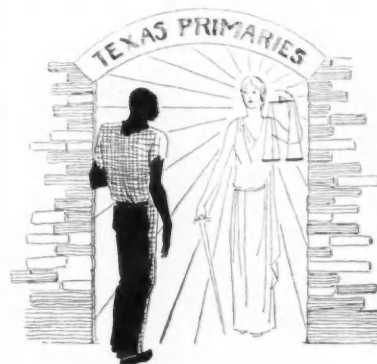
Not content with that little dig, President Hibben pointed out that Mr. Mellon's statement that the burden of paying Uncle Sam is not grievous because it can be paid with amounts received each year from German reparations, is inconsistent with the policy of the Debt Commission, which is that "the payment of German reparations to France cannot be linked directly with the debt funding agreement, it being held that the German reparations payments and the French wartime debt to the United States are separate problems"—a convenient doctrine should Germany for some reason cease payment to France.



Mr. Ford faces a jury of his peers—fifty-fifty by sex

Circumventing the Constitution

THE Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional a Texas law which forbids Negroes participating in the Democratic party primaries. Justice Holmes, who read the decision, pointed out that it was useless to consider the Fifteenth Amendment, as the Fourteenth was sufficient. "That amendment not only gave citizenship and the privileges of citizenship to persons of color, but it denied to any state the power to withhold from them the equal protection of the laws." The answer of the Southern states, where the question is always acute, has been prompt. Governor Moody, of Texas,



Justice welcomes the Negro

announces that "new legislation will be necessary to protect the ballot." The Secretary of State of Virginia calls attention to a similar law there, which will, he says, have to be rewritten. South Carolina Democrats doubt the importance of the Supreme Court decision. In Georgia Senator Hoke Smith notes with satisfaction that the law there provides "qualifications for voting" that should settle the question. The Attorney General of Mississippi is content with the fact that "practically all Negroes are disqualified because they have not paid poll taxes," but in case that should fail as a method of circumventing the Constitution, he adds that a voter must be able to understand both the United States Constitution and that of the State of Mississippi. "In passing judgment on the ability of Negroes" (to do this), he continues, "I imagine that the Democratic county registrars will in the future be quite conservative."

Conference

FOR the first time the League of Nations—at its recent session—was presided over by a German, Herr Stressemann, and for the first time the opening (Continued on p. 49)





Eva Le Gallienne, Director of the Civic Repertory Theatre

What Is Wrong with the Theatre?

By EVA LE GALLIENNE

An actress who might have had an easy career indefinitely, Miss Le Gallienne chose instead to undertake the stiff task of organizing a repertory theatre of her own to carry out her convictions. Enthusiastic popular support—a real success has been her reward. We asked Miss Le Gallienne to tell us what she thinks is wrong with the stage today and in just what way she thinks repertory will help

IN America we regard the theatre largely as a pastime and a topic of conversation. "Who are your favorite stars? What do they eat for breakfast? Are they married? Where do they spend their holidays?" Such things are what interest people about the theatre, whereas, of course, they have nothing whatever to do with it. The actor as an entity should barely exist. He should be an instrument, a medium, an impersonal part of a whole that carries a gift of beauty, joy, esthetic freedom, a quickening of thought and feeling, a deepened understanding of humanity. Actors should be free, rebellious spirits. The modern tendency is to catch them in traps made of prosperity, respectable content, a sense of their own importance as personalities, and having caught them to dissect them under the magnifying glass of organized publicity, leaving them no escape from the eye of the public, no refuge where in the loneliness of their souls they can find the stuff of which their work should be built. This insensitive and rapacious curiosity (which has nothing in common with a true love of the theatre) has done much toward making creatures who should be artists mere peacocks without brains and without souls. I should like to see a theatre where no actors' names appeared on the programs—where actors

were like instruments of the orchestra.

But this condition is not chiefly the public's fault. I believe that the public has not so much failed the theatre as the theatre, by almost imperceptible degrees, has failed the public, until the public has stopped demanding of it anything but a good time. Sprung from the deepest wells of human need, religious at its source, the theatre has sold its birth-right for a mess of pottage. It has sacrificed its magic to the almighty dollar. For the most part, it takes gold from the public and gives in return only a little light entertainment. It lacks solid values; stability. The public flock to a success at ruinous prices, the play runs a few years perhaps, then dies and vanishes, usually for all time. The great cities outside of New York depend for their theatre on New York successes passed on to them, often with inferior casts, or with casts exhausted by repetition.

If the theatre is to be built up again to its rightful place, if it is to be of real importance in the United States, it must become part of the community, a very real factor in the minds of the people. It is so in most European countries, particularly Scandinavia, Russia and Germany. There the people need the theatre as they need bread. They demand of it mental and spiritual sustenance as well as the relaxation of pure amusement.

It may take a long time to build up in this country that same need of the theatre, and that same faith in its real service. To build it, first of all there must be a certain stability—such stability as characterizes symphony orchestras, art galleries, public libraries—all either supported by the citizens themselves or bestowed by some public benefactor. While most of the larger cities of the country have all these, the theatre is passed over and forgotten. Yet if the theatre is really to form a vital factor in community life, it must be one with which the people are as familiar as with their libraries and their symphony orchestras. It must be one in which they are personally interested through watching the development of a permanent group with whose ideals and dreams they sympathize. In other words, a repertory theatre of the type prevalent abroad, with its combination of freshness and variety with perpetuation of the life of worth-while plays.

THE Repertory Theatre eventually becomes like a library of plays—plays alive, not growing dusty on the shelves. The plays of Tchekov, discovered through the Moscow Art Theatre thirty years ago, are still alive through that organization. As the actors take down these books year by year they see in them new depths, new poignancies.

new humor, and gradually give them deeper richness. The actors who have played together for years become attuned to one another's rhythm, and ensemble is possible that cannot be expected from a company hastily assembled, strangers to one another and to one another's manner of playing, working under a director whom perhaps they have never known, and with the artificiality of the star system throwing the whole play out of focus.

Variety of rôle gives the actor a vital freshness of enormous importance, both to himself and to the public. An actor is usually imprisoned mentally, emotionally, physically, within the narrow range of one play, with effects which are stultifying, if not actually destructive. It is exactly like using one set of muscles exclusively, and letting the others atrophy. Actors grow fat and lazy in the commercial theatre. They die of inanition—from lack of work. I know—I have been a part of it.

SO, having pondered over these things for several years, it seemed to me that the only satisfactory thing was to start, as well as we could, a Repertory Theatre in New York City at popular prices (for the theatre should be within the reach of all) and see what happened. Most of us in the Civic Repertory Theatre had played together last year in two Ibsen plays. We had observed certain things—for instance, that the public was anxious to support an honest effort to present fine things; that the \$1 and \$1.50 seats were always the

first to go, and that matinées at popular prices meant "standing room only." Such observations influenced our plans.

First of all was the problem of finding a theatre where we could apply our principle of lower prices. The policy of the Broadway theatres will not permit any one to play at prices below the ordinary Broadway scale, so they were out of the question. What we wanted was a "People's Theatre," where no seats in the house should be above \$1.50.

So we went downtown and leased the old Fourteenth Street Theatre—and tidied it up a bit, without destroying its old-time atmosphere. A real theatre it is, red and gold, with old-fashioned boxes and a peanut gallery—neither too large, nor too small, with a fine stage and room for all necessary equipment.

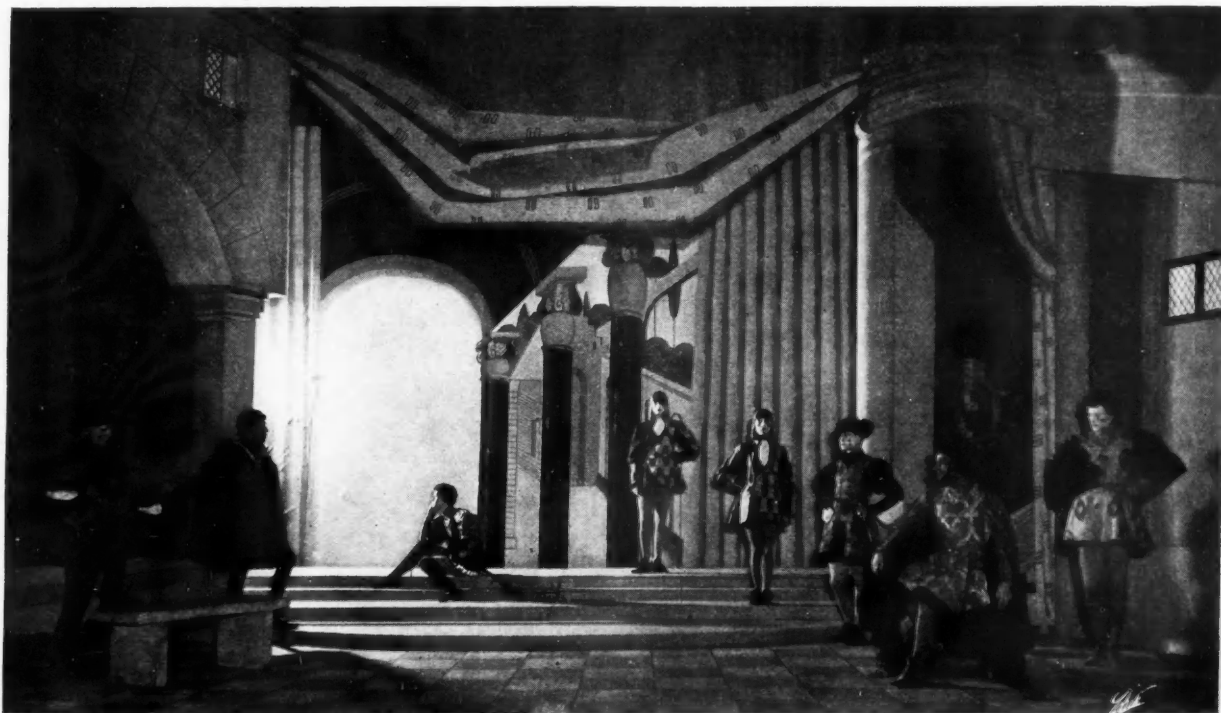
Having announced repertory and having meant it, we proceeded to play it. We opened with four plays ready. The first, Benavente's "Saturday Night," opened the season. Tchekov's "Three Sisters" came next, and within two weeks we added the two Ibsen productions, "John Gabriel Borkman" and "The Master Builder." Meantime, we were rehearsing "The Mistress of the Inn," and as soon as it opened we began rehearsing "Twelfth Night," then Sierra's "Cradle Song" and Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors." To the eight plays which we have produced this season, we shall add next year five or six new ones, and so gradually build up our library of plays.

Our actors have no chance to get fat and stale. Repertory means and demands our whole life. We are in the

theatre from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M., for rehearsal, and again at night for the performance. No time for our brains to atrophy! And what a refreshment for the spirit. Instead of being imprisoned in one set of motions and thoughts for months or years, as is the actor "fortunate" enough to be a "success," one turns from the grim tragedy of Borkman to the joyous fun of the "Mistress of the Inn" within the same day, and the next day finds oneself in the gentle atmosphere of the lovely "Cradle Song." That is what keeps an actor's mind and soul pliable, sensitized. And the situation in which an actor is repeatedly engaged for his fitness in just one "line" practically disappears. No one is always a lead, always a "heavy." Egon Brecher, for instance, in our first production played a tiny part as a Jewish cabaret owner, and the next night was Colonel Vershinin in Tchekov's "Three Sisters."

LOGICALLY, perhaps, a Repertory Theatre should either be subsidized by the state, or supported by rich citizens. Of course, to begin this venture, we needed help, and we have had it—marvelous help—support from many people really interested in the theatre; but, eventually, I want the Civic Repertory Theatre to be a democratic institution maintained by the people of New York, both rich and poor. To this end, we have organized our Civic Repertory Theatre Club—membership \$1.00 a year—which will give members a further reduction in prices and a con-

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A Scene from "Twelfth Night" with Eva Le Gallienne as Viola. The costumes and settings were designed by a woman, G. E. Calthorpe

Must Women Die of Cancer?

*A Famous Specialist Tells Why Women Need to Know
the Only Protection Against a Dread Disease*

By FRANCIS CARTER WOOD

Vice-President of the American Society for the Control of Cancer

IN the wars of the old days a king simply hired or collected some soldiers and marched to meet his enemy. Most of the inhabitants in the country scarcely knew that a war was going on, unless they happened to be in the line of the armies' progress, and then they only suffered loss of all available food. Modern warfare, on the other hand, as we know to our cost, implies the mobilization, not only of troops, but of all the industrial forces of the country, and during the Great War even women were impressed to take part in the heavy labor needed in the manufacture of munitions, not to speak of what they did in the production of clothing and food for the armies.

A similar change is coming over medicine. A few hundred years ago there were almost no physicians, even in highly civilized countries, and most people lived and died without ever coming into contact with one. Itinerant tooth-pullers and barber-surgeons traveled through the country and offered help to those who could afford it, but the vast body of the population were without any protection, not only from the ordinary diseases of life, but from the great plagues which swept over Europe in the Middle Ages. In modern times, however, the idea has developed in medicine that protection is better than cure, and that physicians cannot act as individuals only but must combine into groups for more effective action, and in the last few years the warfare against disease has become organized on the same basis as that of our last great war, and the people themselves are asked to help the physicians in order that their own lives may be saved.

Police Doctors

DENMARK, for example, has carried this so far as to have all physicians in the employ of the state, so that they become a part, so to speak, of the general police system, acting upon the principle that if people are to be protected from thieves by an official organization, they should also be protected from disease by a similar one.

This principle of public education has gained widespread approval, and one of the best examples of its efficiency has

"It has been estimated that if the women of the United States, some 60,000 of whom die every year from cancer, would have periodic examinations, the death rate from this disease would fall at least a third; in other words, that 20,000 women would be saved every year who now are condemned to die."

been the rapid fall in the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States. This fall in the death rate is very largely due to the activities of a society directed by physicians and supported by the public, which did not attempt of itself to cure tuberculosis, but merely by educational means to call attention to the symptoms and teach the proper treatment. It thus not only educated the public to go to a physician, but stimulated the physician to follow out definite methods of procedure in the diagnosis and treatment of the disease with which he might otherwise not have been acquainted.

Outwitting Typhoid

FOR the past thirteen years a similar educational movement has been on foot in regard to a disease which has none of the qualities of tuberculosis or other infectious diseases, and therefore is much more difficult to combat. If every one would stop drinking water infected with typhoid germs, or if every one would take typhoid vaccine, typhoid would disappear, for so far as we know, a person with typhoid fever has been directly infected by some other individual who has the disease. It will only be a short time before having typhoid fever will be a disgrace to an individual, showing that he or she has not complied with simple rules of health. In this disease a certain amount of police power has been applied. When an epidemic starts, public health officials are sent to the spot to investigate the milk, water, and other carriers of typhoid germs, to try to find out what person or persons have supplied these germs to the milk or water system, and

if necessary, arrest and confine such people so that they can do no further damage until their disease has been cured. Unfortunately no such general attack can be made upon cancer, for cancer is the only disease which afflicts man in which the trouble is individual, not due to a parasite or contagion from without, and therefore not controllable by the methods which have been so effective with the contagious diseases.

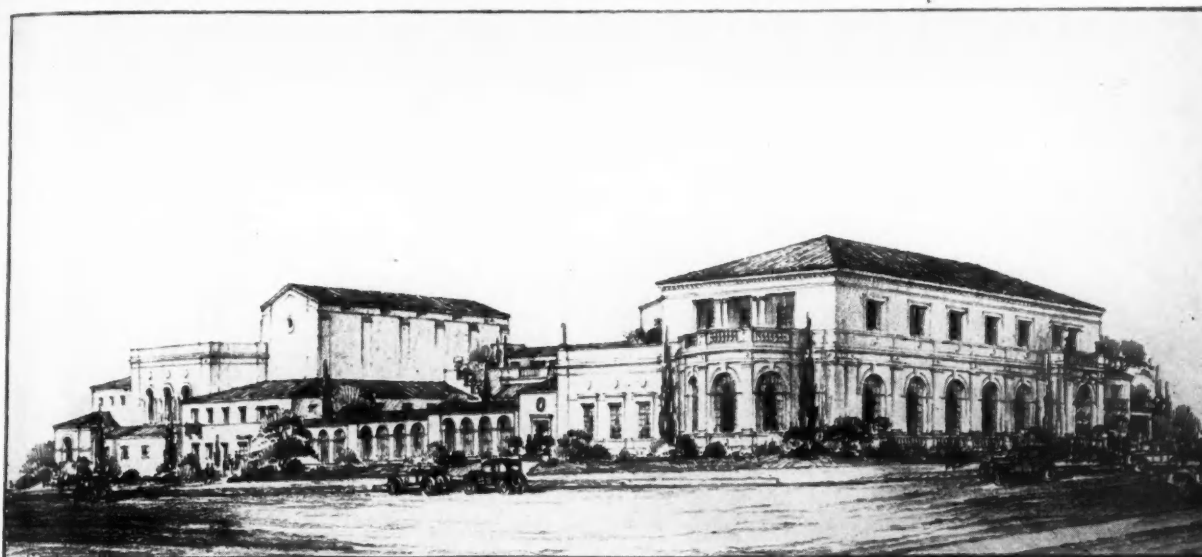
Under these circumstances, education becomes of extreme importance, and is the only means at the present time of attacking the situation, the seriousness of which few realize. Our only means of curing cancer is to destroy it in an early stage.

This destruction may be accomplished by surgical methods, or the growth may be destroyed without actually cutting it from the body by the application of large quantities of radium or X-ray. We know of no medicine at present which has the slightest effect upon cancer. Evidently then no general control over the disease can be obtained. It is entirely a question of a person going to an intelligent physician, and having him decide what must be done. Unfortunately, cancer afflicts women in a very much larger proportion than it does men, for the simple reason that there are two organs in women in which cancer frequently occurs that raise the percentage. These are the breast and the womb. Speaking generally, women have about the same amount of cancer in other organs that men do, but these two additional sites of occurrence greatly alter the proportion. For this reason it is far more important for women to understand the cancer situation, and to act upon it, than for men. This situation can be told in a few words.

One Woman in Five

SPEAKING in general terms of all those women living after the age of forty-five, one in five will ultimately die of cancer. This, of course, does not mean that of all women of the age of forty-five one in five will die during the year of cancer. Such a statement is obviously untrue, because otherwise all one's friends would be having the

(Continued on page 46)



The sumptuous new Ebell Club, of Los Angeles, is to be built Spanish fashion about a patio the size of an ordinary city block

The Clubhouse de Luxe

*Club Women Enter a Big New Business Worth Millions of Dollars
—the Business of Building and Running Clubhouses. Our
Series on Clubs Starts With the Most Magnificent*

By RAMONA HERDMAN

THERE are people to whom the term club woman is still nothing more than an easy way of designating a woman who is supposed to meddle too much in community housekeeping for the good of her own household. But their number is dwindling. The new conception of a club woman as a competent business woman who has learned to manage her affairs with an efficiency born of her contact with the business world and her swift assimilation of its methods, is rapidly impressing itself, the country over.

The proof of the business-club-woman is her clubhouse.

The woman's club has grown from Thursday afternoon meetings in the living room of one of its members with tea and gossip, from the rummage and food sales to pay its contribution to the Town Monument Fund or the Red Cross Appeal, and has taken its place in

the world of affairs, with strong organizations and impressive clubhouses representing investments of millions of dollars.

Where once a committee called on members and asked Mrs. Jones to bake

a pan of beans and Mrs. Smith to contribute one of her famous chocolate cakes for the benefit supper, the club woman of today is invited to buy stock in the new clubhouse.

From Maine to California this new conception of the woman's club is being demonstrated in a practical way by the clubhouses that have sprung up in such amazingly large numbers during the past few years, as if in immediate response to the demands of the "new woman," who came into being during the war and has kept herself in the center of things ever since.

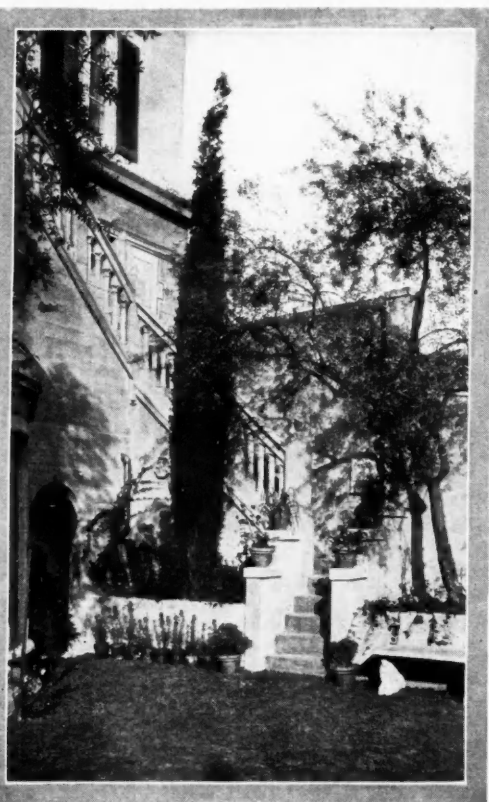
They range all the way from the little one-room building in the country, with WOMAN'S CLUB proudly displayed over its door, up through small houses that have been purchased and made over to fit the club's new needs, to the club buildings planned, built and financed from A to Z by the clubs themselves—any-



Women of today in Buffalo have looked ahead and are building this million-dollar clubhouse with women of the future in mind



The luxurious comfort of the lounge in the Women's City Club, of Detroit, expresses the fulfillment of many an envious wish. Men make their appointments at their clubs. Women have had to meet in the "rest room" of a department store or at the glove counter! Now in such rooms as these they wait, meet and entertain each other as conveniently as do their husbands and brothers



Long glass doors from the living room of the Los Angeles Women's Athletic Club open out upon this lovely Italian garden

where from \$25,000 to magnificent million-dollar buildings, and beyond. Clubs now meeting in hotels or public libraries have funds growing in the bank and the dream of "a home of their own" as bright in their hearts as the hope of any new bride. From East and West, North and South, comes news of building plans, of the purchase of sites for the clubhouse of the future, of drives for building funds, and requests for information on financing, all pointing to more clubhouses and the ever-growing financial strength of the American club woman.

WOMEN have always been recognized as an important buying power. Knowing that women have the distribution of money for the administration of the home at their disposal, business men have carefully directed their advertising campaigns to catch the women's attention and hold their interest. With

new financial responsibilities as director of enterprises larger and more costly than any hitherto listed under women's activities, the club woman assumes a still greater position of importance to the business world.

The larger houses are indeed elaborate enterprises—with complex functions. They must meet the needs of the woman in business as well as those of the woman of leisure who will use the club for many of her social activities. In the larger cities the woman's club offers the business women the same advantages that men find in their club life. The men's club is firmly established as a place where the business man, worn by the strenuous tussle with the problems of earning a living, may seek rest, relaxation and entertainment—and, on occasion, a welcome escape from the family circle. The business woman has come to expect exactly the same things from her own club.

Besides, with means of entertainment and hospitality limited in these days of small apartments and cubby-hole flats, the modern woman's clubhouse offers its members the advantages of the old-fashioned home with none of its responsibilities. It is a place where they can entertain their friends, where they can meet women who have the same interests, seek companionship if they are lonely, or a restful solitude if they desire to be alone. The gymnasium



The hospitable tradition of the South is expressed not only in the wide portico of the Nineteenth Century Club, of Memphis, but also in the activities that make this one of the gayest of all the big women's clubs. Besides this large building there is another of a single story with a swimming pool, and a supper room in the basement equipped to prepare refreshments for swimming parties

and the swimming pool, included in the up-to-date woman's club, offer the opportunity to "keep fit" amid the demands of city life.

In smaller cities and towns the woman's club is the center around which revolve a large part of the community activities and civic enterprises.

The clubhouse usually has a large auditorium, equipped as a theater, which is the scene of community social affairs, in many cases serving as the town theater. It is, as a rule, a source of income to the club as well as an asset to the social and cultural life of the community.

THE financial strength of the American club woman is most eloquently expressed in the beautiful and costly clubhouses that have been built within the past few years at costs ranging from \$500,000 to the million mark—and even away past it, as in the case of the three-and-three-quarter-million-dollar home of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club, opened a year ago. A few among many examples of these magnificent and expensive clubhouses are to be found in the Ebell Club, of Los Angeles, now building its new \$800,000 clubhouse in the finest residential district; in the half-million-dollar home of the Friday Morning Club, in the same city; the Los Angeles Women's Athletic Club, costing a mil-

lion and a half; the \$650,000 clubhouse of the Women's City Club, of San Francisco; the Detroit Women's City Club, with its \$850,000 plant; the Colony Club, of New York; the million-dollar Town Club project of the Buffalo Federation of Women's Clubs, and the new \$500,000 building of the Providence Plantations Club. It is clubhouses of this luxurious type which we describe in this first article.

In California, with the strong State Federation of Women's Clubs, and the spirit of adventure and progress which has won for the club women of that state a reputation for achievement envied by their sisters in other parts of the country, the modern woman's club idea is manifested in one beautiful structure after another—sometimes two to the credit of one club. In Los Angeles, for instance, both the Friday Morning Club and the Ebell Club grad-

(Continued on page 42)



Seventeen stories above the street members of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club can swim in the sunshine under glass

Editorially Speaking

Why Have "Lame Ducks"?

ANOTHER group of "lame ducks" has gone limping home from Washington—men who lost their right to represent their states last November, but who for four months have been carrying on just the same. Meantime, the men who were elected in November to handle the people's affairs are at home, and will be until *next* December. This arrangement, of course, is a survival of the old days of horseback and carriage transportation over bad, muddy roads. It has no place in this day of fast trains, motor cars, airplanes, and there is no excuse for its continuance. The Norris "lame duck" amendment, three times passed by the Senate, but prevented by House "bosses" from coming to a vote in that body, would eliminate it forever. Under its provisions the newly elected members of House and Senate would take their places on the first Monday in January after their election in November—two months' interval instead of thirteen—and the President would go in two weeks later. The short session of Congress, which is held in alternate years, would be abolished. Instead, there would be one long session, with no definite date set for its closing. Every man in each House would be serving with the mandate and confidence of his constituency; there would be none in a position to trade votes with the Administration—winning office by voting as they would never dare vote if still responsible to a constituency.

The change is so obviously sane and sensible that it is impossible to think up any real reasons against it. Eventually it must come. Why not create so strong a demand that the next Congress will know it *must* put through the reform?

* * *

And Let Senators Talk Forever?

DOING away with the short session would also end, or at least greatly diminish, the filibuster. As the object of a filibuster is to prevent action on a measure by talking away the time set for its consideration, if there were no fixed date for closing the filibuster obviously would not succeed.

The recent Senate filibuster, graphically described in our Washington letter on page 18, prevented the passage of many measures necessary for the successful carrying on of the business of the country. The Federal courts are already feeling seriously the lack of funds provided in the second Deficiency Appropriation Bill, which failed to pass, and the failure of the Public Buildings Bill cripples the carrying out of plans for the proper development of our national capital. Most serious was the failure of legislation concerning Boulder Dam, a matter of grave importance to a large territory. Apart from the need for use of the water, the Colorado River, unchained as it is today, is a posi-

tive menace to the life of Imperial Valley. Lying many feet below sea level, much of that desert has been reclaimed and is producing rich crops. Already some sixty thousand people have their homes there and several flourishing towns have grown up, the largest, El Centro, with more than five thousand people. A flood in the Colorado might wipe all this out of existence.

With such important questions at stake, the silliness of the Senate rules which permit senators to talk about any subject under the sun for an unlimited time and so prevent action is glaringly apparent. If the Senate were a body of women instead of men, can't one imagine the storm of invective which would be loosed?

* * *

"Not at Home," and Why

FROM all parts of the country come complaints that women are never at home. Book agents, canvassers, solicitors, salesmen, all agree that their business has become increasingly difficult because they cannot find women at home.

It is true that the home-maker of the average family is no longer bound, as formerly, by household cares, but that she goes out a large part of the day, more families than ever before divide their time between homes in city and country, and an increasing number are traveling. Globe-trotting has become one of the favorite occupations of Americans.

A line in the new American opera, "The King's Henchman," which is laid in the tenth century, says, "Women never go out." The audience always catches it and always laughs loudly, but why *should* the home-maker stay in the home all the time?

Varied and interesting interests call her forth. She has leisure from many of her age-old occupations and she is filling that leisure—oh, yes! often with movies, bridge and desultory shopping, but also with concerts and lectures, with hospitals and club work, with community drives and community service. She is a better housekeeper than her mother was, and both the world and she are better off because of her well-used leisure.

* * *

Our Business—Nicaragua

IN spite of a lull in the Central American situation, so far as the newspapers are concerned, the public should remain keenly watchful. There has been no real improvement. Nothing has been settled in Mexico, and the Administration has shown no signs of wholeheartedly agreeing to the public's insistence on arbitration. It has given the effect of being impressed, but not convinced. The danger is still present. As for Nicaragua, certainly that situation is not improved. Sixteen hundred more marines have got off within the past ten days to the little private war

now being carried on by the State Department, unauthorized by Congress. Ostensibly, of course, those marines are there to protect life and property, yet there has been offered to us no demonstration that life and property were in danger. The marines, we can't fail to realize, were landed because Sacasa was winning against our man, Diaz, who hasn't the backing of his people and is in office by our support.

Meantime all this situation, known to the world and defended in very few quarters of it, must be heightening the feeling against us in other parts of Latin America. We can't afford to let it go on. And the State Department conveys the idea it is none of our business! It is, though, and great numbers of us know it and are asking questions. For instance: Sacasa is ready to resign if Diaz will. Diaz has offered to do what we ask. Why should we not withdraw the marines and arrange a new election? If the State Department really knows of a danger so great that some such course is impossible, it should tell us so.

* * *

The Woman Theatre Public

ALL over the country is rising a tide of protest against the indecency of the stage, and the center of attack, rightly, is New York City. During the past winter plays produced in New York theatres have run the gamut of every form of indecency and perversion. To show the character of only a few: one centered about a woman pervert, one dealt with men perverts, another pictured every form of loathsomeness engineered by a Chinese procurer, still another, which had a long run, showed graphically and in great detail the career of a Negro prostitute.

Audiences at every one of these plays were made up of women in at least equal numbers with men. Matinees were crowded. The subjects were well known and unmistakable, yet women of culture and standing patronized them and even gave theatre parties and took young people to see them.

Undoubtedly the new freedom of women has given some of them the feeling that if men can do a thing, they can, too, but with many women it is sheer thoughtlessness and irresponsibility. Isn't it time that women should again accept at least their share of responsibility for maintaining certain standards of good taste and morals? After all, the only effective censorship is public opinion.

* * *

Prosperity—and Tenements

WE hear so much about our national prosperity these days that we are in danger of thinking of it as universal—to forget the striking contrasts that still exist. In any large city the contrasts are apparent for only a little looking. For instance, four thousand families living on Park Avenue, in New York, between Thirty-fourth and Ninety-sixth streets, spend \$280,000,000 a year on comparative luxuries. Just a few blocks away are twenty blocks of unsanitary, disease-ridden, ramshackle tenements, and there is difficulty about getting \$25,000,000 to invest (*invest*, mind you) in wiping them out.

But private investment, it begins to appear, will not be enough. The result of building by limited dividend

corporations is a rent of \$10 to \$12 a room per month. This is more than from sixty to seventy per cent of the families in New York can spend. At a mass meeting of the League of Mothers' Clubs recently held, mothers testified to the conditions in which great masses of the New York population still live, in spite of undoubted improvements in the housing laws. Dark halls; inadequate light and air; toilets shared by as many as four families; houses going year after year without repair; no heat nor hot water; poor plumbing; wooden stairs, in bad repair—in such conditions, dangerous to life, health, morals, large families are crowded because no decent housing is provided at a rent they can pay.

New York's problem is the problem of other cities, only magnified. What is the answer? To force workers to live in this way is a bitter refutation of our claims to prosperity and progressiveness. With the highest standard of living in the world, this still goes on. Other countries do not balk at some form of state aid for housing. Why should we?

* * *

Our Covers

SEVEN months ago we began the new series of covers for the magazine—painted for us and reproduced in full color. A great deal of thought and research have gone into the series, a great deal of extra expense.

Our object is to make the series a real part of the magazine just like a continued article, on the theme of Women's Contributions to the Upbuilding of American Civilization. First there was the landing of the Pilgrim Mother. Then a woman's stand for religious liberty typified by Anne Hutchinson, followed by the first demand for a voice in a public assembly—Margaret Brent, of Maryland. In January came Lydia Darrach, type of the woman patriot. In February Sacajawea, the Indian woman who helped point the way to the Northwest. The March picture told the story of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's first effort to rid women of legal injustice. On *this* cover you see the brave pioneer of the Covered Wagon days. There are still to come women's struggle for higher education, with Mary Lyon as the symbol; the women opponents of slavery; the pioneers for temperance and the Red Cross, and the suffrage triumph.

We have got considerable thrill out of this series ourselves. Will you tell us what you think of it?

* * *

Two Leaders Pass

IN the death of Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany, of New York, many worth-while movements for women and in which women are engaged have met an irreparable loss. Although still young in years, Mrs. Tiffany was a pioneer in suffrage and in furthering opportunities for women; a leader in civic welfare, in the political training of women, and in international co-operation. She was a woman so superbly, so gallantly alive that it is hard to believe her joyous personality will no longer hearten and help women in striving for the causes they hold dear. Her death and that of Mrs. Andreas Ueland, of Minneapolis (recorded on page 31), within a few days of each other, leave sad gaps in the ranks of organized women's leaders.

The Woman Voter

The Following Four Pages Are Edited for the National League of Women Voters

By ANNE WILLIAMS WHEATON

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 Seventh Region.....MRS. ERNEST J. MOTT, San Francisco, Cal.

Headquarters

532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Women on School Boards

Mrs. Ernest J. Mott is a recognized leader in civic, educational and welfare circles in California. She is a director for the National League of the Far Western states, and has the distinction of being a member of the Board of Education of the city and county of San Francisco, a position to which she was first appointed and later elected.

“THE movement for women members of Boards of Education is a part of the more or less hysterical movement over the country looking to thrusting women into every conceivable position from heaving coal to the Presidency of the United States”—so wrote a superintendent of one of the large city systems in 1911.

In 1914—just three years later—one of the leading educators of the country said: “It is now quite common to have women of breadth of vision represented on the School Board.”

It is conceded, almost without prejudice, that women have a distinct place and a real contribution to make as members of Boards of Education. No doubt this is due to the fact that the early education of children has been in the main at the hands of women. It is then not a far cry to positions of responsibility in developing policies and all the administrative details that arise.

There have been changes in organization of School Boards, due to the thought that education is a highly specialized science. Educational policies and the direct development of curricula and program as well as activities closely related to the schools should be in the hands of trained salaried experts who must be able at all times to present to the Boards the needs and emergencies as they arise. It is of prime importance then that members on every Board of Education be representative of the best interests of the community in order that the educational system may be developed to its highest capacity.

Women have shown themselves to be keenly alive to the requirements of education. They have shown themselves ready to give the service. They are needed because they appreciate fully and understand the relation of the home to the school. They appreciate that the school cannot be

static. It must constantly adjust itself to community life, for education is life itself. Our complex civilization has put a tremendous burden upon the schools. While the fundamentals and aims of education remain more or less the same, the methods and tools are constantly improving.

While there is no difference between men and women in their desire to bring the public schools of their respective communities up to a very high standard of efficiency, at the same time the multiplicity of details that confront school directors requires the point of view, the knowledge and the understanding, as well as the wise and intelligent interest, of both sexes. No school system, be the community large or small, urban or rural, can successfully develop without the help of women on its School Board; for there is needed the intellectual and the financial support of the united citizenry for its proper development. This can come about when women are a part of the working-out of all the interests connected with schools.

Women have the faculty for interpreting the needs of the child. They can harness the interests of organized women in a wise understanding of what the schools are trying to do. They can secure the co-operation of the organizations as the need arises. Men, because of their business and financial interests and ability, are valuable in the advancement of a proper building program to house school children adequately. While women are equally interested, their marked ability is rather along the lines of interpreting the curricula to the community. The wider use of school buildings and school grounds to fit social needs is one of the great problems in a city school system.

The criticisms that women, because of their care of children and the petty details of life, have no vision, no ability to deal generously and properly with school finances, that they interfere in the administrative details that belong properly to the superintendent and his staff, have been met by the women of broad vision in many school districts all over the land, who have sat down with men directors and proven their ability to work out with sincerity and farsighted intelligence an educational program.—M. R. MOTT.



Mrs. Ernest J. Mott, member of the Board of Education of the City and County of San Francisco

In The Congress

WITH adjournment of the short session on March 4, the Sixty-ninth Congress closed. The fate of the League's Federal legislative program during the two sessions of this Congress follows:

League Measures Passed

Of the measures which the League supported four were passed:

(1) Adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice. Reservations were, however, attached to our acceptance of this protocol. These reservations have not been accepted by other countries, and the United States is not a member of the World Court.

(2) A two-year extension of the Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infancy Act. An amendment was regrettably added which automatically repeals the act on June 30, 1929.

(3) A District of Columbia bill consolidating administration of welfare activities in the District and creating a Board of Public Welfare.

(4) A bill, known as the Prohibition Reorganization bill (H. R. 10729), carrying a provision that prohibition enforcement agents shall be placed under the civil service. This is the same principle that was embodied in the Cramton bill which the League supported.

Measures Killed in Committee

The bill for a Federal Department of Education (H. R. 5000) was not reported out of committee in either House.

No action was taken with regard to Muscle Shoals or with regard to the Equal Rights Amendment (opposed by the League). The Wadsworth-Garrett Amendment (S. J. R. 8—H. J. R. 15, also opposed by the League) was discussed in the House Judiciary Committee on February 3, but the amendment was not reported out.

The District of Columbia suffrage bill, which received a favorable report from the District of Columbia Committee of the Senate, was re-referred to the Senate Judiciary Committee, and was not reported out.

—JULIA MARGARET HICKS.

Mrs. Ueland

FOR nearly twenty years when the Minnesota Legislature was in session, Mrs. Andreas Ueland journeyed almost daily from her home in Minneapolis to the State Capitol in St. Paul. It was a fatiguing trip—one hour each way by slow interurban trolley. Late in the afternoon of March first Mrs. Ueland, returning from such a journey, was struck by an automobile while crossing the roadway by her home. Death followed instantly.

Mrs. Ueland was not a member of the legislature. Yet she was its most distinguished figure. Early in the present session a new door-keeper was rebuked by one of the senators for failing to recognize the woman who was "responsible for more public welfare legislation than any member of either House." When news of her death reached the legislature resolutions of sorrow and tribute were passed in both houses, and a delegation was named to attend the services, as in the case of the death of one of its own members.

It was in behalf of suffrage that Mrs. Ueland first began her trips to the Capitol, representing the Minnesota Woman Suffrage Association, of which she became president in 1914. Victory for Mrs. Ueland was only a signal for advance. After the triumph of ratification she threw herself wholeheartedly into Mrs. Catt's plan for a League of Women

Voters and became its first president in the state. Later, resigning the presidency, she became its legislative chairman.

Mrs. Ueland was Minnesota's most loved citizen, and one of the noblest of the suffrage leaders. No one has more grandly combined the qualities of the woman and the citizen. A teacher at seventeen, the mother of seven children, educa-

tion and child welfare were always first in her interest. Her citizenship was active and practical. She understood the importance of efficient governmental machinery and qualified officials, and served on many campaign committees though never seeking office for herself. She had a radiant serenity, but a delightful humor and a quick sympathy. She found delight in common and living things—the crow of a cock thrilled her for its note of "gallantry and courage." She was sagacious, patient. A believer in great causes, she was always able to give informed reasons for her opinions, and she was tolerant. She never lost



Visitors at Washington headquarters: Above, Mrs. Arthur T. Rotch, former Massachusetts League president, mother of five daughters, and an indefatigable worker for League progress. Below, Mrs. Henry G. Sherrard, Michigan League president, who hurried back to Detroit to respond to a jury service call to the Federal grand jury



the respect of those from whom she differed. She scorned the "band-wagon" prophet, but her wrath was reserved for corrupt and selfish interests prating under fine pretenses. Eloquent when roused, her words have often cleared a meeting of pettifoggery and quibble and set before an abashed committee the unmistakable challenge of the moral issue.

Of her part in the suffrage work Mrs. Catt says: "She was a spirited factor in the genial comradeship that kept the campaign going without pause, a faithful follower, a bold leader, a heroine whose step never wavered when the torrent of opposition roared loudest. There never was a call to which she did not give quick and sturdy response. No timid doubt, no hesitation, no personal excuse hindered her from doing a deed at the moment it should be done. That kind of moral courage is rare, and characterizes the great—the makers of history."—G. H.

THE League of Women Voters has lost another devoted worker in the sudden death on March 11 of Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany of New York City. She was a regional director of the New York State League, a leader in many civic and philanthropic undertakings, and during the suffrage campaign recording secretary of the Woman Suffrage Party of New York. She was a sister of Miss Gertrude Ely.

The World Over

As announced in the January issue, Amy G. Maher, of Toledo, will contribute this column from time to time to keep League members informed of the progress of social and public welfare programs, and of the status of women's rights in foreign countries.

ONE of the most interesting numbers of the English suffrage paper, *The Woman's Leader* (and there is never an issue that is not intensely interesting), is the New Year Number, taking soundings of the status of women in various fields. Mrs. Corbett Ashby writes of women in international life: "1926 is notable for the appointment of Frau Emmey Freundlich, member of the Austrian Parliament, and president of the Women's International Co-operative Movement, to the Preparatory Committee for an economic conference (called by the League of Nations). This is a much-needed recognition of the fact that women represent the consumer in all economic problems in a quite different way. It would be interesting to discover the amount of wealth controlled by the average housewife. On its wise distribution depends the level of health and happiness of the human race, yet women have hardly as yet begun to realize their power and responsibility as buyers.

"The interesting pioneers of 1926 include Froeken Birgit Spangbord, first woman judge of Sweden, and Madame Elena Jackevrciate, judge in Kannas, Lithuania. In Australia, Mrs. Kirk becomes the first woman pastor of an evangelical church there. In Austria, two women qualify for the first time as engineers. * * * Prince Edward Island admits its first woman barrister, and Czecho-Slovakia sends three women senators and M. P.'s on a parliamentary delegation abroad. Holland, which already has a woman in charge of the great state research station in tropical argicultural diseases, has appointed Dr. Wilbrink, woman specialist in sugar diseases, as Director of the Sugar Examination Station at Cheribon, Java. In Uruguay, Dr. Luisi has been given the Chair of Social Hygiene at the University of Montevideo, which chair was actually founded in her honor."

The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Whitley, has written an article on social service, in which he says that "there is too great a gulf between electors and those who administer the public services." The remedy he proposes is the growth of voluntary organizations for the education of the citizen and for social welfare. The National League of Women Voters was organized because we felt just such a need in this country.

Mrs. Pankhurst will stand as a Conservative candidate for Parliament at the next election, in a constituency whose present representative is a member of the Labor Party.

Women's associations all over England are passing resolutions and petitioning the Government, asking to have the trouble with China referred to the League of Nations. Those

of us who are helping all we can to have our Government work for a treaty of general arbitration with Great Britain can draw great encouragement from the consciousness that the British suffragists are working just as hard. Says *The Woman's Leader*: "Such a proposal should meet with the hearty co-operation of all who believe that war between English-speaking peoples should be an unthinkable atrocity, and of all who believe that every all-inclusive Arbitration Treaty signed between nations marks definite progress toward the establishment of the reign of law."

Dr. Erian Garfield is the first woman surgeon admitted to practice in the hospitals of Paris.



Washington's popular and imposing Congressional Country Club, where one or two sessions of the League's General Council Meeting (April 26-30) will take place. Full representation from forty-five states is expected—visits will be made to leading governmental departments and bureaus—every minute of the five-day gathering is scheduled!

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ahead of official opinion, which is why we are so often in hot water. One of our objects is to amend the criminal law, under which women and children do not get fair play at all."

Miss Miina Sillanpää is a member of the social-democratic government of Finland. She "has been in Parliament since 1907, when women got the franchise, re-elected every time by the women of her party." She began work as a domestic assistant, organized the domestic workers, and has a thorough knowledge of labor legislation.

The League of Women Citizens of Holland held a recent meeting, at which members of the league who are also members of Town Councils spoke of their work. The league has worked particularly against the dismissal of women teachers upon their marriage.

The March issue of the *International Woman Suffrage News*, the organ of the International Alliance for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, brings the sad news of the death of M. Lapie, rector of the Sorbonne. . . . "It was to the kindness and real interest in the women's movement of this gifted man that we owed the great fortune of being able to hold the Paris Congress in the historic buildings of the Sorbonne."

When the International Labor Congress convenes in Geneva on May 25, two items on the agenda will have special interest for women the world over. One is "Health Insurance" and the other relates to a minimum wage standard for unorganized industries in which wages are unusually low. How many governments will send qualified women as technical advisers?"

Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal, the first woman member of any Indian legislature, who was elected Deputy-President of the Madras Legislative Council, had the privilege of presiding over several sessions recently.

Jury Service for Women

A Substantial Left-over

THE Nineteenth Amendment giving women the franchise neither directly nor indirectly removed all undesirable legal inequalities between men and women. In many states, for instance, it did not operate to make women eligible or liable for jury duty.

In Utah and Washington jury service has been open to women since 1911. In some counties of California women were eligible in 1912 and in the whole state in 1917. Since 1920, by new statutes or by construction of those already existing, women have been made jurors in seventeen additional states. In nine of these twenty states the service of women is compulsory, that is, they render service upon exactly the same terms as do men. In two states there are special exemptions relating only to women—in Iowa for "registered nurses"; in Maine for "nurses." In the remaining nine states service is permissive.

In two other states it is still apparently an open question as to whether or not women are liable for jury duty. The uncertainty arises from the language used in the statutes describing jurors. In North Carolina the word used is "persons." In Vermont the words used are "legal voters." In these two states the question seems not to have been settled, either by opinion of the Attorney General or by court decision, as to whether or not these words should be read to include women as well as men. In other states where the same ambiguity occurs in the language of the statutes the question has already been settled either one way or the other.

Twelve States at Work

Twelve state Leagues had "jury service for women" on their 1927 legislative programs. *Rhode Island* is the first to triumph, the Governor having signed an optional bill the end of February.

Illinois, to encourage study of the state jury system, devoted one of its "Eleven Legislative Fifteen Minute Lessons for Illinois Citizens" to a list of statements and questions on the subject with blanks to be filled in by the student. A typical one was, "If a young girl has to testify before the grand jury, she must go in alone, be questioned by the who is almost invariably a and the members of the grand jury who are all Would it be better to have some women on grand juries?"

In *Massachusetts* Mrs. True Worthy White is telling the public through the press that "there is no better education than practical work. If women serve on

juries they learn by leaps and bounds. Jury duty should not be regarded as a form of pleasure. It is a duty and it is, besides, a high form of practical education in civic and court work."

The *Nebraska* League has filled manila envelopes with jury service material and pasted thirteen pertinent questions on the outside.

In their "Weekly News" the *New York* League has printed opinions of judges from their own state and elsewhere, vigorously endorsing jury duty for women.

From *South Dakota* comes this report: "At a meeting of the New Voters' League of Huron College the story of the defeat of the jury bill caused a great deal of discussion. The girls' reaction to it was very marked. They saw no reason why any and every woman should not serve on juries and each one said she would be glad of the chance."

The bill for which *Connecticut* is working would make all women liable for service under the same conditions as men with additional exemptions for women having children under sixteen and for nurses. Another bill permitting women to serve if they wish to is being opposed by the League on the ground that it is not in accord with the principle that jury service is a part of citizenship and because the League believes that able men and women should be liable under the same conditions.

Idaho, *Missouri*, *Montana*, *Alabama* and *Virginia* are also campaigning for jury service bills. *Missouri* women are cheered by the fact that the new Municipal Court House design provides for quarters for men and women jurors.

Comments the *St. Louis Bulletin*, "The evolutionary process prevails in the minds of architects and judges, at any rate!"

In the last days of the short session of the Congress the Senate passed a bill making women eligible for jury service in the *District of Columbia*. The measure contained a proviso that such service should not be compulsory. The Board of Trade asked the President not to sign it, saying, "Entirely aside from women's physical and nervous structure which is not calculated for service in the jury room, as distinguished from the jury box, the Board of Trade feels that extended service in trials requiring jurists to remain out for a considerable period of time would impose an unnecessary strain and obligation upon women." Credit is due the President for signing the bill promptly.

—J. M. H.



Mrs. Harry Coe, introducer of the women jurors' bill in the Connecticut Legislature (with the bill in her hand) talks things over with Beatrice Marsh and Sally Fanny Gleaton of the Connecticut League staff "right in the shadow of the Capitol"

Counselors-at-Large

By RUTH TOPPING

This page is furnished by the International Association of Policewomen, which is solely responsible for what appears thereon

A PALE-FACED youth with weak, trembling chin stands before the judge. Beside him a tense little woman pours forth the story of her struggle to make him "a good man." Anxiously from time to time she scans the lad's face for some sign of final resolve, some outburst of assurance, but notes only weak remorse and hang-dog shame.

"Madam," from the judge, "how long has this boy been giving you trouble?"

"I couldn't say exactly, your Honor, because things have been getting worse all the time, but as long as ten years ago—and he'll be seventeen next Monday—he has caused me worry; lying, stealing, going around with bad boys; and now he is beginning to take things from workers in the shop. I'm afraid that soon he will be doing more desperate things, for he's so easily led. I can't do anything more with him; I want him put away."

"Do you mean, madam, that this sort of thing has been going on nearly ten years and now for the first time you ask help?"

"But, your Honor, I couldn't bring my son to court as though he were really bad. I always kept hoping that somehow he would change. I talked with him, punished him, watched him. I tried to get him to play with nice boys, but it's all done no good."

"Sad, unfortunate—probably unnecessary," murmurs the judge, as he signs papers committing the boy to the State Industrial Farm.

THIS well-intended mother is no startling exception. Like many others, she felt competent to deal with a small boy's misconduct, but by the time the problem was past her control it was equally past the control of others. She is not vastly different from people who consult a doctor when they are in pain instead of being examined regularly, or who try to combat a small blaze instead of turning in an alarm before it gets beyond control. The evidence in these cases of incorrigibility demonstrates that we must find, early enough, those parents who, if not helped, will finally take their children to court. We must detect incipient delinquency long before the judge's, "Too late."

Intelligent, well-informed parents are rapidly learning the significance of certain types of conduct and are seeking professional advice on persistent naughtiness almost as readily as on physical ailments. Others, less intelligent or less informed, fail to realize the connection between defiant attitudes, deception, ex-



Ruth Topping, Field Secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene

cessive day-dreaming, tendencies to bully or to avoid other children, and certain emotional disturbances which may induce such behavior. While these traits are by no means the invariable precursors of a criminal career they do mark a tendency to uneven or abnormal development that may find ultimate expression in an eccentric or inadequate personality, neurotic conditions and, in extreme cases, delinquency and insanity. Far removed from one another as these results may appear, their earlier symptoms are in childhood indistinguishable. When this fact is more generally recognized we may have fewer organizations which seek to combat or prevent specific ills and more which strive to promote in childhood the fullest and richest individual expression and development that is compatible with group life.

Obviously the court may not engage in this task, since it plays the more passive rôle of receiving persons sent by others—the police or private complainants. The needed link between court and community is being increasingly supplied by women's bureaus in our po-

lice departments. Women police, definitely committed to the ideal of protective work and the prevention of delinquency, occupy a strategically favorable position for this very service. They have the weight of public authority, they can move about in the community, make their observations and take the initiative without waiting for the case to come to them. Thus they enjoy certain distinct advantages over private agencies, as well as over the court. Their training in high standards of social work renders them competent to detect and diagnose early symptoms of maladjustment and to refer families or individuals to the agencies or institutions best fitted to their needs. Their title may have something of a past to live down. Like the character in *Alice in Wonderland*, who made words mean what he meant them to mean, it is in their power to determine the connotation of "policewoman."

WITH the increasing complexity arising from specialization in all sorts of professional service the community stands in distinct need of some one to interpret and direct. Many people go to court with problems that belong more properly in a clinic, or seek from the court service better rendered by a private agency or institution. Where the policewoman makes the preliminary investigation of court cases, she may advise the use of community facilities and so avert the unnecessary stigma attaching to a court record. Parents frequently take their children to court where they are stamped as incorrigibles or runaways, when they themselves may be far more culpable. An unprejudiced observer might wonder why, in a country that boasts children's courts, so many children between sixteen and twenty-one are arraigned in courts for adults, where "justice" ranges itself, too often, on the side of parents, who, by mismanaging their children from infancy have provoked the very reactions which they condemn. The policewoman, occupying an outpost in the community, may often forestall such drastic steps, and, as her aims are better understood, become a counselor-at-large, able to deal with maladjustments in the incipient stage.

NOTE—For further information on the work of policewomen, address Miss Helen D. Pigeon, International Association of Policewomen, 220 Evening Star Building, Washington, D. C.

World News *About* Women

Every Reader is Asked to be a Reporter

DES MOINES, IOWA, was the scene of a gathering of more than usual interest last month—the first American

Homes Congress, sponsored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, bringing together home-makers, home-builders, home-advisers from many parts of the country. Four days of concentration—March 8 to 11—were spent on ways and means to keep the American home intact in crowded, unsettled times, on the need to regard home-making as a profession.

The program of the Congress covered the material details of financing, building and furnishing a home, as well as the art of living in it, with such details of household management as food, budgeting, music, recreation. Various speakers took up various aspects of these topics—all authorities in their line.

Most illuminating was the report of Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the General Federation, on the results of a home survey carried on by the Federation. There are radios in nearly one-fourth of the homes in the United States, she reported, but nearly 4,000 incorporated towns are without public water supply. More than half of the urban homes have automobiles and telephones, but nearly 2,500,000 have no kitchen sink with running water. And so on. As one step in overcoming these gaps in everyday equipment, Mrs. Sherman advocated adequate consideration and recognition for the home-maker.

A NEGRO woman publicly honored in Richmond, Virginia! Another Southern stronghold lost to the old-timers, for the attorney general of the state, a bishop, and many other well-known white men and women sat on the platform of the meeting held in honor of Miss Virginia E. Randolph. This Negro woman began teaching in a

tiny one-room schoolhouse and is now head of the only high school for Negroes in her county. She made such notable

contributions to the education of the first pupils put under her care that when Jackson Davis, County Superintendent of Schools, needed an assistant to help in the work of establishing rural Negro schools, he chose Miss Randolph. And quite naturally, for thirty-six years before that Miss Randolph had, on her own initiative, introduced industrial education into her own school. Her influence as an educator has been widely felt throughout Virginia and rural districts of the South.



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The pioneer woman is to take her place beside the monumented frontiersman—one of twelve models commissioned by Ernest W. Marland, of Oklahoma, from which, at public exhibitions, America will choose the final statue

EARLY in March three more young women were admitted to practice before the Supreme Court. When the first woman applied for admission, note was made of the fact that she was a woman, but now J. Jones has no identifying label. More than a hundred women are practicing before the Court.

TWELVE THOUSAND tiny representatives of good will traveled from America to Japan recently, and upon their arrival were accorded the diplomatic courtesy of no customs inspection. They were dolls collected as the result of a movement instituted by the Federal Council of Churches, which had formed a committee on world friendship among children to carry out the idea. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, of Boston, is chairman of this committee, while in New York Mrs. Frank Vanderlip heads the local organization. The dolls reached Japan in time for Hina Matsuri, the Girls' Festival, and were welcomed formally at the Japanese Young Men's Association, where hundreds of school children assembled. A seven-year-old American girl

brought the greetings of American children to the little Japanese and the meeting ended with hundreds of childish voices singing the two national anthems with great enthusiasm.

PROUD and grateful acknowledgment comes from the CITIZEN for a check from the Susan B. Anthony Club, which held its last meeting the other day in San Francisco, its purpose accomplished. At the meeting it was voted to turn over all the club funds to the president, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, to be used at her discretion in furthering the cause for which the club was organized.

HEIR to a long pioneer tradition, the Women's Medical Association of New York is about to launch a movement to provide the city with something both new and needed in hospital facilities—the Gotham Hospital, an endowed institution to furnish the best of medical care for those of moderate means. For the poor there has long been the hospital ward, the expenses of which have been largely met by the high-priced private rooms that only the rich can afford. For those whose incomes are less than \$5,000 a year—and in New York State that means 96.8 per cent of the population—private hospital care often means financial tragedy. Seventy-five per cent of the rooms range from \$7 to \$22 a day. From \$16 to \$18 a day, not counting the doctor's bill, is an average cost where both a day and night nurse are needed. For some time medical associations have sought in vain for just this remedy—the creation, through endowment, of a hospital type of organization similar to that of our colleges and universities. No student pays the whole cost of his tuition. Why, asks the Association, should the average patient?

According to present plans the



From America to Japan—ambassadors of peace

Gotham Hospital will be a general hospital of 200 beds, 150 of which will be set aside for the rank and file of New Yorkers with moderate incomes. The attending staff will be composed of women physicians and the internes will



Eleanor
Van Alstyne

be women. On the consulting staff will be both men and women physicians, no one of whom will be appointed for life, another innovation which will bring hospital experience to a greater number of doctors. Back of the whole movement, of course, is the need for an endowment fund of \$5,000,000, some of which has already been pledged. Dr. Eleanor Van Alstyne, President of the Women's Medical Association, is one of the hospital committee.

THE first woman to win election to the New York State Board of Regents, responsible for maintaining educational standards throughout the State, is Mrs. Herbert L. Pratt, of Glen Cove, Long Island, for some years chairman of the school board there. Mrs. Pratt was the choice of the Republican majority in the State Assembly to fill a vacancy caused by death. Miss Martha Draper, of New York, a former member of the Board of Education, was the Democratic choice.

AGAIN—for the fourth time—May 1 is to be celebrated throughout the country as National Child Health Day. Initiated by the American CHILD HEALTH Association, the observance of the day as a festival of American childhood has spread among clubs, churches and many co-operating organizations. Always the emphasis is on the "whole" child—not only his physical but his mental and spiritual health. And always May Day is regarded as just a strong stress on the work of the whole year, not as one day in which the job is to be done. The American CHILD HEALTH Association (370 Seventh avenue, New York) will be glad to furnish suggestions and helpful May Day material.

FRIENDLY greetings to the "Guidon." This is the new magazine recently started by the Women's National Republican Club, whose president is Miss Alice Hill Chittenden, and whose address is 8 East Thirty-seventh street, New York. Mrs. William Vanamee is editor-in-chief of the new pub-

lication, which presents four attractive pages of news gleaned from many states—news of Republican women's doings.

RECENT news from foreign papers shows many gains and a few losses on the feminine front:

In England, since the recent opening of Parliament, women's organizations have been stirred to new action by the omission of any mention in the King's speech of a bill to enfranchise women at twenty-one on equal terms with men. Only women over thirty and with certain property qualifications can now vote. Premier Baldwin had given a definite pledge to back the bill, but the skeptics have still to be convinced the Conservatives are in earnest.

In France, thanks to M. Herriot, women may now occupy a seat in the pit of the Comédie Française. Heretofore, they were restricted to the "family circle" although they paid the same price as the men below! Very recently the Suffrage Commission of the Chamber of Deputies adopted unanimously a proposal favoring the principle of giving the vote to women in France, which is expected to come before the Chamber soon. But unfortunately the French Senate is the obstacle.

In Italy the newest development in educational policy forbids women to teach literature, philosophy and history in the higher schools attended by boys. Recently a woman, Vahdah Jeanne Bordeaux, of Paris, interviewed the Duce on the subject of women. Inferior to man, physically and mentally, he said, woman plays an important part only as a "pleasant parenthesis of life."

In Germany the veteran Clara Zetkin, since 1920 an active radical member of the Reichstag, has been elected to the *Presidium*, the Communist International's inner circle of twenty-five. A new bill before the Reichstag grants women who marry foreigners continued German citizenship so long as they remain within the Reich.

In the Scandinavian countries the fall of the Danish Socialist cabinet has removed the only woman cabinet officer—Mme. Nina Bang, of the Department of Public Education. The three women members of the lower chamber, Mmes. Helga Larsen, Elna Munch and Malting-Hausschultz—were all re-elected. In Sweden Mme. Christina Eckberg, a member of the Social Democratic Party, is the seventh woman to be elected to the Swedish second chamber. Selma Lagerlof, well-known feminist, has been elected to take the place of the late Ellen Key in the Swedish Academy. Next month Finland celebrates the twentieth anniversary of the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men.

In Czechoslovakia, Mme. Plaminkova, together with several other women senators, has succeeded in blocking a proposal of the minister of public instruc-

tion to deprive married teachers of their positions.

In Turkey the highest post yet given to a woman goes to Bedrie Hanoum, now head of the Bureau of Hygiene in Turkey. Bedrie Hanoum is a graduate of the American College in Constantinople and a doctor of medicine. Students of the Home Economics Club of the Constantinople Woman's College have been exchanging letters with the students of Home Economics in America, each group eager to discover something of how the other eats and lives.

In India the first All-India Conference of Women, held at Poona in January, discussed marriage or a career, child marriages, the training of girls and other topics akin to Western notions.

In China under the leadership of Mme. Sun Yat Sen the Kuomintang has adopted resolutions in favor of equal rights, political, economic and educational, between men and women. A Woman's Political Training Institute has been opened in Hankow to discuss a new Constitution.

In International Circles the League of Nations' decision not to reappoint Miss Florence Wilson, of New York, as Librarian has brought a formal protest from the International Joint Standing Committee of various women's organizations in London, which works for the appointment of women representatives in the League. It was not satisfied with the new attitude at Geneva that prominent positions should not be held by representatives of nations not League members, especially in face of the reappointment of an American fellow-worker in another position.



Susama
Tagore

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"TO be like one's own people is the better way," says Miss Susama Tagore, niece of the famous poet and, at the moment, a visitor in America. A member of a family that has for generations stressed liberty of thought and greater freedom for women, Miss Tagore is here to study our educational system. She believes, as her own words show, that she must adapt whatever she may learn in America to her own people. Only one and one-half per cent of Indian girls and three per cent of Indian boys ever have so much as a secondary education. There is no compulsory education law in India, nor have sufficient funds been appropriated to establish such a system. But Miss Tagore is eager to see how we do it.

Your Investment Adviser—and You

Some Do's and Don't's for the Woman Investor

By LOUISE WATSON

A FEW years ago a woman wrote a play which speedily became an outstanding Broadway success. And as her bank account, week by week, kept growing at a tremendous rate, she suddenly realized that her dream of a tiny French cottage set in the midst of a big and beautiful garden where, with an income just large enough to make her independent, she would be free to write as she pleased—had become a glorious possibility. She knew nothing about investments, for she had reached a young middle age without having any money to save, but she wanted the best investments she could obtain now, so she turned to her most thrifty friend and told him her needs. He advised her to go to his investment house, and as it was a large and conservative one, of which even she knew the name, she had no hesitancy in going. This is how she stated her case:

"I have \$12,000 to invest now, and I expect to have more money to invest in the near future. It may amount to \$50,000, more or less, and the income is to be for my old age. I know nothing about investments, but I'd like a six per cent return. If I can't get that with safety, I'll take less. All I mean is that I want my principal safe and as high a rate of interest as I can get on bonds that are good enough for the purpose I have outlined to you. I shall come to you every month and I shall look to you to complete my investment education."

Whatever this woman lacked in technical knowledge of investments she more than compensated for by her ideal investment attitude—ideal in that it was the one best calculated to obtain for her the result she wanted. She went to a reliable investment firm, was entirely frank in stating her case, manifested her willingness to follow advice given by someone who was thus put upon his mettle to give her the best possible service, and agreed to co-operate by learning something of investments. Her plan was simple, but it worked.

Stating one's needs frankly to an expert may seem an obvious thing to do, but it has been my experience that it takes both character and intelligence. Very few women who have never saved nor invested money know anything about investments, but they hate to admit their ignorance and they expect their financial

This series of articles is intended for the woman who is interested in learning to handle her own money intelligently. Each article is written by a woman who is an experienced investment adviser. Miss Watson, one of the younger women who have made good in that new occupation, knows from day-by-day experience the value of the investor's co-operation which she advises.

doctor to cure their case without ever having been told their symptoms. There are many bonds on the list of every investment house which, though intrinsically sound, may not fit a given investor's needs; but it is impossible for the most honest and informed adviser to discriminate unless she will give him full information about her resources, her investments, her general situation. Some are too thoughtless to do so, some too proud.

THE woman who is frank in stating her needs is usually the one who is willing and eager to take advice. An excellent example of the opposite—the woman who, asking advice, won't take it—is one who put twenty-five per cent of her entire fortune into one bond which she liked, for she was suspicious of all investments and especially of the information and motives of anyone who advised her. She preferred to put her funds into companies which she knew by reputation, and as they were very few in number, the principle of diversification, i. e., of dividing one's funds among different classes of investments for the sake of greater safety of principal, could not enter into her calculations. It was two years before she was willing to buy a bond of a corporation unless she could see its physical properties with her own eyes. She was so eager to play safe that she ignored the fundamental principles of real safety.

A good many women lose the advantage of a sound adviser by being too much influenced by inexperienced opinion. There is the woman who thinks that any man, because he is a man, knows about investments, and never makes any decision without consulting some male relative. She never stops to think that he may know no more about securities

than she does, although he may have more confidence about making decisions. While the average man usually has more general business experience, he is apt to tell you that he is an expert in his business and not in the security market. If his business experience has taught him anything, it has taught him where to go for expert advice in any line.

BUT after the investor has her adviser and has begun to put her money into securities, shouldn't she learn all she can, herself? Certainly—the more she learns the better is the co-operation. There are no blanket rules for selecting a safe investment, but there are certain general rules which the investor should, and does, learn by experience. In the very beginning, she is bound to learn that perhaps the most fundamental point in investing is not to put too high a percentage of her total capital into any one investment, and to divide her funds among various types of securities. Sometimes women err on the side of caution, and put so little into any one investment that they can not keep track of what they have even if they wish to do so.

An investor should also learn to have her lists looked over once or twice a year by her adviser.

She should learn to ask questions about the earnings of any company under consideration, and remember that what a company has earned for the last five or ten years and not for the last year alone is important in determining safety.

She should learn that making a practice of exchanging securities simply for the profit involved ultimately leaves her with a list intrinsically weaker than that she had at first. A woman may long for a high return, but if she stops to consider that she may be imperiling her principal for the sake of an extra ten dollars income per year per thousand, the high rate will not seem so enticing. The ideal is to build up a list of high-grade bonds and preferred stocks, with perhaps a small percentage of common stocks of companies where increase in earning power seems assured. With such a list an investor will fare well, no matter how conditions change. Her ability to do this is dependent upon her desire to follow a very simple investment program.

The BOOKSHELF

By C. S.



Elizabeth
Shepley
Sergeant

© E. O. Hoppe

FOURTEEN contemporary Americans are portrayed by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant under the intriguing title "*Fire Under the Andes*"—drawn from a quotation which signifies, for her purpose, the fire that gives each character its motive force. These fourteen are, she says, "all fighters, Americans in conflict with something—with the age, with evil or ignorance, as they see it—with themselves if they are artists." All of them Miss Sergeant approaches with outspoken admiration that nevertheless stops well short of adulation. The sketches are all interpretive, not purely biographical, varying in length, in method, in excellence. Among the keenest and most sensitive are the chapters on Justice Holmes, "a Yankee strayed from Olympus"; Amy Lowell, of whom the author's knowledge was rich and intimate, and Pauline Lord, whose elusive spell Miss Sergeant captures in illuminating words. The others are William Allen White, "merry gentleman of Emporia"; Paul Robeson, actor; Alice Hamilton and William Alanson White, physician-scientists; Eugene O'Neill, playwright; Robert Frost and Elinor Wylie, making with Amy Lowell a trio of poets; Robert Edmond Jones, artist of the theatre; H. L. Mencken, editor and scourge; and Charles Townsend Copeland, Harvard's beloved teacher, "Copey." It is indeed a group of intellectual Americans whom Miss Sergeant paints, and her book affords welcome opportunity for new or enriched acquaintance. But because Justice Holmes is so magnificent—he celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday just the other day, by working—and Miss Sergeant appreciates him so keenly, we suggest you begin with this, the final chapter.

PALMERSTON, for fifteen years Foreign Secretary of England and twice Prime Minister, was, in the phrase of Philip Guedalla, his latest biographer, "the last fragment of the eighteenth century." In the early pages

of the book, "*Palmerston*," he is a little eighteenth century puppet figure, dancing its solemn minuet before the great back-drop of the Napoleonic wars. But the speed with which the author brings you to that point, the speed with which he takes his man through childhood, Harrow, Edinburgh, Cambridge, and sets him down at twenty-five, a viscount and ready for politics, should be a warning to the reader. The bulk of the book is politics, the best of it those early days during the excitement Napoleon was so successful in arousing throughout Europe. But when the Hardy-esque background of the Napoleonic wars fades out into darkness, Palmerston is left stranded in a maze of local politics and bureaucratic details. The reader is left stranded in the complicated web of international and British political situations from which there is little relief throughout the rest of the book. What relief there is is enchanting—vignettes thrown in, as it were, of Victoria and her Albert, Lady Cowper becoming Lady Palmerston, occasional European travels. But these are scattered almost incidentally among descriptions of the part played by Palmerston in relation to the revolutions of '30 and '48, to Prussia, to Russia, to France, to Italy. If you are so thoroughly familiar with the nineteenth century political situation that not even the most obscure reference can trip you up, you will enjoy all of "*Palmerston*," otherwise—part of it.



Anne
Douglas
Sedgwick

AS in "*The Little French Girl*," Anne Douglas Sedgwick, in her latest book, "*The Old Countess*," writes with sure understanding and penetrating knowledge of France and the French people, throwing their subtleties and reserve into sharp contrast against a frank, wholesome English type.

There is the magnificent old scoundrel, Madame de Lamouderie, ravaged by time but still avid for love. She is the core of the story and yet apart from the triangle which she accidentally weaves and then struggles vainly to undo. It

is the familiar triangle, but unfamiliar—not wanton love tossed gaily, but an agonized, unquenchable hunger destroying simple happiness and comfort. They are hopelessly caught, Richard, the temperamental artist, his beloved wife, Jill, and tragic Marthe de Ludérac, caught and tormented as cruelly as the animals that Marthe rescues from the blows of the French peasants. So, too, in the end, she finds the strength to be the savior of their despair.

Like a Greek tragedy Miss Sedgwick's story moves slowly to its irresistible fate. One knows that doom will overtake the characters as surely as one knows the turbulent river of Buissac will rise to carry corpses on its flooded bosom.

The narrative suffers slightly from its first appearance as a magazine serial—the swing is sometimes interrupted with artificial climaxes where the reader can almost see "to be continued" at the bottom of the page. The ending, too, is "happy" in the conventional magazine sense. One wonders what would have happened if Marthe had not been such a saint—there are so few in real life.



G. B.
Stern

THOSE who have read "*The Matriarch*" know how the family Rakonitz spread out over Europe and how a woman ruled as long as old Anastasia was alive. When she died her mantle fell naturally upon young Toni, "the eldest, of the eldest, of the eldest" of the tribe. G. B. Stern's new book, "*A Deputy Was King*," is Toni's. It is, to the earlier one, what an easel picture is to a mural. The great dramatic canvas, crammed with chaotic but co-ordinated detail, is missing. This is a slither picture, concentrated upon fewer people, more shrill in color. Yet, if it is not so fine as the earlier book, it is for all that a corking good story. Toni's generation of Rakonitz is no longer pure Jew. The vitality, the recklessness of the tribe is still there, but the passionate loyalty to the family is broken. When Toni has to choose between the woman who represents "the family" and her husband,

she chooses Giles. With that choice goes her last shred of right to the matriarchy that was both her pride and her terror. She is no longer an absolute ruler. A deputy is king.

WHAT to do and how to do it, is a vital question for more and more women, and with the opening up of practically every avenue of work comes the need for orientation, for directed social and economic thinking, not only for women themselves, but for the public with which they come in contact. Two excellent books which give comprehensive and practical information about these varied vocations—explaining what they are, the training and personal qualifications they demand—are "*Fields of Work for Women*," by Miriam Simons Leuck, long experienced in personnel work with the Young Women's Christian Association, and "*Occupations for Women*," edited by O. Latham Hatcher, head of the Southern Women's Educational Alliance. The first, delightfully and simply written, stresses the young

worker's side of the question; looking at each job from her viewpoint, and pointing the way to her best possible development. The second, the result of contributions from eminent authorities in every field, combines the value of a scientific approach with the pleasing effect of skillful writing. Indexed to answer definite inquiries, it is a veritable everybody's encyclopedia.



Honoré
Willsie
Morrow

TO the very small group of novels centering about Abraham Lincoln, Honoré Willsie Morrow has added "*Forever Free*." It is a story covering only the two critical years between the entrance of the Lincolns into the White House and the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation—the hard two years in which the war began and Lincoln came to the point of full conviction about slavery. Its action revolves around a beautiful Southern woman spy, who has a place in the White House as social secretary to Mrs. Lincoln, who works hard for slavery, and who, to Lincoln's boundless disgust, comes to love him. But this part of the story is less absorbing, and certainly less convincing, than such scenes as Lincoln's struggles with his cabinet, his long night vigils over life-and-death problems, and the domestic scenes in which Mary Todd Lincoln, short tempered and fiery, is more lovable than she is commonly pictured. A little mechanical in spots, the book is alive wherever Lincoln appears, and no one need fear lest it blur the historical figure. Instead, it deepens and intensifies the sense of Lincoln's terrible burden and his selfless nobility.

OF course the reader's opinion of Sinclair Lewis's latest huge novel, "*Elmer Gantry*," will be partly determined by her opinion of preachers and organized religion in general. If she holds them in low esteem she may enjoy this story of a "shyster evangelist," a preacher destitute of religion and ridden by lust—she may, if she has a strong stomach for multiplied unpleasantness. If she happens to have even a fairly good opinion of preachers, though she may find interest in certain phases of the crowded canvas, her chief emotions will be disgust and indignation. This is assuming that Sinclair Lewis has offered his Elmer Gantry as in some sort

a type, rather than an individual—Lewis's own enormous zeal as a propagandist demands such an interpretation, and without it the book would be pointless. Yet it is fair to say that he makes an honestly skeptical preacher say that Gantry's swinishness is exceptional, and Mr. Lewis is willing to paint in a good preacher when he sees one. But his years of searching and observation brought him in no one person a combination of faith, intelligence and modernism such as is not after all hard to find. No doubt Mr. Lewis, remarkable reporter that he is, has chapter and verse for every detail of Elmer Gantry's lust, hypocrisy, bombast, but he has, in a far wiser reviewer's phrase, "confused actuality with truth." "*Elmer Gantry*" has overshot the mark; it fails as a novel not only for that reason but for the formlessness of its presentation. Its extravagances blur the fine passages which show up the dangers of professional evangelism, the too frequent dominance of pulpits by interests and prejudice. The book is neither destructive nor constructive because it is so violent.

WHAT do you know? You can find out by reading "*Ask Me Another!*" It is made of quizzes on every subject under the sun, with answers in the back. You may glory in your high rating, correct your ignorance, or say, "What of it?" Compiled by Justin Spafford and Lucien Esty.

WOMEN investors will find in Elizabeth Frazer's little book, "*A Woman and Her Money*," not only helpful suggestions but surprisingly easy reading. Out of many interviews Miss Frazer has built up a composite investment adviser who teaches women clients the principles of sound investment.

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Coal-Diggers' Wives

(Continued from page 9)

tion upon the outworn theme of coal-digging. If they wanted something they could ask for it and she would get it, but there was no sense in idle chatter. It's the male among the miners who does most of the talking.

On Saturday nights in the coal fields when the men get all slicked up and the women put on their best and as many as can get away from the babies accompany their husbands to a neighbor's house, the men foregather in one room and the women in another. It is invariably from the former that the loud and continued sounds of human speech arise. The women are mostly laconic.

Laconic, and with the fear of the death or wounding of their men always on them. Some two thousand miners a year are blown to bits or crushed to death in the mines. The total number of non-fatal accidents every year runs from fifty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand. Sometimes you can see in the eyes of the women of the coal fields the fear that is bound up in such appalling figures. They wear a hunted look. Often their owners have stood at the pit-heads while the stretcher men of the relief corps have come out of the mine

carrying the twisted bodies of sons or brothers or husbands.

There is courage among these women, a high courage that is not always passive or silent. They become articulate enough once they perceive that their kind is being attacked. The very isolation of the fields serves to draw them together in common defense against absentee operators and all others who would assail their solidarity. Especially in strike time.

It is in the spring that men strike. It is in the spring that the new contracts are written or the old torn up. Out of the smoke-hung conference rooms where the leaders of both sides congregate comes word of a deadlock. Down through the union fields go orders not to return to work on April first, the date of the expiration of the contracts. Then the men come up carrying their tools and waving their caps and the women and children go down to the mine mouth and cheer too, though in the hearts of many of them there is a great blackness. For the wife of a veteran miner life is one of long periods of unemployment, brought on either by strikes or bad times, and short hurried days of stumbling about in the dark before dawn to get ready the man's dinner bucket and send him off to what perils she dare not conjure.

In the spring men strike and for awhile the underground workers revel in fresh glimpses of a sunlit world. They stretch themselves and relax mentally and physically, much like the pit mules who, when brought above ground at the calling of a strike, roll about in the paddocks like great kittens. But then the weeks drag on and while at first there is a certain happiness in knowing that your man is puttering about in the truck garden behind the house or away fishing safe from all threats of "falls" or gas, there comes a time when the grimmer aspects of the industrial struggle show their ugly heads. Now the wife begins to cut down on the little luxuries that make life in a coal camp passable. Now it is harder and harder to find storekeepers who will extend credit. And later the thing becomes a nightmare with the children half-fed, whining, rebellious, the man sulky, though still stubborn, and the woman expected to carry on uncomplainingly. Strikes for her mean more and not less work, more calls, with every day that passes, upon her iron patience. It is literally true that in most instances strikes are won or lost as the spirit of the women holds or breaks. And how gloriously through the entire history of the miners' union has that spirit held!

The newspaper reader who looks with indifferent eyes upon the press dispatches from the various strike fronts cannot see the real actors in the drama. They are not at conferences between the leaders in the city hotels, nor at meetings of the

local unions. They are in the home, holding a front that is far more important to the failure or success of the struggle than any much advertised salient.

On the Kanawha River near Charleston, West Virginia, where miners and their families evicted during a strike had been living for three long hungry years in tents provided by the union, I came upon instance after instance of this flaming spirit of the women. They had gone unterrified through all the bitter brutalities of evictions intended to break them. They had been roused up before dawn, frequently in the midst of driving rainstorms, to find the sheriff with his armed deputies at the door ordering them to clear out. While they stood with their whimpering children under what scarce shelter they could find, they had watched with staring eyes as the deputies threw their beloved household things out onto the road.

Hours later a truck from the distant union headquarters would come to the rescue. Beds and chairs and tables would be piled, helter-skelter, aboard—no room for such "useless" things as toys and pictures and the like—and they would follow the lumbering caravan down the road to where the men were running about in the rain, striving desperately to get up the union tents. Some of them would find shelter beneath the leaky roof of a little evangelical church that was not owned by the company, a few would be taken in by friendly farmers, but the majority would be compelled to crouch under sodden canvas, beaten by the storm but unbeaten by the cruelty of man.

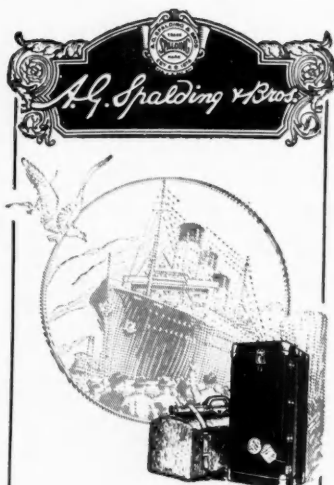
There are no doubt legal precedents a-plenty for the wholesale evictions that have taken place in most of the strikes below the Ohio River. But no one who has ever seen an eviction can forget or forgive the sufferings of the innocent victims of industrial dispute.

And in spite of all this the women stick. Within a day or two, after they have established the routine of house-keeping in an army tent, they are out on the road urging the non-union workers to join the strike. It is true that they are not always choice in the language with which they address the men who, they believe, are taking the bread out of their children's mouths. It is true that a strikebreaker would far rather march past rows of silent men strikers on the legalized picket lines than face the taunts of the women. In times like these, the usually inarticulate women are wont to pour forth all the bitterness of

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years of suppression. In one case during a strike a few years ago in West Virginia, the women were so successful in dissuading hired strikers from entering the mine that the alarmed company officials obtained from a pliant judge, a "Woman's Injunction." On this remarkable paper were set forth not only the names of the men members of the union who were on strike, but the names of their wives as well, prohibiting them from speaking to or "terrorizing" in any way the workers who had refused to go out.

The morning after the sheriff had announced that he would enforce the injunction, every female creature in that particular camp from children in pigtailed to hobbling grandmothers appeared on the picket line and spoke bluntly to the abashed strikebreakers slouching along with their heads down on their way to work. Some fifty of these women were arrested by flustered deputies armed with high-power rifles, piled into automobiles and trucks and taken ten miles across country to the nearest jail. All the way over they sang their union songs, but, arriving at the jail, they appeared docile enough. At that time, the place was so crowded with striking men that it was necessary to herd all the women into the "bull pen." Now the jail was located between two of the town's leading hotels and late that night the guests in these hotels were roused from complacent slumbers by the shrill singing of many women. Soon the sheriff's office was in receipt of a score of indignant telephone calls. This was an outrage, 'phoned the proprietors, both, by the way, influential citizens. The sheriff must shut these women up. The harassed official first pleaded with his prisoners and then stormed and threatened, but they merely grinned at him and went on with their high-pitched chanting:

"Just like a mule,
A scabbing fool,
Will scab until he dies.
Oh, mule, just roll those eyes,
Just like a mule, etc., etc."

Over and over they sang it while the telephone bell clanged in the sheriff's office and the occupant of the same called on all his gods. Before sunup the women were on their way back to the camp, freed without any legal formalities. And when the first strikebreaker appeared with his dinner bucket and tools he had the same old female gauntlet to run.

During the recent strike in Oklahoma the miners' women chose recourse to prayer rather than profanity as the best method of showing the strikebreaker the error of his ways. At the approach of a scab, groups of women would fall to their knees by the roadside and in loud and terrifying voices beseech the Almighty to soften the hearts of the errant brethren. They would go on and beg Providence not to allow those who

were not proficient in the ways of mining to become crushed under rock falls or blown to eternity by fire damp. As a result of these importunings, the company managers found fewer and fewer of their strikebreakers reporting and those that did were well-nigh hysterical. So effective was this method that once more resort was made to the courts and an injunction was issued prohibiting miners' wives from holding public "prayer meetings."

At peace or at war, the lot of a miner's wife, like the famed policeman's, is not a happy one. Few are there among them who would have their children follow their father's footsteps to

the pit head. To keep the boys from going underground, the mothers of the coal fields will make the most heroic sacrifices for the education of their young. More and more of the sons of miners are drifting away from the field, not only because the mines in this country are notoriously overmanned, but also because of the strong pressure exerted at home to have them take up some other calling. But the older men stick because they know no other trade, and "once a miner, always a miner." And their women stick by them, grim, sparse, tight-lipped, familiars of war and death and all stark things, the last of the American pioneers.

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- 3—Failure to make cross mark within square.
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- 5—Use of fountain pen instead of pencil.
- 6—Enthusiastic voter writes message on ballot.
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Clubs de Luxe

(Continued from page 27)

uated from one beautiful building to another. The Friday Morning Club sold its first charming building to the Catholic Women's Club, which moved it to another lot. On the same site Friday Morning built, in 1923, a new home, for which their 2,500 members raised more than half a million dollars. By a combination of "earning, saving and giving," the women managed to raise \$210,000, and then added a mortgage of \$350,000. Two auditoriums, one large and one small, an art gallery, offices, committee rooms, lounges and library, as well as the vital details of restaurant and kitchen, make up the six stories.

Ebell already had a splendid clubhouse valued at \$400,000, when the women began to dream of a still more sumptuous home. They profited enormously from an increase in property values, and the new home is being financed by proceeds from the sale of Home No. 1, and by another piece of valuable property. The new building, in one of the finest residential sections in Los Angeles, will be built around a patio the size of an average city lot. One building will have reception, dining department and tea rooms, and the other a completely equipped theater. There will be no sleeping rooms.

A million dollars was raised by the

members of the Women's City Club, of San Francisco, for the gorgeous new home which they have occupied since September, 1925, and which was built at a cost of \$650,000. A holding company was formed and \$250,000 worth of 6 per cent debenture bonds issued. A first mortgage of \$600,000 and a second mortgage of \$200,000 was placed on the land and building. The club has a restaurant and cafeteria, ninety-eight rooms for rent, thirty of which are saved for transients, an auditorium, a swimming-pool, roof-garden, and great beauty in the details of its decoration.

The Volunteer Workers system at the club is a unique and interesting feature. Low dues and a large membership are made possible because the members, in attractive uniform, serve behind the steam-tables in the cafeteria, hand out books in the library or pour tea in the lounge. Two thousand hours of service a month are contributed to the club by club members.

The woman's athletic club idea is the result of women's new interest in health, exercise and keep-fit programs of all kinds. The athletic club, offering all the advantages of other clubs, also emphasizes the gymnasium and swimming-pool in the club activities. Its appeal to the modern woman is demonstrated by the million-and-a-half-dollar clubhouse in Los Angeles and the seventeen-story home of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club in Chicago, built at a cost of three and three-quarter million.

The Los Angeles Women's Athletic Club, completed in April, 1925, is a five-story building, with all sorts of modern appointments for sports and relaxation. An enviable feature is the second-story Italian garden, lovely with cypresses and antique marbles. The club represents an investment of a million and a half, of which \$700,000 was in the form of a mortgage loan. The San Francisco Women's Athletic Club was under way when the United States went into war. In 1922 it had outgrown its building and ground was broken for an addition as large as the original structure.

A swimming pool seventeen stories high in the air, lighted with skylights, where women can swim under the blue sky in the very heart of Chicago's downtown district, is the unique feature of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club, completed in March, 1926. Seven years before a group of far-seeing women purchased a tract of land for \$95,000. When their clubhouse was built the land was worth eight times what they paid for it, and the property was recognized by bankers as good security for a mortgage loan.

Nine floors provide a large share of the club revenue, with rental from stores, shops, offices and studios. Three floors have bedrooms, the other five floors are utilized for the club activities.

They hold a two-story gymnasium, running track, special exercise room, space for indoor baseball, tennis, golf, pool and billiard rooms, bowling alley and swimming pool.

With so many clubs just managing to make ends meet in their food-service departments, or operating at a loss to the club, the Women's City Club of Detroit can boast of a restaurant and cafeteria that are managed at a profit. The Detroit women raised \$850,000 for the new club home, built in 1924, with \$50,000 in fees and dues from 2,000 new members, a bank mortgage of \$375,000 and a second mortgage of \$425,000 taken by club members. The income from the rental of shops, stores and rooms is sufficient to meet the interest and bond retirement and provide a sinking fund. As with most of these many-storied new buildings, revenue comes in from the rent of shops—six ground-floor stores and ten shops in this case. Auditorium and shops—of a kind to appeal to women purchasers—are almost as characteristic of the modernly financed woman's clubhouse as are lounge and dining room.

What the modern woman wants in her club is clearly defined in the building plans of the Town Club, of Buffalo, in which the club women of western New York will realize their long-cherished hopes for a clubhouse in a magnificent million-dollar home.

The seven-story building will have inside shops, dining room, foyer and large banquet hall on the first floor. Private dining rooms, library and reading rooms and the club offices will be on the mezzanine, with the floors above for sleeping rooms and apartments. A complete Turkish bath plant adjacent to the swimming pool, bowling alleys and gymnasium, will be in the basement.

The Buffalo women started with the intention of buying an old house to remodel, but the more they studied the problem the more they realized that the club women of today must build for the women of the future, and before long they found themselves with a million-dollar undertaking on their hands. The financial plan includes the sale of \$500,000 worth of debenture bonds, of which \$250,000 worth have already been sold, and a first mortgage of from 50 to 60 per cent of the building cost and a second mortgage if necessary.

The Providence Plantations Club, of

AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHERS

*I*N the little town of Whitewater, Wisconsin, with 3,215 population, the City Federation of Women's Clubs secured some fifty new subscribers through a WOMAN CITIZEN drive. This is one CITIZEN subscriber to every seventy-two persons. Can you get that average in your town?

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Providence, Rhode Island, with a membership of about 1,400, has a new \$500,000 clubhouse under construction, having outgrown the home for which they paid \$6,000 a year rent. With its purpose of "promoting acquaintance and good will," this club is of the type of social club to which belong also the Colony Club, of New York—perhaps the first to build a sumptuous home—the Cosmopolitan Club, of New York, and the Acorn, of Philadelphia. The Plantations Club is financing its building by a stock issue, and expects to maintain itself, once built, by dues, plus rent of bedrooms, auditorium, small assembly room, committee rooms, private dining rooms, and the profits from a café.

Among the newest clubhouses de luxe are those of the Miami Woman's Club and the Nineteenth Century Club, of Memphis, Tennessee. The latter, a \$400,000 building, dedicated last October, finds itself now in possession of a building estimated by business experts to be worth close to a million dollars. Initial steps toward obtaining the present club home were taken under the presidency of Mrs. Reginald Owen, nationally famous as Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of William Jennings Bryan. There is a friendly, gay, companionable "something" about the Memphis Club—a \$250,000 plant—which carries with it a hint of moonlight swimming parties, holiday dances and happy neighborhood gatherings of all kinds. The swimming pool is in a one-story building, with three sides of glass and a glass roof that can be converted into an out-of-door pool in summer; but it is the supper room in the clubhouse basement, planned, if you please, to prepare refreshments for swimming parties, that gives the real touch of gayety to the club. Besides the swimming pool, housed in a building of its own, there is an auditorium with immense stage and a large hotel kitchen adjoining.

The world no longer gasps with astonishment every time a woman scales the peak of achievement, but it will be a long time before one can look at one of these beautiful and impressive woman's club buildings without seeing it as a splendid tribute to the success with which woman has adjusted herself to the complexities of the modern world. Women have been as ready to assume the responsibility for a million-dollar clubhouse as to accept the hard work and all the elements of risk involved in making a place for themselves in the business world. And they have brought to bear, in magnified form, the same qualities of thrift, management, good housekeeping that have been their age-old characteristics. Every one of these buildings is a proof that women are good housekeepers!

More clubhouse stories in other numbers. See the back cover.

Alimony

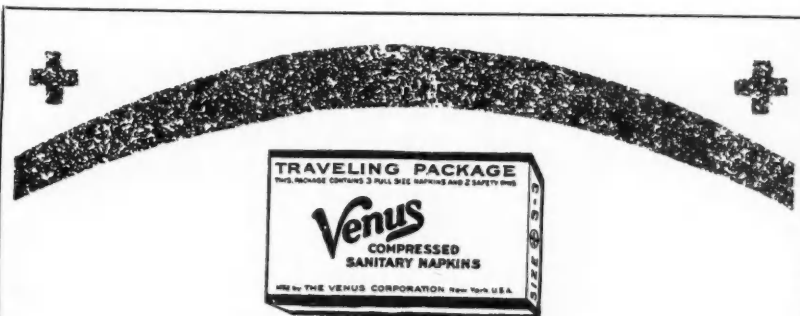
(Continued from page 11)

if it is not necessary, parents have no business to inflict it on their offspring. Comfortable, simple living and an adequate education is the inalienable right of children if their parents can afford to give it to them.

If we are to abolish alimony utterly we shall have partially to abolish matrimony or to accept more and more marriages in which the women are wage-earners. In other words, the financial

risks are too great for any clear-eyed, logical-minded woman to take. The dice are loaded so far as she is concerned. It amounts to the man saying to her, "I'll support you as long as I like you enough to keep you my wife"; or to her saying to him, "I'll give you the best of my life without payment, beyond support while I am your wife." Many women will prefer not to marry on that basis. Many women will prefer the financial certainty of their economic independence to the hazards of such a union.

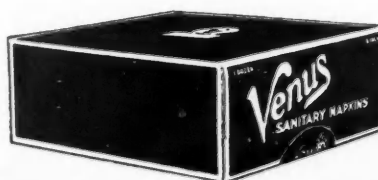
There are three conclusions that I



Perhaps you don't know that it is possible to buy sanitary apparel that is finer than the usual kind, and that in the finer quality there is greater comfort and a sense of assurance that is priceless.

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would like to draw. First, if you are the kind of woman who is determined that you will never take alimony under any circumstances—*don't ever give up your job*. If you had one before marriage, keep it after marriage; if you did not have one before marriage, develop one after. Then, if the break ever comes, you will be prepared. If, however, you are a woman so situated that with divorce a difficult economic struggle confronts you, do not fail to exact a just proportion of the common earnings and, in addition, alimony until you can take care of yourself. Last of all, remember that every case is an individual one, every problem different from every other; that each should be settled with justice to both and can be settled on a basis of self-respecting decency.

Don't Miss

IS THE CUSTOMER ALWAYS RIGHT? Judge for yourself after you've read the unreasonable things *some* women ask the department store to do—and you to pay for. These stories, told to *Anne O'Hagan* by a woman on the inside, amuse, even while they shame you for these culprits of your sex.

WHAT NEXT FOR THE FARMER? The farm relief bill was lost. Was it right or wrong? Either way, the farmer's plight is unchanged. What is to be done for him now? *Carl Vrooman*, former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and a real farmer, will give his answer.

RUSSIA AS I SAW IT. *Lady Muriel Paget*, revisiting the scenes of her work and her perils during the war, paints a vivid picture of the every-day life of the people today.

LADIES OF THE JURY. They have been at it some time now in some states, though occasionally a gallant legislature tries to relieve them of the burden. How are jury women making out? *Eveline Brainerd* is inquiring and will report the results.

OUR DAUGHTERS AND MARRIAGE. *Cornelia James Cannon* raises the question whether mothers talk too much about careers to their college-bred daughters.

CANCEL THE RELIEF LOANS. *Ernest M. Patterson*, of the University of Pennsylvania, has a suggestion to make in this beclouded business of the inter-Allied debts. It is new to us, and may be to you.

All these articles are in the making and will appear in early issues.

Younger Generation

(Continued from page 17)

ing is stupid. Usually the ones who try it right away, the moment they meet you and can get you into a corner, are the dull ones, who haven't brains enough for anything else."

She had much to say that was illuminating about experiments her friends were making, and experiences she had had. She was sometimes shocked, and sometimes puzzled by her friends. Her own trials and stumbles she took with a gay fearlessness and a sparkling sense of adventure.

"It's queer," she meditated, "how petting has become a custom, so much so that some boys seem to think it is expected of them. You can feel them set themselves, and get all ready to try you out. Once in a while, when I was conscious of that tense atmosphere, I've beaten them to it by telling them they needn't bother, I'd much rather be talked to than petted."

"It is stupid," she repeated her first condemning phrase. "But even if I liked necking with every man that comes along I know it would wreck me, mentally and physically. I don't want to go to pieces over a thing no more worth while than petting parties. I have to look after me, Dorothy," she put a hand up to her white young throat and patted it reassuringly. "Nobody else will if I don't."

"Yet there's no use blinking the fact," she went on, "that some of the girls must get a sort of satisfaction out of it. Moonlight nights, when you're young, and sort of hungry and lonely. I guess probably the thing that has saved me," her quiet open tone said this was the truest thing she knew, "is the fact that always, from the time I was fifteen or sixteen and sort of began to wake up, I've been crazy about some one boy, and been so keen about him that I didn't care about anybody else."

Here seems to be one of the standards of the present youth. It cropped out over and over again, in defining "necking," in talking of specific happenings. Promiscuous necking, with anyone who comes along, is, in the current phrase of condemnation, "all wet." But being in love, being "crazy about some one boy," makes understandable and reasonable and permissible many of the "liberties" which an older generation says it limited to its betrothed.

And such affection, which is very real and very moving, does not necessarily lead to marriage, for it is one of the peculiarities of post-war youth that it takes marriage with exceeding seriousness, and does not at all believe that because one falls in love one must therefore rush right off to the altar. Dorothy phrased it when she said, without a touch of cynicism, "I think losing your

head over a man is the very worst reason for marrying him."

Joan, on the other hand, wasn't very much interested in the discussion. "It's all so general," she said with the passion for facts which her scientific training has emphasized. She is straight and slim and boyish, counting a walk of twenty miles in a day as no more difficult, and almost as important, as the "cum laude" which she acquired with her diploma.

"Petting is clear outside my line," she said, "and there aren't any clear cut definitions or established values to start from. Take that old phrase 'womanly virtue.' I'm not at all sure I know what it means. As for considering it important above all others, as my aunts say they did, I don't agree at all. More important than truth, and honor, and courage? I doubt if any strictly womanly virtue can be set above those great human virtues which belong to both sexes. Of course there is the possibility that what people mean by the phrase is not an abstract virtue limited to one sex, but straight physical chastity. But if they do, why on earth don't they say so?"

Myra was nearly as devastating to discussion, but for the opposite reason that she likes to take a parlor problem over the highways of the world, to trace its first cause back to some flaw in the primordial ooze, and its final result to some indefinite future. Gamin witchery takes the place of beauty in Myra. She is as modern as Picasso or James Joyce, and there is nothing she will not consider, even those curious relationships which are outside the law.

She had neither illusions nor excuses to offer. "I think we are idiots," she proclaimed. "We've reduced kissing nearly to the common thing it was in the days of the Restoration, when it became a form of greeting between all kinds of people. We've taken the romance all away from it. You meet a new man, and before you fairly know his name, or whether he's dumb or clever, he is kissing you and expecting

A BONUS PLUS

MANY organizations receive more than \$100 as a result of CITIZEN Drives. The Saginaw County League of Women Voters received a check for \$144.75; the Nebraska League \$200; and the Syracuse League \$101—a dollar to grow on! Mrs. Melhuish, the efficient director of the highly successful Saginaw County drive, believes that an organization gains something besides money, too. She writes, "Of course we want the money, but I believe the amount of good that will come from having the CITIZEN in the hands of this many women is even more important."

you to be enthusiastic over it. We've forgotten what it means for a friendship to grow and blossom. We strip the petals off the tight-closed bud to get at the golden heart, and then wonder why it is cold and slightly green.

"Why do we do it? I don't know. Or rather, I can only make tentative guesses. The war, which did break up old standards, only affected us in a sort of second-hand way. We were children in 1917. Scientific training with its emphasis on facts instead of traditions has an influence. Modern materialistic philosophy, which tests everything by the standard 'will it work?' A psychology that makes life only a series of reflexes and reactions, and another that emphasizes the bad effects of any repression. Religion gone into a receivership, and hell closed down. All those things have an effect.

"And don't forget," she became less the student of world causes and more the sensitive young feminine, "that there's also a very human hurt bravado in it. We are all tarred with the same brush, all heaped with blame for recklessness. It doesn't matter how well I may behave, personally, I'm part of this generation, and, therefore, judged guilty without trial. Well, having the blame, we might as well have some of the fun."

Here, then, is a cross-section of what a small group of the younger generation

really think about themselves. Here are some of the things that have happened, and some of the background causes, even the background philosophy. So far as these particular girls are concerned the picture is honest and accurate, but it would be folly to try to draw conclusions about the behavior or the thoughts of youth from this or any other group. Any attempt at generalizing comes to nothing more comforting than the old epigram, "All generalizations are false, including this one."

It can be said with complete safety that youth is not unanimous in the things it does, thinks or says, any more than are all bachelors or all wives. As a group falling within certain age limits it is made up of widely varying individuals, with varying backgrounds, training, standards, habits and ideals. What is one girl's custom is another's anathema, and to say that all youth is wild is to commit an extravagance worthy of youth itself.

As to what the older generation can do about the degree of "wildness" which is the fashion among certain groups, let Peggy have the last word:

"I don't think there's very much they can do about these 'wild young things,'" she said candidly. "If they have brought them up without taste or judgment, they can't expect them to develop those things suddenly, on meeting their first kiss or cocktail. On the other hand, if boys or

girls have both taste and judgment, then they deserve the chance to exercise them. Those qualities are like good muscles, they thrive with use.

"But getting shocked isn't going to do any good, or rushing into horrified print, or laying down rules. It might help a bit if they would clear things up in their own minds, and set out lines of appeal in terms the younger generation understands and values. And when a shy new standard does raise its head"—she flashed the smile that slays its thousands—"for there are such things, even among the wildest—it ought to have recognition and understanding and welcome."

(More discussion of this subject will be welcome—whether from mothers, daughters, fathers or sons.)

Repertory Theater

(Continued from page 23)

sciousness of owning a brick in the building. It takes years to develop a PEOPLE'S Theatre, but I feel confident that in time not only New York, but every big city of the United States, and many a big town, too, will support its own repertory theatre. When that time comes, the people of America need no longer cry for censorship of the stage. The people themselves—the founders of their own theatres—will be their own censors.

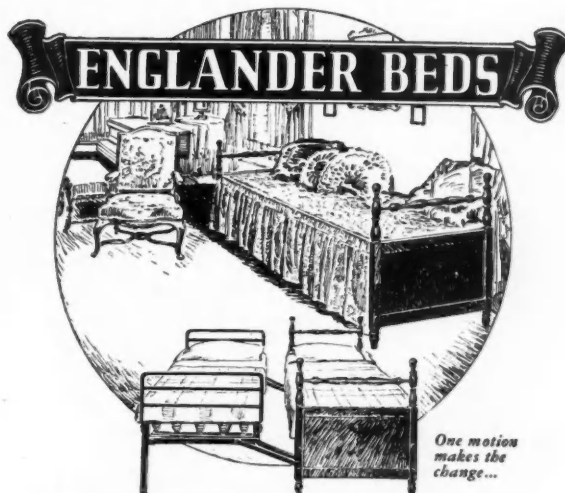


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Cancer

(Continued from page 24)

disease. The liability of dying during the year of cancer at the age of forty-five is only about one in two thousand, but this frequently grows until as old age approaches, say the age of seventy, the liability of dying during the year of cancer becomes one in three hundred. That is, if you have three hundred women friends, one of those will die during the year of the disease. Thus cancer becomes increasingly frequent with age. In children and young adults up to thirty-five or forty, the disease is very infrequent. After forty-five it becomes one of the three most important causes of death, the other two being heart disease and kidney disease.

Now what are the points that every woman should remember in order that

she may help herself to escape death from cancer? They are relatively simple. In the first place, while cancer itself is not inherited, it is probable that in some families a liability to the disease exists, and if one knows that there have been many cases of cancer in near relatives, especial care should be taken. Such people ought to have a thorough examination at least once a year by a competent doctor.

Those whose families are entirely free from the disease might do well to do the same, because cancer occurs in a large number of people and apparently without relation to health or conditions of living. Apparently every one is liable to it. Otherwise there would not be so high a death rate from the disease, and as that liability increases with age, the older one gets, the more careful one should be to have such an examination. If your physician laughs at you and says that you do not need to bother with such an examination, go to some other and more competent doctor. In the question of life and death, the best is none too good.

What are the symptoms which people can notice which should lead them to go immediately to a physician? In the first place, any marked loss of weight should be immediately investigated. That is not of itself a symptom of cancer. You may have diabetes or merely some severe digestive disturbance, but it is one of the earliest symptoms of cancer of the stomach?

Any little sore on the skin or even a brown patch or a mole which begins to grow should be submitted to your doctor for his opinion. Moles which are being rubbed by the clothing should be removed, as they not infrequently turn into a very bad sort of cancer. Others can be left and watched. If they begin to grow, they should be cut out; it is the only treatment. Any chronic sore on the lip or tongue or cheek which does not heal in a few weeks should not be treated with home remedies, but investigated by your doctor. It may be an early cancer. It may be entirely harmless, but do not sit around and hope that it will disappear. Find out at once what it is.

Any lump in the breast should be promptly examined. The ones which are painful are much less apt to be cancer than those which cause no pain, for one of the things to remember is that pain is not a symptom of cancer. But why should you attempt to make a diagnosis of a dangerous trouble? Go to your doctor and have him carefully examine the lump, measure it, and if he thinks it is harmless, go back to him three months later and see whether it has grown. In women of forty-five or over, eighty per cent of the growing lumps of the breast are cancer.

Any attack of indigestion beginning after the age of forty should be investi-

gated. Sudden changes in health, such as anemia or the loss of weight, already spoken of, may signify a cancer of some portion of the intestine; changes in the bowel habits, such as constipation coming on suddenly when the bowels have been always normal, or sudden diarrhoea, are suggestive of cancer of the lower bowel. Especially important is the passing of blood or mucus with the movements. Many cases of cancer of the rectum are treated as piles until the disease is perfectly hopeless, so that detection of piles should always be followed by a careful examination by a good surgeon.

Cancer of the womb is another type which should be diagnosed early, but which almost never is, for the simple reason that women do not go and have an examination when certain symptoms occur. These symptoms are, it is true, very varied, and they may mean nothing, but why take a chance? The symptoms are not pain, but merely irregular bleeding when the periods have previously been regular, or bleeding after the change of life, or some discharge during the monthly intervals; a sense of weight or heaviness in the abdomen. Among the more ignorant women of the laboring classes, cancer of the womb is almost never diagnosed in time to cure. In a certain group of women in the large cities who are now going regularly to a physician every six months for examination, cancer of the womb is often discovered at so early a stage that it is almost certainly curable.

It may be argued that such an opportunity belongs only to the well-to-do who can afford a very competent physician, but this is not true. There are plenty of physicians who are competent even in the small towns, and the poor people who cannot afford an expensive consultant in the larger cities will always get intelligent and sympathetic treatment at the hospital dispensaries. The doctors at such a dispensary will certainly not ridicule any one who after forty-five wishes to be examined in order to see if she has not a cancer. In fact, the American Medical Association, with a membership which includes a large proportion of the doctors in the country, is doing everything it can to get its doctors to carry out these periodic examinations on every one; in young people to discover beginning tuberculosis or Bright's disease or diabetes; in the older to detect the first stages of hardening of the arteries or the presence of an early cancer which is in a stage when it is curable.

It has been estimated that if the women of the United States, some 60-

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Where to Buy

THE WOMAN CITIZEN

ON account of the increasing demand for single copies of the *WOMAN CITIZEN*, we have arranged to have it on sale at the following newsstands:

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000 of whom die every year from cancer, would have such periodic examinations, the death rate from this disease would fall at least a third; in other words, that 20,000 women would be saved every year who now are condemned to die. Such an unfortunate situation as now exists, in which scarcely one woman out of a hundred is saved, could be radically changed, but such change cannot be brought about by the physicians themselves. The Society for the Control of Cancer can circulate all the pamphlets it chooses, can broadcast facts concerning cancer, but if people do not listen, and do not act upon the instruction offered, the death rate will remain almost 100 per cent.

The great goal of the Society for the Control of Cancer is to have every one after the age of forty examined once a year. For those who can not or will not do this, they are willing to send free of cost such reading matter as will give many more details than can be furnished in this short article, so that anyone who reads this and wishes to get further information can obtain it by writing to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 25 West 43rd Street, New York City. The Society is supported by gifts from those who believe thoroughly that education will save lives and that the extraordinarily good results which have been obtained by a few surgeons on highly intellectual people can be given to the entire population of the United States, if people will only read and act upon the information received.

Our World

(Continued from page 15)

duces in quantity, at high speed and with unvarying uniformity. Naturally an age such as ours, dependent for its life upon power-driven machinery, takes on something of the spiritual color of its controlling factor. And that color is often a drab one. For the majority of the one hundred and ten millions of us life may be more comfortable and secure and on the whole better organized than was life at the time when four million men and women were strung along the Atlantic seaboard. Whether or not life for us today is as happy and full of meaning and interest as it was for the colonials is a matter for debate. Quantity, speed and uniformity may be the chief ends of machines, but not of men and women. There are evidences of a significant revolt among the more intelligent of the rising generation against the monotonies of a machine age. The youngsters are beginning to question some of our most cherished beliefs in mere bigness.

Of the many avenues of escape from the humdrum of a power-driven civilization there is one at least that seems most promising. We are now on the thresh-

hold of a new era. It is the era of cheap and abundant electrical power. As the steam-engine transformed this nation from a country of individualistic farmers to one of industrialists, so the fact that it is now possible to transmit electricity over long distances vitally affects our national direction. Electricity in common use multiplies the productive capacity of the common man by a thousand-fold. Up to the present with all his ingenuity and mechanical genius the American has by and large been a slave of the machine which he has created. New sources of electrical energy found in our mines and waterways mean liberation from the machine master. Provided that this Giant Power is not monopolized for the profits of the few, there is in the coming of the Electrical Era hope for a more spacious civilization.

Here we are, then, one hundred and ten million of us set down in an amazingly rich continent, separated by thousands of miles of water from the folkways and culture of Europe yet still willingly or unwillingly bound to those folkways and that culture. We have seen something of the problems that were faced by those who set the American machine into action. We know that many of these problems are as yet unsolved. Shall we, for example, have more or less democracy? Shall democracy be the rule of intelligence or the mere counting of noses? Can we trust the common man to manage his public affairs as well as he manages his private business or must we turn to the idea of a government of the "best people"?

This matter of democracy with a question mark is at the core of practically every problem that affects us as citizens. It enters into the ownership and operation of our railroad systems, it enters into the ownership and use of our natural resources, our mines and mineral deposits, our forests and waterways. You will find it there when you tackle the educational problem in your own community, when you consider the rights of minorities to be heard, when you think of laws and their makers and breakers, the condition of women in America, the relations of labor and capital, whenever, in fact, you function as a citizen of the United States whether you are casting your vote for the next President or expressing your opinion on the need of a playground for your town.

And always, as was the case with our forefathers, there hangs over us the black threat of war. There are historians who contend that only through the collisions of peoples in time of war is any true progress made. One culture supplants another, runs their argument, and a new set of ideas becomes dominant. Shall we accept this ruthless theory and become pacifist followers of the War God, or shall we determine that from now on difference of opinion shall

be resolved not by force but through the democratic method of discussion of facts? In other words, shall Reason or Instinct have the rule? H. G. Wells has put our present case in a nutshell when he says that we are all in a great race between Chaos and Education.

While the last of America's geographical frontiers have been surveyed, there remains for the American of 1927 a whole new world for exploring, the boundaries of which we do not dare define. In the understanding of ourselves, in the relations of ourselves to our environment and our fellows, in the adjustment of our personal lives to a complex society we have as yet made but the first feeble steps. The "Good Life" that is our common hope is within our reach, but not for the asking.

The intelligent citizen who looks back at the beginnings of this nation feels at once pride and a sense of responsibility. Pride that here was inaugurated one of the most splendid projects of the human spirit, the great adventure of democracy; responsibility for making that project come alive.

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Chloe Owings

(Continued from page 13)

most distinguished officials of France. Later, there came to Chloe Owings the greatest honor of all—the Academy of Political and Moral Sciences of the French Institute “crowned” her book. Miss Owings has the distinction of being the only American woman thus honored by that august body.

She had, of course, made many friends among the professors, and one day, while walking along the street with one of them, she turned and said, “I wonder if you know what a real adventure the Sorbonne is for me? In fact, it’s a *great* adventure, especially for a farmer’s daughter.”

When she saw him next day he still looked puzzled. . . . That this American woman, who was as charming as she was intelligent, could ever have been a farmer’s daughter. . . . *Non! Impossible, ça.* He turned to her and protested, “But, Mademoiselle, you spoke of having been a farmer’s daughter. Was it not that your father was a landed proprietor? Or was it only a little joke that you made?” All she could do was to tell him gently that he didn’t understand because he had never been in America.

Returning to this country in 1923, Miss Owings accepted a staff position

with the American Social Hygiene Association, in which she is now Director of the Protective Measures Division. She has made several important studies, one of the woman police movement, on which she published a book, and another of social relationships on the college campus.

In the evening she goes home to a bit of France in the person of Marguerite, eight years old, whose legal guardian she has become.

Miss Owings’s life, in its richness and high level of achievement, seems much more remarkable to you and me than it does to her. She insists that whatever she has accomplished has been done as part of the day’s work and because she had the good fortune to be born in America. “We women here have *nothing* to hinder us as compared with the women of Europe,” she declared. . . . That is true, of course, but I rather doubt that anything, anywhere, could hinder Chloe Owings’s tranquil attainment of whatever goal she sets herself.

Washington

(Continued from page 19)

Congress and end the possibility of the filibusters which operate so effectively when the session is automatically ended after three months. Senator Norris would have the new Congress meet shortly after the fall election, and the second session begin a full year before the two-year terms of representatives expire. He points out that the filibuster flourishes only near the close of the short session, and operates much less effectively during the long session, which can be continued indefinitely.

The Sixty-ninth Congress deserves commendation for things done as well as condemnation for things left undone. Here are its major accomplishments:

The McNary-Haugen farm relief bill, vetoed by the President, and therefore likely to crop out again in the next Congress.

The radio bill establishing a Federal commission of five members to control radio broadcasting. Congress neglected to appropriate any funds for salaries and expenses, but the five members immediately moved into a bare office in the Commerce Department building and prepared to take chaos out of the air. Salaries will have to be provided retroactively when Congress meets in December.

The McFadden-Pepper branch banking bill granting a permanent charter to the Federal Reserve System and authorizing national banks to engage in branch banking.

The Administration bill setting up a separate Prohibition Bureau in the Treasury Department and placing all enforcement agents under civil service.

Extension of the Sheppard-Towner Act until 1929.

Agreement against the wishes of the President to appropriate \$450,000 to begin work on three new cruisers authorized in 1924.

Minor bills, bringing the total of new laws enacted during the second session to 284.

Secretary of State Kellogg, irritated and worn out by the persistent efforts of Senator Borah and other members of Congress to interfere in his conduct of affairs with Mexico and Nicaragua, went to North Carolina for golf and a needed rest. Returning, he stated that the dispute with Mexico over application of the new oil and land laws to American property is much less serious than the public has been led to believe” and that the controversy is “susceptible to negotiation.” Ambassador Tellez has been conferring with President Calles at Mexico City, and dispatches from there indicate a lessening of the tension on both sides. The American government has a powerful weapon against Calles in the possibility of a lifting of the arms embargo. This possibility, it is believed, was tactfully suggested to Mr. Tellez before he left Washington. President Coolidge holds that the rights of American property owners in Mexico are not a proper subject for arbitration, and has given no evidence of considering seriously the Robinson resolution, which put the Senate on record as unanimously favoring arbitration.

Senator Borah’s Foreign Affairs Committee failed to obtain authorization by the Senate to conduct investigations in Mexico and Nicaragua during the summer, much to the relief of Secretary Kellogg. Senator Borah has given notice, however, that his committee will “keep an eye on the State Department,” and may even meet at intervals to discuss the situation. Definitely breaking with the Administration on its conduct of affairs with Mexico and Nicaragua, he has become the spokesman for the groups which oppose the use of force in protecting American property rights in those countries. His action in sending direct to President Calles for information on the extent of American property involved in the present dispute, receiving in return figures which differed greatly from the State Department report on the same subject, is only one of the things which have made him *persona non grata* at the State Department.

Lawrence Dennis, former secretary of the American legation in Nicaragua, was reported on his way to Washington with his resignation in his hand, fire in his eye, and an incriminating document from the State Department in his pocket. The document was supposed to be an order signed by Secretary Kellogg directing Mr. Dennis to work for the election of Diaz as President of Nicaragua last fall; a procedure which, if proved,

Do You Give Credit?



ADVERTISERS must of necessity be men of great faith. They plan the expenditure of thousands, sometimes millions, of dollars in the hope that a sufficient number of persons will read their messages. They perform a great public service in disseminating news that is vital to the health, well-being, comfort and entertainment of the nation. They help to stabilize values by making possible quantity production and its attendant economy.

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would have led to serious charges that the United States is interfering in the internal affairs of that small and turbulent state. Mr. Dennis was also reported as charging that social prestige and wealth dictate appointment in the Foreign Service. He arrived; conferred with Secretary Kellogg; announced that he would remain in the service; denied any knowledge of the "incriminating document"; and explained to newspaper men that he could not elaborate his charges of favoritism in State Department appointments since he was still in the service.

We state the facts without comment, keeping in mind the possibility that some newspaper reporter stirred up much smoke from a small fire.

Coolidge persistence has won out against the pessimism of those who predicted that the refusal of France and Italy to consider the American proposal for a supplementary naval disarmament conference at Geneva ended the possibility of extending the 5-5-3 ratio set by the Washington conference treaties. To Great Britain and Japan Mr. Coolidge sent notes suggesting a three-party conference to consider extending the limitations fixed for battleships to cruisers and auxiliary craft. They accepted, and the conference will be held at Geneva, probably in June.

It has become evident that limitation of naval armaments, to be really effective in restraining competitive building, must include the auxiliary vessels which are becoming increasingly important in naval operations, according to Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. He declares that Japan and Great Britain are holding strictly to the terms of the Washington treaties, but his warning that the United States must do some quick work in cruiser building if she is not to be outdistanced in auxiliary craft indicates that a costly race in the matter of cruisers, destroyers and submarines is impending. It is in the hope of preventing such a race that President Coolidge has proposed the Geneva conference.

Current Events

(Continued from page 21)

words were German words. This is the same Stresemann who, nine years ago was a typical war-party German, now a man who contributes to the peace of Europe.

The League Preparatory Commission for a Disarmament Conference begins again—and paralleling it, a little later, will come President Coolidge's Naval Conference, to which Great Britain and Japan have accepted invitations, while France and Italy are considering proposals to "observe." Bit by bit, the conference method gains ground.

As this is written, there is the possibility that it may be called on again, as in the Corfu incident, to save the peace

of Europe. For in the inflammable southeast of Europe a war threat has suddenly loomed. Yugoslavia and Italy are each accusing the other of fomenting trouble over Albania. By the Tirana Treaty Italy is pledged to support the Zogou government in Albania, her ward and tool. Yugoslavia is charged with mobilizing troops to back revolutionists against Zogou, Italy with planning military occupation of Albania. And on either side the great powers are ranged in the old deadly way. Sarajevo or Corfu? War or the League Council?—a Council to be called, if you please, by a German!

Very Briefly

EAMONN DE VALERA, Republican chief of Ireland, is here to see about some bonds he believes belong to the Republicans. Of the 153 members of the Dail, only 43 are Republicans at present.

Another distinguished visitor is Alexander Kerensky, premier of Russia at a most difficult period, when the country was ruined by Czarist misrule and the Bolshevik revolution was already inevitable. History is already revising the opinion that he was weak.

March 8 was "Woman's Day" in the Soviet Union. Communists propagating in Samarkand, Taskent, etc., used the holiday for a special campaign urging women to unveil. As a result several women who did so were killed by Mohammedan priests infuriated at such feminine shamelessness.

The German Law which exiles the Kaiser came up recently for prolongation or cancellation before the Reichstag. Opposition to former Emperor Wilhelm's return to his native land is so strong that there is not the slightest possibility of any verdict for him but "thumbs down."

The United States has decided to end the smuggling treaty with Mexico, under which each country notified the other of any shipment of contraband. Our idea was to check the smuggling of liquor from Mexico, but of course it worked also to bar the smuggling of war materials into Mexico. This new action serves as notice that at any time the embargo against arms may be lifted.

March 23, 1927.

ANOTHER \$100

JUST one day ahead of the time limit the Portsmouth (Va.) League of Women Voters reached the goal of 100 subscribers and sent us a telegram to that effect. In return we sent them our check for \$100.

With Our Readers

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion about that article by Katharine Crosby in the February number, wherein the plight of the Eastern spinster was faced. Says a lady from the Middle West:

I HAVE kept "Go West" on my desk for several days wondering whether I should write you. You may remember that it appeared in your February number. Finally, I have decided I will tell you just exactly how it impressed me. It seemed immoral. It sounded almost like an approval of the "triangle" situation. Maybe "almost an approval" is not exactly the term to use. Maybe to say it seemed to condone it would be better. But anyhow, I didn't like to see it in the CITIZEN.

I don't believe you will resent my telling you this. On the contrary, I believe you would rather have me do so. I have not thought myself prudish. I'm not. But that article, somehow, offended.—A. M. W.

On the other hand, another reader is up in arms against those who criticized Miss Crosby's article in the March issue. We don't know what she will think of A. M. W.'s comment.

As for us, certainly we didn't resent the comment. We didn't interpret Miss Crosby as A. M. W. did. But, anyhow, our readers don't want us to edit out every sentence we don't agree with personally, do they?

AFTER reading page fifty of your splendid magazine for March, I want to come to the defense of Miss Crosby. When I first read her article I came very near writing you with words of praise. I was so glad that some one had handled the subject as though she had red blood in her veins

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and believed others of us unmarried ones had the same. Now, after reading the two criticisms, I am "hot under the collar," and this time I will write.

I have traveled many miles, I have done much social service work and nursing, I have also visited the seats of the mighty, and I have never found any one who was perfectly normal and healthy who "preferred a state of single blessedness."

Some of us are single because the right man has never come along, or because he was engaged elsewhere and we found him too late and having a high sense of honor we held him to his duty. I say a woman is one-sided who does not want a husband; it is the law of our being.

Norway, Maine.

ELVA DORR.

And here is one of the early responses to "My Children, Too." Those confessions of a mother in the March issue. A good letter.

I WAS glad to read the article, "My Children, Too!" in the March CITIZEN, as the matter certainly demands our attention. While I can not believe that youth in general finds its chief diversion in petting parties, from all evidence the practice is unduly prevalent, and there must be some cause for it, probably more than one. The one which seems to me possibly the most influential, because the most common, is the indecent love-making of the films.

All civilized people and many savages recognize that we are compounds of body and spirit, that many of our functions are purely animal and that these functions are performed publicly or privately, according to the dictates of taste. We consume food publicly. We eliminate waste privately. Screen, stage, literature and conversation, with few exceptions, respect this dictum of taste.

Sexual love is as essential to the continuance of the race as is the assimilation of food, and, similarly, has legitimate public and indisputably private phases. Even the automobile petting party gives acknowledgment of this fact by turning out the lights. Why, then, insist upon revealing as much as possible of the process on the screen, to become indelibly impressed upon the mind of every adolescent maid and youth in the audi-

ence? I often wonder, when, to protect myself from nausea, I shut my eyes during the presentation of an impassioned film kiss, whether or no I could possess the feeling that I have always supposed was instinctive had I been subjected to such influence in my formative period. The screen could certainly manage to present the loveliness of love and the dangers of unrestraint without offending our taste or undermining our morals.—B. C. Cleveland, Ohio.

Here is another good letter on the same subject. What does its writer think of what the younger generation says of itself in this number? Let's hear from more mothers and more daughters.

IN reading your summary of features for the coming months, may I say I think there are many mothers who would be grateful for a "Defense of Mothers," in place of "A Defense of the Younger Generation."

The younger generation has received "defense" in the public press and in magazine articles to almost the point of nausea. It seems to me that the time has come for the younger generation to shoulder their own responsibilities and shortcomings, and not longer permit the blame for their delinquencies to be placed upon the overburdened and devoted shoulders of their parents. I know many women from all walks of life. As mothers, they are unselfish, untiring, self-sacrificing in their relationship to their children. They may not always be wise, they may sometimes err in judgment, but they strive, often under fearful handicaps, to make their children honorable men and women. I find the same anxiety and devotion for their welfare among the rich as among the poor, and in the larger class of families in moderate circumstances. My husband, who is a physician with an unusually wide experience, bears out this statement.

I think the press and the magazines are doing their utmost to break down what morale is left in the younger generation. I think they could be better employed in placing squarely upon the younger shoulders some sense of their duty to build up character, to assume the responsibilities that are a part of their new freedom, to respect wisdom, and to revere love and devotion.

I do not think they need further encouragement in thinking that it is their right to have all and give nothing.

Newark, N. J.

F. E.

WILL you be so kind as to convey to Mrs. Dobyns for me that I think her article, "The Lady and the Tiger," a marvel? I agreed with every word of it. At last women are given a fearless, accurate definition of the political machine which I wish every woman in the United States might read. Unillusioned, Mrs. Dobyns makes it so constructively clear that the aim of the political machine has no concern either with good government or ideals.

Portland, Oregon. GENEVIEVE H. PARKE.

OUR OWN DINGBATS

THE picture of cherry blossoms on page 18 is meant as an encouragement to spring. ♦♦♦ So far we have seen only one tree with anything resembling leaves on it, and we believe it was one of those foreign trees they transport to our parks. ♦♦♦ Not that we have any race prejudice about trees. ♦♦♦ We only meant that this alien isn't used to our ways. ♦♦♦ But anyhow, the cherry blossoms always come so suddenly that it is only by picturing them before they happen that we can be timely. ♦♦♦ Income-tax agonies over again. ♦♦♦ This time, under powerful domestic pressure, on the theme that it's as easy early as late, we turned our blank in a virtuous five days ahead. ♦♦♦ And then didn't our friends come around for advice and leave us in a condition where we could prove that a married lady with an income of her own is exempt \$3,500, \$1,500 or nothing. ♦♦♦ Conclusively. ♦♦♦ But then if it hadn't been for the income tax we probably should have fallen hard for that "Ask Me Another" book which has taken the place of whatever took the place of cross-word puzzles. ♦♦♦ As a matter of fact, in our brief contact with that book, we were agreeably surprised to find out how much we know. ♦♦♦ But then we really had expected VERY LITTLE. ♦♦♦ We had the pleasure recently of seeing a little Indian boy dance while his picturesque father sang songs of many tribes. ♦♦♦ That dance reminded us of the great disgrace of our youth when we, the preacher's child, allowed a few moments at the Kickapoo Indians' tent performance in an Iowa town, raply stayed until midnight. ♦♦♦ We can still do that Kickapoo Indian dance. ♦♦♦ If there ever was any such thing as a Kickapoo. ♦♦♦ Well, anyhow, this Indian who sang his weird wild heady songs while his small son stamped a most un-modern dance, wasn't a bit like the lady who drove her accompanist frantic. ♦♦♦ "Why, what's the matter?" she asked. ♦♦♦ "Matter! I play the white keys, I play the black keys, but you—you always sing the cracks!" ♦♦♦ There's a fly in the ointment of comfort one gains from shorn locks. ♦♦♦ Whenever a Happy Occasion presents itself suddenly, you're either too short or too long, with no chance of swift remedy either way. ♦♦♦ It's unailing. ♦♦♦ The bobbed hair institution is taking on important social, moral and economic phases, and there'll probably be a war about it yet. ♦♦♦ We hear that in a German factory the girls were all ordered bobbed and rebelled because it was too expensive, they said, but probably also because it was ordered. ♦♦♦ And then there is the ad in a New England paper advertising a room for rent. "Not absolutely necessary that you be a church member," it says, "though we prefer you to be a Christian. Therefore men using tobacco in any form and women with bobbed hair need not apply." ♦♦♦ We have a plaintive letter from a reader asking whether we should be addressed as sir, madam, ladies or women. ♦♦♦ We really aren't fussy, but it does pain us all to have the labels mixed, as "Miss or Mrs. Blank. Gentlemen." ♦♦♦ P. S. Of course it's spring! We have a gift of brand-new maple sugar.

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Heart to Heart

What You Write Us

MANY a city woman who lives in a constant whirl with every advantage of concerts, theatres and lectures, and all the new magazines and books, would be surprised to learn what one magazine can mean to a woman in a small town or quiet suburb. How much pleasure the WOMAN CITIZEN brings to thousands of readers is revealed each day in our morning's mail. One subscriber writes:

"A year ago a friend presented me with a subscription to the CITIZEN. How I have blessed her for introducing it to me! I have used it in so many ways. It has been useful in my young mothers' club; it has served as reference material for my Sunday School class of ninety-six young married people. In fact, it and one other magazine among those on our table, are the only ones I read from cover to cover."

Each Page a Delight

The next one comes from an older woman. Doesn't she sound as if one would like to know her?

"Thank you for the CITIZEN. The accompanying subscription does not suggest my appreciation of the best paper I read. It affords me keen delight to lay the CITIZEN with its artistic cover by the side of one of those awful caricatures that figure on the front of a fashion magazine which my daughter buys."

"There are so many things I want! Books and a little more time to read them. The CITIZEN for ten years. The satisfaction I have in repeating a Dingbat that is just a little closer to the point than the really good story my son-in-law entertains me with. And that will suggest my age to you, for only a woman of seventy would dare tell a better yarn than a male member of her family!"

"Not the least of my delights in the CITIZEN is observing my husband reading 'Your Business in Washington.' Almost he prefers it to the Sunday paper."

The clubwoman not only reads the CITIZEN with interest, but finds it teeming with helpful suggestions for her club work. One explained:

"We have a study section in our club, and when one day our speakers failed us, the program was left to me. I took the WOMAN CITIZEN and wrote a review of the leading article in five copies. One was about the Mayor of Seattle, one was Judge Allen of Ohio, another was about the women elected at the last election, and another was 'Has Your Husband Made a Will?' This brought out much discussion and many questions. I feel as if I owed you a special 'thank you'."

Then there are workers in the Farm Extension Service, helping farm women who are reaching out

eagerly for everything that tends to enrich life. Here is one, who is in charge of an Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture. She writes:

"The WOMAN CITIZEN is constantly increasing in value not only from the standpoint of content, but physical make-up and artistic appearance. It really is a source of pride to all of us who like to see woman's part in public affairs brought forward in a vivid, impartial and dignified manner."

"I attended a meeting of the Eastern States Dairy Council in Philadelphia some weeks ago. One of the speakers referred to the WOMAN CITIZEN as the outstanding publication in its field. She held the magazine up before her audience, urging that every man and woman include it in their list of periodicals."

A letter from Major Julia Stimson, the first woman with that title, head of the nursing service of the War Department, filled us with pride:

"I have been reading the WOMAN CITIZEN for several years and am very much impressed with its value. On a recent inspection trip of Army Hospitals the Chief Nurse of one of the large hospitals called my attention to it. She was enjoying the magazine so much and considered it so valuable she wanted to be sure that I knew about it. I do not often make appeals to members of the Army Nurse Corps, but I should like to suggest that you write the chief nurses. Say that I have asked you to send them material about the CITIZEN because I think they would be interested to subscribe for it and to call it to the attention of the members of their staffs. I am writing this because of my interest in the nurses who want to be kept well informed."

And Then Again

On the other side, an occasional letter-like this adds to our interest in life:

"Please cancel my name from your mailing list, as I don't care for the magazine's policy. I prefer to leave Uncle Sam's interest to our distinguished statesmen who are protecting America's interests."

The strength of the WOMAN CITIZEN lies in the fact that it is a cooperative undertaking, made possible by many of the leading women of the entire country. There is no commercial purpose behind it. Its aim is Service. For that reason we like best this in a letter from the Pine Mountain Settlement School:

"If unwritten or unspoken thoughts make themselves felt you must know just how grateful we are for the WOMAN CITIZEN."

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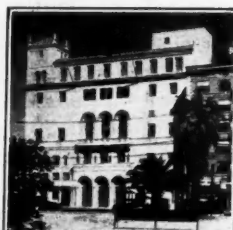
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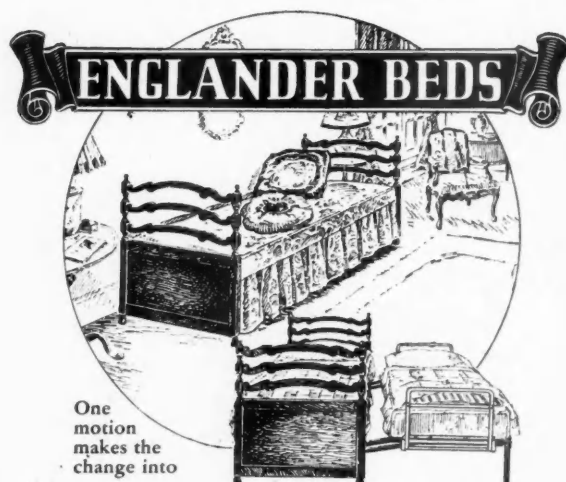
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Founded June 2, 1917, continuing *The Woman's Journal* founded in 1870 by Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell and published weekly from 1870 to 1917.

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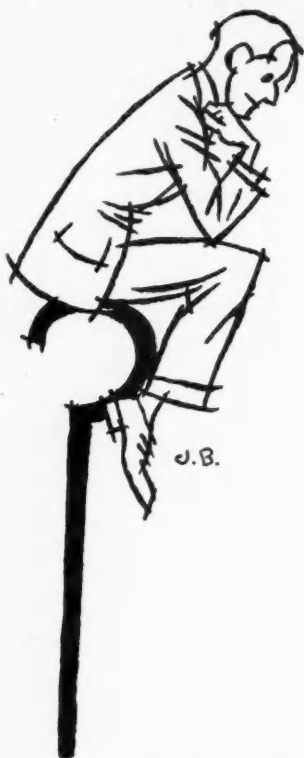
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In the May FORUM

Demoralization by Instalments? A Debate between Senator Couzens and C. C. Hanch, Secretary of the National Association of Finance, on the whys and why-nots of instalment buying.

Tabu—A Defense of Birth Control. Edward Murray East, Harvard scientist, states the case for Civilization versus Fecundity.

From Forum to Forum, Mussolini; The Philadelphia Scandal, Thomas Raeburn White; Seductive Italy, D. H. Lawrence; Spiritual Healing, Dr. Frederick Allen; Could Verse Be Worse? John Haldane Blackie; essays and fiction by Herbert Ravenel Sass, Clemence Dane, Viola Paradise, Willa Cather.

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The Cover Picture

Mary Lyon, Pioneer of Women's Education

CAREFULLY preserved at Mount Holyoke are several old account books. The faded ink of those pages tells the story of the struggle for the higher education of women as typified by Mary Lyon, founder of the college, more eloquently than man or woman has yet written it. One of these books records about \$27,000 subscribed by a few more than 18,000 people in ninety-one towns. There are two entries of a thousand dollars apiece. There are three of six cents! Several \$250 donations are recorded, many of a hundred, but the bulk of the account is made up in sums of fifty cents, one dollar, two, three, five. No wonder that Mary Lyon with her little green velvet money bag was a familiar figure about the New England countryside between 1833 and 1836. She was out at all hours, in all weather, to face all sorts of people, many of whom were hostile to the idea that women needed anything beyond readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic.

In 1797 Mary Lyon was born in Massachusetts, born apparently with an unappeasable appetite for learning. It was considered an unfortunate attribute for a woman in those days, if not an abnormality. But with sturdy persistence Mary Lyon pursued education under all difficulties. She fairly fought her way through school, she studied, she taught, and she saw other women hungering for knowledge as she hungered. Most of the popular "seminaries for young females" of her day were silly, inadequate institutions. Why not a permanent, endowed school that would be to women what Yale and Harvard were to men? It was a bold idea, but her persistence, her determination, her fire made that dream come true. How tremendous were the odds against her the old account books testify.

On a golden day in October, 1837, the cornerstone of Mount Holyoke was laid. Freedom for women strode a long way forward when that New England college took tangible form. It was to become, as one foreign visitor phrased it, a noble school. But it was even more than that. It was one of those early experiments in radical democracy that characterized young America: radical because it was an institution for women, democratic because Mary Lyon—patiently collecting pennies in her little green bag—made thousands of New Englanders partners in her great enterprise. Today her magnificent scheme is part of the heritage of all women in America.



For Madame

VERY NEW IS THE PRINTED CHIFFON
GOWN THAT TAKES TO TAILORED LINES

39.50

Model WC 281—This two-piece printed chiffon gown puts its chic into a colourful flower print that uses a two tone banding in solid colour sheer crepe to match the vestee. Made over a flesh colour silk crêpe slip.

MADAME'S GOWN SHOP

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops

FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th Streets, NEW YORK

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Lady Muriel Paget

FOR three years Lady Muriel Paget, of England, saw Russia in the agonies of war and revolution. Saw, and shared as one in the thick of the suffering. For in those years she had built up a chain of hospitals and dressing-stations which she herself headed. During these stormy days Lady Muriel witnessed endless horrors and looked death in the face many times. True, the British nursing uniform was always perfect protection against deliberate violence—Lady Muriel has more than one story to tell of confronting a revolver that was not fired when its

owner saw her garb. But sudden mobs, flood, shellfire, street fighting—these knew nothing of uniforms, and Lady Muriel encountered them all. It is easy, sensing her serene poise, to realize how she met them, and to understand why the Bolsheviks agreed, when she asked them, to stop firing on her hotel while she went in for her property.

Some 60,000 wounded passed through her hospitals before she left in 1918—to carry child welfare work into Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Latvia and Rumania. Twice she has been back to Russia, the second time just last fall, on the express

invitation of the Soviet Government, to study the welfare work done in the intervening years at Moscow and Leningrad. Naturally her observations covered far more than that, and it is a bird's-eye view of the Russia she saw which she gives us here—except for politics, from which as a hospital worker she was of course aloof. Lady Muriel is no friend to the present government's policies, but she is deeply devoted to the Russian people. With her husband, Sir Richard Paget, a scientist, she has recently visited this country, lecturing on Russia and the Baltic states.



© Times Wide World.

East meets West in Moscow where Cross and Crescent surmount the blue and gold, rose and lavender, yellow and green domes of the Kremlin

Glimpses of Modern Russia

An Englishwoman Who Saw Russia During War and Revolution Revisited Moscow and Leningrad Ten Years Later and Tells of Everyday Life as It Is Lived There Today

By MURIEL PAGET

FOUR years after I left Russia I went back to revisit the country which I had last seen in the early days of the Bolshevik revolution. My special mission was to study the welfare work that had been carried on especially in Moscow and Leningrad, and besides that to observe the social conditions, the developments, among a people for whom I had learned to care deeply. My concern was not with politics, but with the daily life of the great mass of the Russian people.

Arriving in Moscow, I noticed a great change for the better in the general appearance of the streets since my last visit. The houses had been repaired and painted. People looked fairly well nourished. Food, I found, was plentiful and not expensive, and the Russian people have always eaten less than we do in America and England. The majority of the people were hurrying along as if intent on business. They were dressed

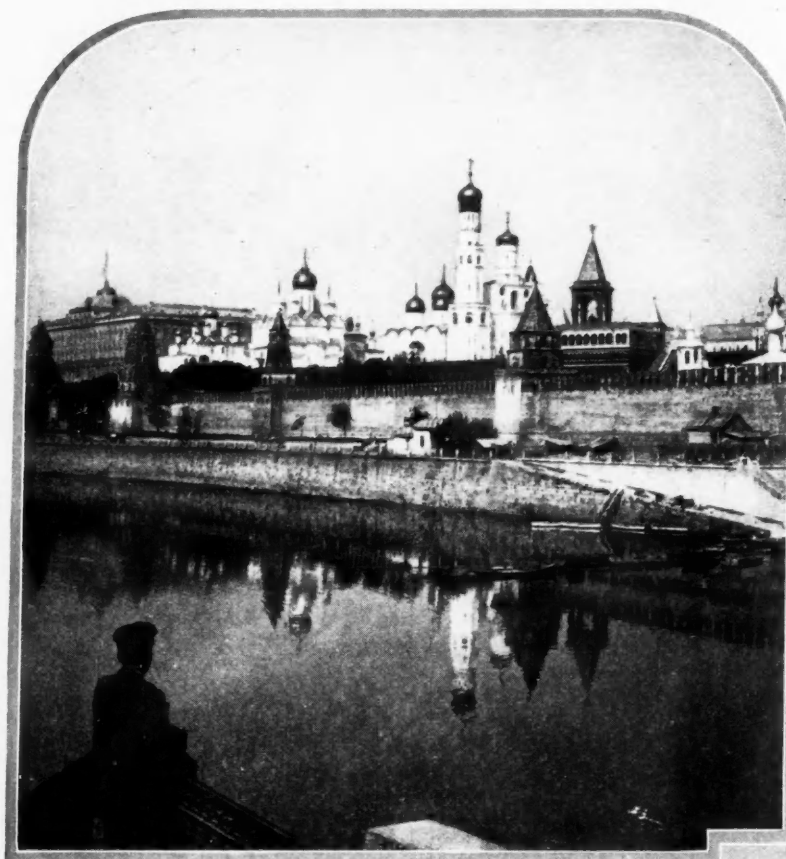
neither very well nor very badly, their clothes being either remnants of old days or made of material manufactured in the country. Imported clothes are

rare because they cost so much—Russia has imposed a heavy tariff on imports, except raw material and machinery, because she has not sufficient exports to justify further imports. As a result, an overcoat imported from abroad costs about \$100—a doctor's salary for two months.

The streets of Leningrad gave me a different impression—and a sharper emotion, for Leningrad had been the center of our hospital activities during the war and revolution, and the place was full of memories. The brilliant court and diplomatic life of the city I had known was dead. But the same crowds of workmen, peasants and Jews filled the streets and markets as before. The thin, golden church-spire was glistening in the sunshine on the banks of the Neva, but instead of the old national anthem the carillon of bells in the fortress of Peter and Paul clanged out the tune of the Third International. In the market on Sunday morning were the same displays of icons, cheap jewelry,



Peasants at market in Moscow



From Moscow River one may look back at the ancient Kremlin, at golden domes catching the sun, and grim walls in whose shadows so many have died

Below (©Erving-Galloway)—Leaders of the present Russian government dream of the time when radio and electricity will reach even such isolated peasant farms as this one, high in the mountains of the Caucasus

objets d'art—with the difference that some of the sellers were those who had known far better days and were now selling their own treasures. Life is very hard here for old people and for those without regular employment, and when the sale of their treasured possessions is finished the future must indeed be a nightmare. Leningrad seemed to me tragic because it had fallen from a high to a very low estate—from the sparkle and gayety of a royal capital to a threadbare city without even the dignity of the present governmental activities, since Moscow is the capital.

BOTH in Moscow and in Leningrad I interviewed officials of the Ministries of Health and Education. I visited hospitals, schools, infant welfare centers and other institutions. One of the most acute problems for such agencies in Russia is that of the "wild children." At one time, as a result of war, famine and revolution, there were as many as two million homeless orphans wandering about the country. They lived during the summer in the towns, and when the cold weather came migrat-

ed south, like the birds. Today it is estimated that there are still about 300,000, and that about 80,000 of these were in Moscow last autumn. Institutions are absorbing them by degrees, but they are still a tremendous problem. Securing suitable people to handle them is as urgent as the building of homes, for it takes great tact and patience and a knowledge of psycho-therapeutics to tempt these children back to ordinary civilized life after they have led the wild life of the streets.

Most of these "professionally homeless" children have spent one to seven years of wild life. They seek shelter at the stations, in old asphalt boilers, and sleep on doorsteps or in refuse boxes. For the most part they

steal their food and drugs. Perhaps ten per cent of them drink and take cocaine. "Having snuffed cocaine, you become more brave, you are no more hungry, you feel so happy"—so one of them explained the habit. Imagine hundreds of children, cold and hungry, craving love and care, finding their happiness only through a sniff of powder, unconscious of the inevitable coming horrors of dependency and hallucination. The Ministry of Health is trying to treat these tragic narcotic children, but the lack of funds is hampering. In one home I saw twenty-six narcotic boys in charge of a woman doctor—boys small for their age but very intelligent and keen, their wits sharpened by necessity.

Another woman doctor, a very remarkable one, is at the head of the section that deals with the health of mother and child up to the age of six. She is responsible for a very complete and admirable permanent exhibit illustrative of the health of women and children. Several large rooms are devoted to this purpose, and here are educational posters painted by the best artists, together with medical, surgical and dietetic exhibits. Wax figures portray with almost horrible reality every form of childish skin disease, and statistics of every description are graphically displayed. Thousands of people visit the exhibition, in-



cluding representatives of the children's hygiene committees from the various schools. This exhibit is of great educational value because of the general illiteracy of the people; printed health pamphlets are far less effective than this direct appeal to eye and imagination.

The present policy of reconstruction in Russian hospitals and homes, instead of attempting to bring all institutions up to modern standards, concentrates on producing one or two model establishments. These are shown to interested visitors from all over the country, with a view to stimulating local effort to improve the general standard. At the present time, therefore, it is possible to see extreme contrasts of old and new technique. I am not sure that this method is a bad one, in a country where eighty per cent of the population is illiterate and where graphic methods are possibly the best form of propaganda.

THE housing problem in Russia is acute, especially in Moscow, where there has been a population increase of forty per cent since the war, and a twenty per cent decrease in housing accommodation. Nine square feet per head is the official space allotment, and for this two per cent of the wages is charged as rent. Certain classes, however, are allowed to have space in pro-



A view of the Cathedral of Christ Our Saviour, Moscow's largest church

Below (© Ewing-Galloway)—Bells of the stern old Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul now clang out the International, instead of the old national anthem of earlier days. The slender gold spire of Peter-Paul Cathedral rises over the church where most of the Romanoffs were buried



portion to what they can pay. There are terrible cases of overcrowding where several families have to share a room. To be sure, this is not a new phenomenon. One of the demands as long ago as the strike of 1905, for instance, was that married families should be allowed a room to themselves.

The acuteness of the housing problem in some degree acts as a deterrent to legalized marriage, because of the difficulty in getting space. On the other hand, it sometimes holds people back from divorce because of the difficulty of dividing the space. Divorce is easy, though costly. It is possible for either husband or wife to obtain a divorce through a simple statement of a wish for it, without the other party

being so much as notified. However, those who seek the divorce are obliged to contribute a weekly allowance to the injured party, whether man or woman. If there is a question of two or three men being the father of a child, the richest of the possible fathers has to support it. Naturally, this ease of divorce means that in many cases the man escapes his obligations altogether.

RADIO is a new factor which is bound to improve Russian life.

By this means it is possible to transmit information, amusement, music and education without the medium of reading or writing—pleasures and interests formerly unknown have been brought into the lonely lives of people living miles from civilized centers. For three hours a day a peasants' paper is read over the radio from Moscow, and fully two-thirds of the time is devoted to educational material of immense value in acquainting the hearers with modern methods of agriculture and world market conditions.

A social-economic phase of life in
(Continued on page 39)



A very young mother thought it would be quite too cunning if she could borrow the stork for her baby's christening party

"The Customer Is Always Right"

Is She? The Relater of These Incidents Has for Many Years Superintended the Installation of a Certain Device in Department Stores Throughout the Country. She Has Thus Had Unusual Opportunities for Observation in Shops Where Women Are the Chief Patrons. Here Are Some Things She Has Seen

As told to ANNE O'HAGAN

Drawings by Helen E. Hokinson

WHO is it that pays for the extravagant demands made upon the retail merchants of the country by the women shoppers, the disbursers of household moneys? Somebody must pay. Now and then the bankruptcy court and the receivers' sales give the answer. Sometimes it is heard in the universal growl of the persistent dearness of things.

For example: Who paid for the "service" on Miss Arlington's wedding dress? I happened to be in the manager's office of a leading Brooklyn department store, which we will call Bonbright's, on the day the Arlington case reached its climax. Mrs. Arlington did not find the immediate cost of her daughter's wedding dress increased by the incident, but



"My husband did not like me in this hat"

some one must have paid. Who was it?

The Arlingtons live down at the eastern end of Long Island at, let us say, East Hebron. They have a charge account at Bonbright's. In Bonbright's dressmaking department Miss Arlington's wedding dress was composed, or created, or whatever is done to a wedding dress of distinction. Eight days before the ceremony it was safely delivered to the Arlington house in East Hebron by the store's thrice-a-week country-district motor service.

At break of day on the Friday before the wedding, which was scheduled for Monday, a frenzied Mrs. Arlington had Bonbright's dressmaking department on the telephone. She related that Miss Arlington, defiant of ancient superstition, had been showing her wedding dress

to a friend who was not coming to her wedding. And superstition had promptly justified itself. Something had, by diabolic mischance, been spilled. The front was ruined. Bonbright's would have to—it must—it simply must!

Of course, the head of the dressmaking department agreed. A wedding is a wedding, and no corporation is so soulless as to deny that the regular revolution of the earth round the sun must, if necessary, be altered for a bride. Mrs. Arlington motored miles to catch a train for Brooklyn, ninety miles away, and herself deposited the gown with the head of the dressmaking department. A hundred times she repeated: "The wedding is at four o'clock Monday. Four o'clock, four o'clock." A thousand times she said: "You will get it back on time. You will, you will?"

"Absolutely. Put your mind at rest. We will begin work on it at once. It will go out to the storehouse for Eastern Long Island tomorrow afternoon and will be delivered to you the first thing Monday morning. I will see to it personally."

Monday morning, by ten o'clock, the dressmaking department was summoned to the telephone. The dress had not yet arrived. Mrs. Arlington was soothed, told not to be alarmed; the truck with the dress aboard had started from Brooklyn Saturday afternoon, had Sundayed in the Eastern Long Island warehouse and was now doubtless approaching East Hebron, its first port of call.

Mrs. Arlington shrieked: "EAST Hebron? EAST Hebron? But—"

When the lines were disentangled it was learned that the wedding was to take place, not in the house of Arlington père, in East Hebron, but in the more commodious, more distinguished, ancestral home of the Arlingtons, in grandfather's house, at West Hebron Heights, eleven miles nearer Brooklyn. Mrs. Arlington, in her agitation on Friday, had neglected to mention this fact at Bonbright's.

AT that point in the tragedy some Sister Anne, watching the road from a tower window, came calling out to the frantic mother of the more frantic bride that Bonbright's truck had just careened down the road at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and that it would be over the edge of Montauk Point long before the hour set for the wedding.

Did Bonbright's, in whose manager's

office I happened to be at the moment of this long-distance talk, express to Mrs. Arlington what it thought of her?



A thousand times she repeated—"The wedding is at four o'clock, four o'clock. You will get it back on time? You will?"

Did it advise her to have her daughter married in a going-away frock? Did it tell her to take a taxi to East Hebron on the chance that the wedding dress would be left at her own house there? Not at all. In two minutes the store had reassured all the high contracting parties. It would, by telephone, authorize a swift motorcycle from the garage nearest the scene of the disaster to chase the delivery wagon, regardless of speed laws, to overtake it and to conduct it personally back to West Hebron Heights. And all was done according to promise, the bride's reason was saved, and Bonbright's reputation for service was upheld. Somehow, the bill was paid—perhaps by the raising of the percentage of profit necessary to meet "overhead." Certainly Mrs. Arlington did not pay for it—she was sure, she said, that she was not to blame!

This is an extreme but not a unique instance of the casualness of customers in regard to their addresses. Like brides who thoughtlessly give their maiden names, women who have lived long in one place and have lately moved to another, are apt casually to give their old addresses.

"213 West Hottter Street, Germantown," recites the housekeeper who has just purchased two dozen huck towels and a dozen bath towels in a Philadelphia shop. She has forgotten that last month she moved from 213 West Hottter Street, Germantown, to 304 Willow Street, Merion. Multiply her by fifty or five hundred; multiply her single instance of forgetfulness into five or ten instances; and see what sum the united department stores of a large city must allow for the correction of just that single, simple, casual error.

EVERY store all over the country knows the foresighted army of C. O. D. shoppers who never run the slightest risk of losing something they might possibly want, but who have everything which momentarily appeals to them sent home, only to refuse to receive the goods when delivered. This is a class so numerous that in at least one city—Pittsburgh—the department stores became co-operators in the determination to eliminate it, instead of remaining competitors in the suicidal effort to keep it. A deposit was required with every C. O. D. order, and there was great indignation among the ladies accustomed to return to Jones's the

sweaters, skirts and stockings they had ordered because later in their shopping they had discovered "specials" in these garments at Brown's, White's, or Black's. They protested, with some degree of truth, that they, cash customers, were being discriminated against; weren't charge customers allowed to return goods constantly?

And, of course, it is undeniable that the return of charged goods is quite conscienceless, even on the part of women who consider themselves highly upright members of the community.

"My husband did not like me in this hat," they say with bland regret, but entire finality.

"But, Mrs. Dash, you know that, for hygienic reasons, we don't allow the return of hats," objects the head of the millinery section.

"Well, I simply shan't keep it. You can put a new lining in, if you are so very particular, though I must say I think it a perfectly absurd rule. I could try on all the hats in the shop, and your 'hygienic reasons' would not prevent your trying them on a dozen more people. Anyway, I shan't pay the bill."

(Continued on page 43)



The Edgewood School at Greenwich, Connecticut, is probably the best known of Mrs. Johnson's Northern schools

The Marietta Johnson Idea

*Schools Where Work and Play Are So Cunningly Intermingled
That Children Absorb Knowledge Without Effort, Learning
What They Need, As They Need It*

By MILDRED ADAMS

IF you want to sound like a true initiate among the "progressives" of education, murmur knowingly the name of Marietta Johnson.

For she is pioneer, prophet, and demonstration center for the people who believe that "education is identical with growth," and who are sure that developing the latent abilities of a child is better for him than stuffing him with extraneous information.

Fairhope, Alabama, is the bubbling experiment station where youngsters from six to twenty years old demonstrate various stages of growth under Mrs. Johnson's theories. The Edgewood School at Greenwich, Connecticut, is probably the best known of her Northern schools, and the Manhasset Bay School at Port Washington, Long Island, is her youngest fledgling. A dozen other private schools from Cape



*Mrs. Marietta Johnson, who believes that
"education is identical with growth"*

Cod to the Golden Gate bear witness to her inspiration and her unflagging enthusiasm, and public school officials in the most enlightened cities are experimenting with her methods and trying to adapt them to the larger groups of children they must handle.

Marietta Johnson is a vivid visionary, a warmly lovable prophet of a cause. She speaks of things dreamed of afar, and brought near for the glory of your children, and as you listen you catch fire from that glowing voice, and burn with the desire to make these dreams come true. Her face is mobile, warmed with charm and humor, and lit with an all-embracing love of humanity.

One winter night she sat deep in a cushioned arm chair before a wide fire, and told the story of her "conversion" to what was to become her life work.

"I was teaching in a normal school

in the Middle West," she began. "I was young and full of enthusiasm for my profession, and sure that the hope of democracy lay in universal education, and that I was helping to build a better world. I wanted to give the children as much as they could possibly do, and I was working out new ways of teaching whereby they could get through four First Readers in three months."

She shook her head with a shamefaced smile. "It was a fine example of the factory system at its worst," she confessed. "Of course I didn't know any better then, but just the same, it makes me feel like a criminal every time I think of it."

"ONE day my superintendent handed me a thick red book, and said: 'Unless education shifts its course to conform with these discoveries, it can not expect to hold the attention of the best of you young teachers.' I was startled, and a bit appalled, but I took the book home and read it. It was Oppenheim's "Development of the Child," and it changed my entire scheme of thinking and teaching."

"I discovered that I had been forcing children 'way beyond their powers, that I had practically been maiming their

minds and laming their emotions, and that the entire system under which I taught went directly contrary to the natural needs of the child."

"I determined then and there to do no more teaching until I knew more about

and the town asked me to start a free kindergarten. I jumped at the chance, and began a series of new experiments with a handful of children, including my own small son, as material. It was just such a chance as I had dreamed of."



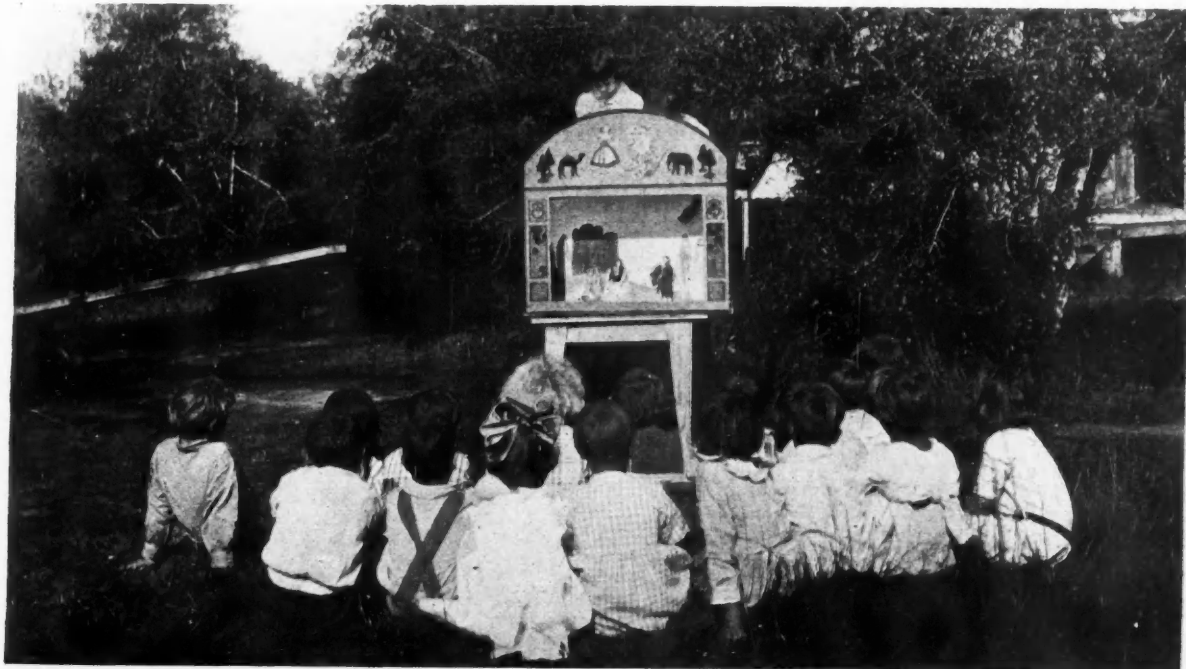
These little children at the Port Washington school are provided with projects that keep their small bodies in healthy action

children, and for several years I worked and studied, trying to find out what children needed, and what sort of environment would make for their finest growth.

"In 1907 the chance came to put some of my new theories into practice. That year we—my husband, my two babies and I—moved to Fairhope, Alabama,

To Fairhope come all sorts of people interested in new schools—professors of education from John Dewey down, teachers dissatisfied with traditional ways, parents eager to see for themselves these improvements on the methods which prevailed when they themselves wriggled at hard school desks. Some of them make it a goal for short pilgrimages, others settle in town for the winter, to subject David or Joan

THAT was the modest beginning of an educational experiment which has attracted the interest of the whole country. It was twenty years ago that Marietta Johnson started the School of Organic Education at Fairhope, with that single kindergarten group. Classes were added from year to year as the children grew, until now there has developed a complete system of primary, grammar and secondary schooling, capped by a two years' training course for teachers, for whom the demand is far greater than the supply.



A critical audience watching a puppet play for which they themselves, after writing the play, designed stage, dolls, and costumes

to at least one term of experiment.

One of the first things they notice is that the Fairhope children (and this is true wherever Mrs. Johnson's theories are at work) have no trace of that searing self-consciousness whose scars many an elder still bears.

"THEY don't pay any attention at all to visitors," one parent marveled. "I was hesitant about going into classes, remembering how I used to loathe strangers, but the children scarcely seemed to know I was there. They were too busy, and too interested. When I ventured to ask one lad a question, he answered it without the slightest trace of shyness. He took it for granted that I had asked because I wanted to know. I was a fellow enthusiast, and he was willing to share his interest. Then he went back to work."

Fairhope is a free school, supported by the community and asking no tuition. Small of plant and modest of equipment, it is rich in experimental enthusiasm and the qualities that make for fine human development. Its students are drawn from the town and the countryside, and are a representative cross-section of average childhood. For these reasons, the things it does are well within the reach and the range of interest of any public

school progressive enough to try them.

The children make new equipment as they need it, and in the making they learn, for one of Mrs. Johnson's basic

there, and then impart it in clear and concise English to their fellows.

Of course all this does not occur in a single year or a single class, but in substance it is the way

her work progresses. Little children are provided with projects that keep their small bodies in healthy action, let them move around freely, and do not demand too fine co-ordination or too long concentration. Games and folk dancing supplement carpentry and modeling and nature study, and develop good physiques and muscular control as well as stimulating and feeding that natural curiosity which is the thing that makes education possible—and so difficult to manage.

Books she would ban until

children are eight years old. And so skilfully is her program planned that the children are busy with concrete things up to the point where they feel the imperative need for the knowledge that is in a book.

"AND then," one enthusiastic parent reported, "they learn to read almost at once, and in three months' time they are reading intelligently, fluently, and with understanding and appreciation, things that under the old system are meant for children

(Continued on page 40)



*This photograph and the upper one on page 13 by Lena G. Towsley
Painting at Port Washington is at once a serious and a joyous business*

beliefs is phrased in the old adage that one learns best by experience. So she sets her children at making things—modeling in clay, carpentering, building playhouses, fashioning the settings and the costumes for games and plays which they invent. And on the way and in the midst of this "playing" she teaches them arithmetic, so that they shall be able to measure and to compute, history that their plays may have the proper background, geography that they may know where their materials come from, and reading and writing that they may go to books for information contained only



A geography class in the Alabama school has been studying Hawaii and graphically illustrates the native costume

"This Wicked Young Generation"

*Adept at the Fine Art of Shocking, but Frank, Honest,
Courageous and Ever Ready to Pay the Well-Known
Piper and Tip Him Generously Into the Bargain*

By A MAN A VERY LITTLE OLDER

IT was at a coming-out party at Sherry's a number of years ago that a dance known as the Grizzly Bear first hit New York. The Paul Whiteman of his day saved his grizzly brand of music till after the chaperons had all gone home. Then he broke it out.

The effect on decorous two-steppers was instantaneous. All the dance required was that you go into a clinch with the fair lady and stagger. Everybody learned to stagger with ease. Faces flushed, eyes glazed, mouths working, they staggered. The famous million-dollar chandelier rocked.

Interesting dance if you performed. Not particularly inspiring if you looked on. The dance was supposed to have been invented by drunken sailors on the Barbary Coast—before the earthquake. It looked it.

However, the Younger Generation of that day did not moralize noticeably about the dance. They were just as matter of fact about it as the Y. G. is now:

"New dance—can you do it? Let's try."

The papers had quite a lot to say the next day—"Menace to Morals," etc. All the out-finned chaperons were shocked. The Y. G. was a little puzzled about the uproar.

"Just a New Dance"

"JUST a new dance," they said. Accused of wickedness, they were caught off guard for a second. They hadn't thought of that. But on some consideration the idea obviously had a kick.

"Yes, it is rather wicked, that's why we liked it," remarked some with wide-eyed nonchalance. Tears, recriminations—"Now you must promise me," etc.

"Well, everybody's doin' it," they concluded, and sauntered on to the next german.

Perhaps some of them are "worried mothers" now. But it is a safe bet they have completely forgotten the incident.

Which particular Younger Generation was that? Oh, who cares? Anyway it was before this poor old war that

is being blamed for so much. Male and female offenders at propriety who were yelling in their perambulators the day of the Armistice coolly allude to the War as the cause of their downfall.

"My Children, Too!" by a distressed and horrified mother appeared in our March issue. In April, through "one a little older," the younger generation—feminine—gave its answer. Now a man, "just a little older," has consented to give his view of his younger friends

War and downfall are usually both myths.

Of course seventeen-year-old men of the world who had witnessed the debut of the Grizzly Bear did not offer gin in hip flasks to their partners between dances. But some of them blew into Jack's after their partners were safely home, drank a concoction known as a Mamie Taylor and bought sloe-gin fizzes for such other damsels as they found present. Some of these young men are now "worried fathers." They, too, have forgotten.

Man-of-the-Worldliness

ACCORDING to his lights the average man is likely to suit his actions and manner to what he conceives the lady whom he happens to be entertaining expects of him. Of course he sometimes makes terrible social blunders trying to strike a happy average. But no one could be more downcast than he when that happens.

The wilder and more hard-boiled the youth may seem, the more likely it is that his knees are shaking lest he seem to fail in man-of-the-worldliness. It is not, of course, a laudable ambition, but prevalent—very prevalent.

A boy in his first dinner coat once met

a crony on the way home from a dance.

"Have a good time?" asked the buddy in mufti.

"You bet I did," crowed the elated youth. "And what's more, I took that blonde girl from Memphis home from the party."

"Did she let you kiss her?" demanded the other boy. "She's quite some kid, you know."

The boy in the tuxedo flushed with shame, but it was mercifully dark. He had not even tried to kiss the girl from Memphis! It hadn't even entered his head, and if it had he wouldn't have dared. This would never do! He tottered on the edge of abject confusion, then pulled himself together. "Aha, that would be telling," quoth he with a cynical wink, and sauntered on home. Don Juanly. Of course the next time, though he fumbled a little, he bade the girl from Memphis good night with a passionate embrace.

War—Which War?

WHEN did this happen? Yesterday; the day Pershing rode down Fifth Avenue at the head of the First Division; the night Jenny Lind sang in Castle Garden; the day Lord Howe evacuated New York; the afternoon they unveiled the Colossus of Rhodes.

War—which war?

A patient series of interviews with young men about town would confirm or disprove this statement depending on the prevalent momentary mood of the aforesaid Y. M. A. T.—and the credulity of the interviewer.

"These women, they're all alike," says the bored young man of fifteen at the wheel of a Packard (which father thinks is in the garage). "Tell 'em they'll have to get out and walk, and they'll treat you right. You have to be rough." Then he may go home and cry because some goddess of the moment is suspected of having kissed the Smith boy at a prep school fraternity dance.

"Personally, I don't go in for necking," says the Freshman at college, haughtily. "But of course it's easy enough." He may have left a trail of

broken hearts and mussed bobs from Cambridge to Birmingham—or he may be smitten with palsy at the sight of a rouged knee. There is no telling from what he says.

"Ah, but what they do," says the earnest investigator. "The things they do!" Well, what do they do?

You stumble unexpectedly into a studio party—practically no lights at all, flickering fire, slight odor of gin. The shaft of light from the opened door illumines a scene of dire confusion—frantic scramblings, half-recumbent forms rising hastily, startled young faces. The horror-stricken intruder murmurs abject apologies with a feeling that Anthony Comstock must be spinning in his grave.

"Come in," a flustered host stammers. "I know you'll think we're nuts, but we're running off some movies backward on the ceiling. Lie down and join us."

Idiotic Infants Exaggerate

THIS sounds quite insane, of course. But it is not half so insane as some of the things older people are imagining about equally senseless and innocent things. And of course natural human perversity leads the idiotic infants to exaggerate their reminiscences for the benefit of their shocked elders. Half the time they are simply kidding the more wicked imaginations of the older generation. And their elders swallow these infants' indictments of themselves, add voluminously to them and howl to the moon. How about their own youth in the nineteen hundreds, the nineties, the eighties?

It ought to be obvious that young people right now are no worse and no better than the generations stretching endlessly behind them, of folk who in their day, too, were the "wicked younger generation."

Things happen. Things have always been happening and always will. The things the shocked author of "My Children, Too!" heard are doubtless all true. She really didn't make her story half bad enough. Now that we're telling stories, I could tell—but what's the use? Why put all the shocking tales about any group of people all together in one place? There was a medieval writer who once did an amazing "Elmer Gantry" of the College of Cardinals. It made everybody sit up and take notice, but nobody thought of citing it as a social document.

Neither are the good things said about the Younger Generation half good enough. A generation that is as frank and honest and courageous as this one can not be too severely attacked by the generations that spent half their energy keeping their mistakes from the light of day. Say that this new generation of bad young people all act on occasion like gilded idiots. Say that the usual

consequences attend their idiocies. You must also say that they show an almost indecent willingness to face the music. They pay the well-known piper and tip him generously into the bargain.

One thing can be said about almost all these young people of no matter what background. And somehow it doesn't seem to have been said about them yet. They show an almost fanatic desire to keep their good deeds dark and to broadcast their shortcomings to the four winds.

It may be that in certain older-stock types of loyalty they don't always measure up to older standards. They can't have all the virtues, and perhaps this is an outcome of their exaggerated realism. Perhaps it is simply that their standards of loyalty are different. After all, each generation must live by its own standards. It is by the judgment of contemporaries that every man or woman eventually succeeds or fails—or makes a passing grade.

But these are generalities. The manifestations of this younger generation vary slightly with each social stratum they inhabit. And no one observer is qualified to inhabit all the different grades of social strata simultaneously. That is one big element in the injustice with which young people nowadays are treated. You notice it particularly in sermons. Pick stories of wickedness from Avenue A, Park Avenue, Chatham Square, Morningside Heights, Flatbush, Greenwich Village, the Bronx, Little Italy, Harlem, the East Sixties, Hell's Kitchen and Brooklyn Heights, mix them all up in one forbidding indictment and call it "Young People of Today." Of course it's strong—as strong as Doré's Hell, but it's hardly a sociological blueprint.

These high school scandals the elders talk so much about. They are not so very new, and not any worse than ten, twenty years ago—probably better. Picnics, straw-rides, house-parties, hikes, cruises, beach parties, club dances—they all vary from the rather decent to the rather awful, and always have. Any man who is honest with his memory will concede that on a second's thought. It's just that nowadays everything gets more publicity.

It Wasn't the War!

A REPORTER'S first instinct nowadays is to look up the clipping file and liven up his story with "similar instances." If you saunter through the social history of these United States back far enough, you run across a pious New England custom known as "bundling." Like many other social customs it had its good and bad phases—but there were no tabloids then.

We alluded somewhat scornfully to the war as a myth so far as it affected the present generation of young people. Of

course all wars affect social customs to a certain extent. The young people inhabiting New York directly after the American Revolution appear to have taken nobody's dust. Doubtless sermons were preached in Trinity about it. How much it had to do with the situation was probably just as doubtful then as now. It is easy to over-emphasize such a natural chapter heading in history as a war.

Directly after this recent war so many of us attended, there was a widespread belief that its horrors, etc., were responsible for the enormous increase in crimes of violence. This kept up until statistical records revealed the fact that few of the young thugs, stick-up men, yeggs, safe-crackers and bandits had ever been overseas.

It was noticeable that the young men who went back to college from the Service tended to divide sharply into two classes. Either they were much more serious than they ever had been before, or they finished up their one or two years in a rather lurid riot. You can prove anything you want from that.

One thing is true. There was a tendency to belittle minor extra-curriculum activities.

And there was a certain attitude of cynicism displayed. It is not impossible that this cynicism, or at least the outward pose of it, has been transmitted down through subsequent college generations. And of course the cynics these days do get a better run for their money.

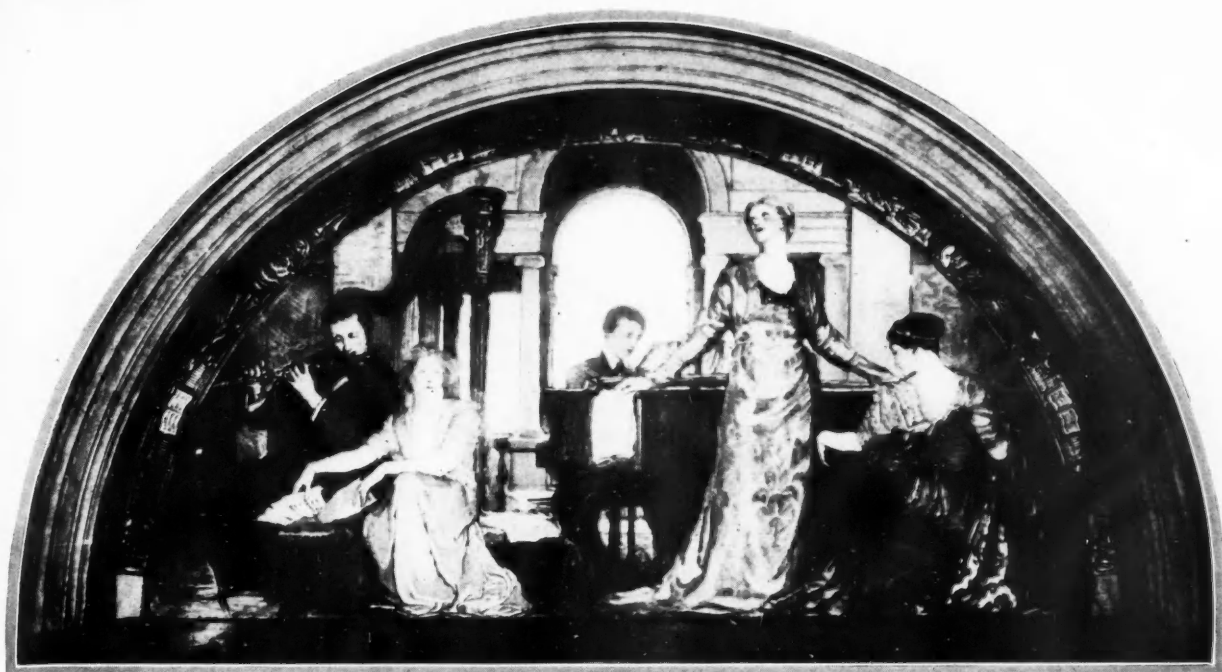
As It Was in the Beginning

PERHAPS these young cynics realize that subconsciously, and play for it. Certain it is that young people are taken far more seriously now than ever before. Perhaps they are being taken entirely too seriously.

All this self-conscious effort to "be a pal" to a son or daughter is one example of it. If there is one thing young folks can see through—in older people—it is pretense. Your frantic effort not to be shocked at them—they may be laughing in their sleeves at you and just piling it on. They present a smooth, high polished surface to the casual eye and fewer people than ever before seem able to crack it.

But down underneath that surface the male of the species, anyway, is just as he always has been. Your self-possessed young man of the world equally with your outwardly tough street-corner loungeur, is just the same below the surface. He is a little boy, agonizingly self-conscious and in constant terror lest he give himself away. He is just as eager as he ever was for the approval of his elders, too—so long as he can keep the respect of his contemporaries.

Can it be possible that the sophisticated flapper is much the same? Who is this observer to venture an opinion about her?—but he has his suspicions.



© Violet Oakley

The pride of the Republican Women of Pennsylvania, a club organized in Philadelphia, is the series of murals by Violet Oakley that decorate the hall of their new home, the Hannah Penn House. This particular lunette which we reproduce is titled, "Youth and Art"

Clubhouse Ambitions

All Over America Women's Clubs Are Dreaming Dreams or Making Plans or Reading Specifications for the Fine Big Clubhouse That It Is the Ambition of Every Club to Own

By RAMONA HERDMAN

THIS is a story of ambition. To be more exact, it is a story of women's clubs with ambitions for new clubhouses. It is also a "success story" of clubs that have weathered the first building problems and are ready to tackle more—a larger and better club plant, the addition of an auditorium, perhaps, or remodeling the entire clubhouse on up-to-date lines.

Whatever the ambitions may be they all start alike, with a dream. That dream passes through many stages of dreaming, hoping and planning from the first eager, "Wouldn't it be nice if we had a clubhouse of our own?" to the moment when the steam shovels begin work. Yes, and farther—to the placing of the last chair

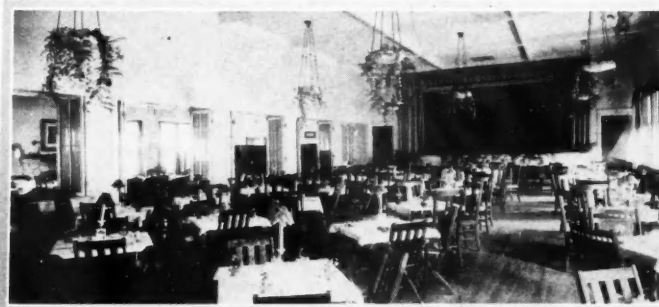
and the hanging of the last curtain.

When a woman's club buys an old-fashioned two-story wooden frame house on a desirable corner, it is safe to guess that every member has a vivid mental picture of the impressive clubhouse that will stand on that corner before many years—and in most cases it does.

Out in Appleton, Wisconsin, there is a little house like that, with the "Woman's Club" sign swinging from one corner of the porch and a poster, "Boost the Woman's Club," in a window. Just back of this house, around the corner, is the little brick auditorium called "The Playhouse." The members

are getting ready to build a new clubhouse which will take the place of these two buildings, and are studying various types of building plans. One is the unit idea, with the auditorium and clubhouse separate, as many clubs are building today, and the other is the plan of remodeling the present club and "The Playhouse" into one large building.

Let's skip around the map a little, spotting



Gay and fresh as this tea-room looks, members of the Palmetto Club at Daytona Beach, Florida, are eager to abandon it for a new one in a new house



© Lane Bros.

The great success of the Woman's Club of Dayton, Ohio, may force the abandonment of this fine old house for a larger, modern one

other ambitious women's clubs; and detouring every now and then to see one that has recently achieved what the others are undertaking.

The Women's City Club of Oakland, California, organized only a year ago, made such swift progress that it has purchased a valuable site in the down town district and has announced plans for a seven-story clubhouse to cost approximately \$500,000, which will provide a central meeting-place for all the women's organizations of the city. That is quick action—but it shows how women do things when they get started.

In Santa Fé, New Mexico, the women felt that they had to choose between a clubhouse and a public library. They chose the library first. Now they are putting forth a strenuous campaign for the clubhouse, which will be erected on a lot purchased several years ago. An intensive money-raising drive brought into play all the time-honored methods—card parties, dances, movie benefits, and what have you? They did keep away from food sales, however, because in a gen-

erous spirit of fair play the woman's club members decided that a food sale was one of the few available money-making schemes for church circles that could not give dances or card parties.

Minneapolis presents an object lesson in plan and achievement—with one fine club only a year old and another just on the way. The elder is the clubhouse of the Business Women's Club of Minneapolis, and its history is typical of the energy and determination of a group of women, clubhouse bent. With a charter membership of 1,500, the club opened its first home in 1920. In July, 1922, the club put on a "whirlwind campaign" for the new clubhouse. Vacation period though it was, with many members out of town, the club members pledged the required \$50,000 worth of stock in ten days. In September of that same year a building lot was purchased and a drive launched for the sale of stock subscriptions. The Business Women's Holding Company was formed in 1923 as a separate organization, with club members as the investors. Of the stock sold, less than \$20,000 of the total of \$155,900 was purchased outside the club membership.

The result is a beautiful building, with all the modern features—stores for rent on the first floor, lounge, amusement room, bedrooms, etc. The two story building, raised to three stories in the rear, has provided piers to carry ten additional stories—a modern bit of forethought.

The clubhouse-to-come is that of the Minneapolis Woman's Club. After an enthusiastic building campaign, ground was broken for the new building last March, and members hope that it will be ready for occupancy January first. Meantime, after the close of the program season, the club will rent space in its old home which has been sold to a church society.

The new \$300,000 clubhouse will offer an auditorium with 686 seats and complete stage equipment, a ballroom, a



A dream recently come true—the Woman's Century Club of Seattle, Washington, which derives much of its revenue from its magnificent theatre and ballroom



Many windows brighten the lounge of the Minneapolis Business Women's Club, built after a "whirlwind" campaign conducted by members

main dining-room seating 150, and two private dining rooms, a spacious lounge with loggia overlooking the park, a library with separate room for the circulating library, committee rooms, sewing room, card room, Turkish baths, beauty parlors, and two floors of bedrooms, some with private baths.

The Dayton, Ohio, Woman's Club is one of the many whose success is demanding expansion. With its \$91,000 clubhouse, it is in such a flourishing condition that it is beginning to look forward to the time when a larger club plant will be required. The present clubhouse, of the "comfortable house" type, has nineteen rooms to rent; they are all filled, and there is always a waiting list. It is one of the few clubs that not only make the restaurant pay for itself, but operate it at a profit. In one year the Dayton club served 34,262 meals in the tea room at a profit of \$2,610.

A "Permanent Clubhouse Fund" has been established by the Woman's Department Club of Indianapolis. Members worked seven years to pay for the present clubhouse, but they are already planning for the splendid up-to-the-minute clubhouse which they will build in a few years.

The attractive new home of the New Century Club of Chester, Pennsylvania, completed last July, is the result of the courage with which club women meet building problems. The building committee borrowed plans which were used for a neighboring clubhouse, and committee members personally supervised the construction.

Another clubhouse which has just about reached capacity is the Woman's Club of Evanston, Illinois, with an active membership of 1,000, a waiting list of 355, an enthusiastic junior auxiliary with 300 members, and a beautiful \$250,000 building. Plans for an addition have been submitted to the club.

This clubhouse was built in 1913, before woman's clubs were as numerous and as prosperous as they are today. The

members of the building committee worked untiringly for two years for that clubhouse, attending committee meetings, some lasting all day, others far into the night. They gave so many days to shopping in Chicago that the total would run into many months; they sought expert advice from outsiders and the most careful consideration of every member of the committee on everything from the re-inforcement of the foundations to the hanging of the stage curtains. Some questions, like that of the best boiler to use and the most satisfactory method of ventilation to install, were under vigorous and continuous discussion for months.

The architect smiled when the women demanded the most minute specifications, covering every trade, and told them they wouldn't understand the technical terms.

"We intend to read them all through with great care," the women insisted. And they did, although they confessed that they had to resort to a dictionary more than once. This is the way they
(Continued on page 48)



One of the first clubs to build sumptuously was the Atlanta Woman's Club, whose auditorium and long banquet hall are shown here



This spacious clubhouse is proving a close fit for the fast-growing Woman's Club of Evanston, Illinois, and the idea of an addition has been launched



Entrance to the comfortable lounge and social rooms of the Woman's Club of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, which is only three years old

*Shall Uncle Sam go on
asking payment for the*



*bread he gave to the starv-
ing children of Europe?*

Cancel the Relief Loans

*At Least Let's Not Go On Asking Payment for Aid Given
to Those "Suffering for the Want of Food"*

By ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON

Cartoon by Harry Turner

AMONG the latest incidents in the discussion of the international debts have been the pronouncement from certain members of the faculty of Columbia University, a similar statement from some of the professors at Princeton University, an open letter from the Secretary of the Treasury to President Hibben, the latter's reply and then a letter from Professor Seligman of Columbia University to Secretary Mellon.

These statements and letters have all been dignified and restrained in tone, although the issues are so intricate that the arguments have left the public mind

a little confused. Unfortunately other discussion of the problem in the newspapers and elsewhere is not clear. The whole issue is now beclouded by misunderstanding of fact, by half truths and by emotionalism.

And this confusion of issues is true of both sides. Few, if any, can approach the question calmly and soberly. There has doubtless been much flabby sentimentalism among the advocates of cancellation, but it has been equaled, perhaps excelled, by the rabid patriotism and fancied practicality of those who fervidly oppose any further concessions.

Under such circumstances it is probably not wise in a brief article to touch on

more than one phase of the large issue. On this side of the Atlantic we need time for adjustment and on the other side our erstwhile associates in the great war are sharply critical of our position. No matter who is right there is probably little that can be accomplished now in settling the larger questions.

It is possible, however, to deal with at least one phase of the matter—one which does not involve the more serious controversial issues on which so much emotion is being wasted. There is one step the United States might take in any case and in doing so our attitude toward the rest of the question would not be prejudiced. That part of the debt due the United

States Government by foreign governments which originated in distinctly relief work should be promptly cancelled.

There were four classes of loans made by the United States Government to foreign governments. These are quite different in their nature and our thinking will be aided if we can discriminate between them. There were obligations in return (1) for advances made under the Liberty Loan Acts, used largely but not entirely in the active prosecution of the war; (2) for surplus war supplies; (3) for supplies furnished in the work of the American Relief Administration; and (4) for similar supplies furnished through the United States Grain Corporation. Some countries, e. g. Great Britain, owe us on only one account, others, e. g. France, owe us on two, while at least two countries, Czechoslovakia and Poland, became indebted under three headings.

If these four groups of obligations are examined separately, distinct progress is possible. The largest in amount is the first. Most of the arguments pro and con are about this item, although the disputants seldom, if ever, discriminate between it and the other three. Let us pass it by and see if agreement is not possible on these others. Then the debate can be conducted more on its merits and with less confusion.

The Debts for Food

THE second group of debts originated in the sale of surplus war supplies. American public opinion would probably not support a proposal to cancel it or even reduce it unless actual bankruptcy of the debtors should compel such a step. The total principal sum involved is \$574,876,884 together with millions more of accrued and unpaid interest from some of the countries. France owes the most on this account, the principal amount of her debt being \$407,341,145. Along with Belgium she has scrupulously maintained interest payments on this obligation.

It is on the third and fourth groups that action might be taken. After the war was over conditions in Central and Eastern Europe were deplorable. Suffering was acute and relief work was needed. Red Cross efforts and the activities of the Friends were insufficient. On February 25, 1919, the President of the United States approved an Act of Congress under which the American Relief Administration was able to give important aid.

Over a year later with much yet to be done another Act of Congress was passed and approved by the President on March 30, 1920. The following passages are taken from this Act and reflect its intent. The italics are inserted by

the writer and are not in the law itself.

... "For the participation of the Government of the United States in the furnishing of foodstuffs to populations in Europe and countries contiguous thereto *suffering for the want of food* the United States Grain Corporation is hereby authorized . . . to sell or dispose of flour now in its possession . . . and to relieve populations in the countries of Europe or countries contiguous thereto *suffering for the want of food.*"

Under the first of these laws the American Relief Administration spent \$84,093,963 in Armenia, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland and Russia. Under the second law the United States Grain Administration spent \$56,858,802 in Armenia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland. For a considerable time these countries paid no interest and the amounts due and unpaid were added to the principal sum, increasing the aggregate amount of the obligation. The total finally deemed payable on these accounts was from \$160,000,000 to \$165,000,000.

Our World War Foreign Debt Commission negotiated settlements or "funding agreements" with most of the debtor countries, merging therein in each case the amounts due on the above accounts as well as the debts arising under the Liberty Loan Acts and in the purchase of war supplies. Exceptions are, of course, Armenia, which does not exist as a separate country, and Russia, whose government is not recognized by the

"The Good Samaritan did not demand a promissory note at five per cent nor even at three per cent," says Dr. Patterson, advocating cancellation of that class of loans to foreign governments which were used to furnish food and relieve suffering. Dr. Patterson is Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania, vice-president of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the author of books and magazines on economic subjects. What do Citizen readers think of his recommendation here?

Government of the United States. It is understood that the funding agreements were based on the principle of "capacity to pay."

During and immediately after the war the American people gave generously for the relief of suffering in Belgium and in France. As soon as the war was over

and again in 1923 and 1924 large amounts were contributed through the American Friends Service Committee and through General Henry T. Allen's American Committee for the Relief of German Children. These gifts were freely and even enthusiastically made as an expression of our sympathy for the people of other lands who were in distress. Aid was given in Belgium and in France, with whom we had been associated in the war, but it was also given in Germany, against whom we had fought, and in Russia, whose second revolution and whose form of government and economic theories were distasteful or even abhorrent to large numbers of the American people.

But be it noticed, these disbursements were gifts, not loans. Mr. Hoover and the Red Cross organization and the American Friends demanded no promissory notes in exchange for wheat and flour. They did not sell to the destitute. They gave.

How does the expenditure of funds by the American Relief Administration and by the United States Grain Corporation differ from these other activities? Chiefly, if not solely, in the fact that they were made through agencies established by and representing the government. An important fraction of the public voluntarily, sympathetically and generously gave millions of dollars through private agencies to aid a Europe suffering in the post-war years. When Japan faced the terrible tragedy of an earthquake, large amounts were similarly contributed and in the same spirit. Does the fact that other millions were disbursed in Europe through government agencies indicate any less generosity or sympathy for suffering? Certainly American public opinion supported the one as much as the other. No matter whether the agency of distribution was public or private, assistance in such cases should be called a gift, not a loan.

Charity or Economics?

NO distinction can be drawn on the ground that in the one case we aided friends and in the other our former enemies in the war. Both friends and former foes are found in both groups. Nor was the suffering greater in the one group as compared with the other. Want and famine or near famine were widespread. In no important particular is there a real difference.

But it may be argued that there is no reason to give for the relief of distress if the suffering is only temporary and if the recipient will soon become able to repay. Charity in such cases can easily be overdone to the loss of the giver

(Continued on page 47)

Current Events



Stimson takes an olive branch to Nicaragua

China's War Within War

ANY one who is not interested in China must be having a poor time of it these days: it still holds first-page position, every other lecture announcement refers to China, and the radio keeps up a steady barrage of information and comment.

At the moment, the Chinese nationalist movement is at a critical stage. Military reverses have come to the Nationalist troops. Pressing on their way to Peking, after taking Nanking and Shanghai, they have been driven back here and there by the Northerners. Efforts have been made, through attacks on the Russian consulate in Peking, to make trouble between China and Russia, which happens to be the one country that has aided Nationalist ambitions. Worst of all, the break between the Communist left and the moderates in the Nationalist Party, has become sharper, and civil war has started within civil war. General Chiang Kai-Shek, the Nationalist leader, and Eugene Chen, Foreign Minister, stand on one side—eager to negotiate with the Powers, opposed to Communism, devoted to the republican principles of Sun Yat Sen; on the other, the Russian Borodin and the group who would turn the Nationalist movement "red." Chiang Kai-Shek has faced the issue, issued ultimatums to the Communists, denounced the Hankow headquarters, and set up his own at Nanking. The Reds have deposed Chiang, chosen a new general, Marshal Feng Yu Hsiang, and ordered an attack.

As for the foreigners in China, far

less has happened than might have been expected in the course of a revolution and civil war, especially with anti-foreign feeling liberally thrown in. Shanghai was taken without bloodshed. At Nanking, in the interval between the flight of the Northerners and Chiang Kai-Shek's coming, soldiers in Nationalist uniform killed an American missionary and three other foreigners. To protect the foreigners there was a barrage from British and American gunboats, invoked only at the very last moment, and perhaps two hundred Chinese, most of them innocent, were killed. Nanking was on the battle-line, and foreigners had been warned for some time to get out; they stayed, and this tragedy followed. There has been some rioting, some looting, some sniping on the warships, whose presence is deeply resented.

The Powers have presented identical and simultaneous notes demanding reparations for the damage and loss of life at Nanking. The answer, from Foreign Minister Eugene Chen, rather startled the Powers. It was shrewd, direct, rather Western than Oriental in its psychology. It said the Nationalists would pay for damage to the consulates, even though it was not clear they were responsible, but suggested that a Chinese-American Commission should determine responsibility for the Nanking affair, adjustment to be made after the facts were established. Also, it said that the Westerners had bombarded helpless cities.

The answer of the Powers is not yet determined. Expressions of dissatisfaction at first were loudest from the foreign settlement at Shanghai, which is clearly against the Nationalists, but it is becoming evident that the Powers, with a huge fleet backing them, are likely to demand indemnity. To its credit be it said that the Presbyterian Church, to which the slain missionary belonged, will ask no "reparations" for his death.

Again—at the risk of harping on a familiar string—let's sum up, very briefly, what it is all about. For seventy-five years the Chinese have been trying to break the fetters of unequal treaties which foreign powers have forced on them, and to regain freedom of action. The demand gained force at the Washington Conference and has been rising



Chicago takes its voting seriously

ever since as the Nationalist movement has strengthened. That began, really, with the overthrow of the Manchus in 1911 and the erection of the feeble beginnings of a republic by Sun Yat Sen, the great revolutionist leader who had repeatedly to flee for his life. Yuan Shi Kai was the military conqueror of the Manchus, but before long he was all ready to be emperor too. Meantime, bit by bit Sun Yat Sen's Nationalist program and party grew, though he could gain no help from the West. With the war, Western prestige went glimmering, and with Chiang Kai-Shek came the definite beginnings of a sweep of Nationalism over China. Along with the northward military movement has been the development of education—organization of labor, of agriculturists. Politically, the Kuomintang wants to establish the vote, initiative, referendum, recall; economically, the adjustment of land ownership and public utilities; internationally, equality. Whatever the setbacks, something has happened to China that never happened before, and her best representatives are certain that Nationalism will not be stayed, whether by foreign opposition or civil war within civil war.

Easter Lilies and Marines

EASTERTIDE brought truce to war-torn Nicaragua, where religious processions took momentary precedence over the struggle between Diaz, Conservative president, and Sacasa, Liberal claimant. Now the battle cry sounds again and it is reported that Conservative forces have surrounded about 400 Liberal soldiers near Boaco.

Meanwhile the United States continues to send ammunition and marines to aid the Diaz faction with, recently, the old canal argument as an excuse. Under the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty of 1916 the United States successfully concluded negotiations for control of Nicaragua's series of swamps—an excellent route for a second "Panama" canal. But holdings in foreign lands need protection, and protection for these swamps was one of the reasons, according to the State Department, for sending our marines into Nicaragua. Newspaper articles and President Coolidge, himself, are giving weight to this excuse by timely utterances on the inadequacies of the present canal.

Canal or no canal, Nicaragua wants peace and much is hoped from Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War under President Taft, who sailed on April 9, at the President's order, to treat between the two factions. If he can get Sacasa and Diaz to agree to an election, so much the better. But in any case, after a month, he will return to make reports and recommendations.

Seeing is Believing

LAST month Secretary of Commerce Hoover sat in an office in Washington and was seen in New York. That sentence is neither an epigram nor yet a line from a detective story. It just describes another of those modern miracles that are revolutionizing all our ideas of time and space. Television enables us to see, as we are already able to hear, persons separated from us by hundreds of miles. At present the lively, moving image of that person is thrown on a tiny screen—two inches by three. Inventors are looking forward to the time when they will be able, with equal clarity, to throw on a large screen the image of the inauguration at Washington, the World Series at Chicago, or the Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans. Our artist has graphically illustrated one of the disadvantages the new apparatus will bring us, but for the time



Hubby telephoning, "Detained on Business"

being at least the individual need not worry. The television mechanism is too bulky and too expensive to become a popular standard addition to the home telephone just yet awhile.

"No" to the Philippines

FOR the first time since we began playing big brother to the little brown man, an American President has vetoed an act of the Philippine Legislature. That body voted to hold a plebiscite on the question—"Do you desire the immediate, absolute, and complete independence of the Philippine Islands?" As the American people have often been told that only agitators in the Philippines desired independence, this would seem to be a chance to prove the assertion. But General Wood vetoed the measure. The native Legislature promptly passed it over his veto by a two-thirds majority. It then went to President Coolidge, who also vetoed it and, at the same time, gave the press a 3,000 word explanation of his action. Probably the gist of the matter can be safely summed up in two words tucked into the middle of the presidential message. It—the plebiscite—might "disturb business." As a matter of fact, however, many who believe we are morally obligated to give the Filipinos the independence promised under the Jones Act when they are ready for it, do not think a plebiscite on their desires would be of service even to them.

"Bombs, Ballots, Bullets"

WITH "bombs, ballots, and bullets" Chicago celebrated its recent election. Big Bill Thompson won uproariously on slogans and the promise of a "town wide open." "We'll make the King of England keep his snoot out of America," "Drop your hammer and get a horn—BOOST CHICAGO," are samples of his campaign ammunition. His friends collected other kinds of ammunition, but thanks to the fact that the police killed a gangster on the eve of election day, the city was quieter than was expected and it was unnecessary to call out the National Guard. A few hold-ups, a couple of kidnappings, and several bomb outrages were about all the excitement that the exercise of the franchise had to offer.

Is This Prevention?

HIGHER taxes, in England, have been suggested to meet the enormous expenses incurred last summer in putting down the coal strike and the general strike. The Government proposes to enforce by law certain restrictions on trade unions that will prevent the repetition of such strikes. The new bill under consideration would make a general or sympathetic strike illegal;

picketing would be restricted; civil servants would practically be prohibited from being affiliated with the trade union movement; union membership would no longer be a condition of employment; and unions could not levy for contributions on their members without the written consent of each member every year. This last is intended to weaken the financial resources of the Labor Party, which would find funds difficult to collect under such circumstances. With such a bill in force the final results of last year's strikes would stand something like this—a huge industry of incalculable value to the country still completely disorganized; a free hand for the operators to preserve entirely the *status quo ante* of ancient equipment, bad management and low wages; higher rates for the taxpayer, and loss to labor of nearly all the liberties gained during years of agitating and organizing.

Coal Strike or Lock-out?

THE much heralded coal "strike" turns out, upon a little investigation, to be not a strike, but a lock-out. The miners wanted to renew the Jacksonville agreement which expired April first, under which they received a \$7.50 wage per day. The operators refused to renew the agreement and informed the miners that until they were willing to work for less the mines were closed. That is what historians call the "immediate" cause of the present deadlock. The "real" cause is far more complex and remote. Approximately sixty to sixty-five per cent of soft coal comes from non-union mines where the wage per day is around \$5.50. Naturally the operators feel that they cannot compete with such wage scales against them. Equally naturally the miners, who engage in particularly hazardous, arduous and uncertain work, feel that there is no reason why their wages should be reduced when men in other trades have been able to keep the "peak" wages of 1918.

April 21, 1927



Casting a shadow for the first time this year



From the portico of the D. A. R. Building the Monument lifts its shaft above spring green

© Harris & Ewing

Spring Comes to Washington

*And With It Baseball. Election Arguments and
Teapot Dome Drag on, but the Great Question Is
—Will Mr. Coolidge Try for a Third Term?*

By CATHERINE I. HACKETT

April 20, 1927.

ON one of those April afternoons which make one think that nowhere in the country does spring come so beautifully as in Washington, a lady in a white coat and hat, followed closely by a tall gentleman who was apparently hurrying to keep up with her, was swinging out Connecticut avenue. She had the quick, elastic step of one who likes walking for its own sake, and not simply as a means of getting somewhere. She had just passed one of the flower stands which spring up on street corners all over town at this time of year, and where inhabitants of nearby Virginia sell spring blossoms at a quarter a bunch; its proprietor was so excited over the lady in white that she made me wait for change.

"See dat lady? Dat's de President's wife," I was informed. "She was down to de Center Market las' year buyin'

flowers, an' de same gent'man was wid her. It don' look lak de President. Dat some frien', you reckon?"

I hastened to assure the flower vender that Mrs. Coolidge is always accompanied by a Secret Service man on her daily walks.

"Now don't dat beat all! Dar she got a puffickly good husband, and he sen' some odder man out walkin' wid her!"

At that moment Mrs. Coolidge's "puffickly good husband" was receiving another of those endless delegations which come from the Main Streets of the hinterland to sound out the President as to his 1928 political campaign, on the theory that it is well to be in on a good thing at the start. The President's days are no less busy now than when Congress is in session, and the seasonal run of conventions, all of which mean delegates to be received at the White House Offices and photographed

in close cluster formation around the President, is even heavier than usual this year. Then, too, all of the Congressmen and Senators who have been personally investigating foreign parts hurry to advise Mr. Coolidge of their findings. To say nothing of four speeches which must be delivered before summer vacation. No wonder the President has no time to go walking with his wife.

Foreign situations boil and bubble, threaten to explode, die down; prohibition, thrust into the limelight as a political issue by the Borah-Butler debate, looms nightmarishly over leaders of the two parties, who burst into perspiration at the possibilities of a split within their own ranks, if the advocates of a so-called "square stand" on repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act get the upper hand. But our best conversational "lead," the one question sure to thaw out the most taciturn dinner partner, is "Do you think Cool-

idge will be renominated in 1928?"

Two recent developments are being generally interpreted here to mean that Mr. Coolidge has been impressed by the recent statement of Representative Snell of New York, one of the most powerful Republicans in the House, and Chairman of the Committee on Rules, that "Coolidge will be renominated in 1928." The President, say some of our best "political forecasters," would like the nomination, but wants first to be assured that there is general demand for him. The two developments are the sending of William M. Butler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee and personal friend of the President, on a scouting expedition to sound out opinion in Western states, where the so-called "Coolidge revolt" centers, and the announcement that the President is drawing up a new farm relief plan to present to Congress next winter. He has been talking it over with his Republican advisers and even with advocates of the McNary-Haugen bill, to discover the possibilities of a compromise which would embody some features of this bill, and yet would meet the objections of conservatives to Government price-fixing. If Mr. Coolidge finally devises a plan acceptable both to the die-hard advocates of the McNary-Haugen plan and to the industrial East, it will undoubtedly be a blow to the Lowden presidential boom.

Mr. Butler was fed on wheat cakes, maple syrup and sausage at the temporary White House on the morning of his departure for a swing around the country in the interest "of party solidarity." A sizable company of the leading Republican forecasters were invited to the breakfast. Newspaper reporters were solemnly assured that it was merely a social occasion. Since the list of guests included Republican state committeemen, such Coolidge bitter-enders as Congressmen Begg of Ohio, Snell of New York and Treadway of Massachusetts, and Senators Keyes of New Hampshire, Smoot of Utah and Curtis of Kansas, Republican floor leader, it is not improbable that some mention of politics and of Coolidge prospects was interspersed with the cakes and syrup.

The "Nationals" Play

TO the baseball park went the President and Mrs. Coolidge, went senators and members of Congress, members of the Supreme Court, and thousands of Government clerks taking "time off," for the opening game of the season between the Nationals and the Boston team. The President had his picture taken pitching out the first ball, shaking hands with "Bucky" Harris, manager of the Washington team, watching the game intently. Mrs. Coolidge, the real "fan" of the family, recorded the plays on a five-cent score

card. We achieve our best democratic atmosphere during the baseball season; our higher officials discard their dignity and join with Government clerks in rooting for the Nationals. Civic pride and enthusiasm develop with difficulty in a city which, after all, belongs to the whole country, is managed by Congress, and never knows election day; it takes a victory by the home team to make us realize that Washington is Our Town, and that its honor is involved in the annual fight for the baseball pennant and the world championship.

If it were not for the annual spring influx of visiting high-school classes, convention delegates and out-of-town friends and relatives who leave the official guides hoarse for weeks, Washington would have been practically empty this past month. Every one is going to the Caribbean to get at the facts in the situation, or making political sorties into distant states. Mr. Butler has departed for the West; likewise Senator McNary of Oregon, who was asked by Mr. Coolidge to "sound out sentiment on farm legislation"; Henry L. Stimson of New York, former Secretary of War, has gone to Nicaragua to see what should be done by the United States in the Sacasa-Diaz row, and whether we need more or fewer American marines there; Secretary of War Dwight L. Davis and Senator Henrik Shipstead have each been "investigating" conditions in the Caribbean countries, and making directly opposed reports as to whether their citizens do or don't like the United States; Senator Borah travels around making speeches about Mexico and Nicaragua; Senator Edge returns from a tour of Central America with the announcement that "the big problem of Central America is fair elections."

Big Election Problems

RECENT news of the Chicago mayoralty campaign, and the report of the Reed Campaign Fund Investigating Committee indicate that this is also the big problem in the United States. The Reed committee is still trying to decide whether it exists or not. Vice-President Dawes believes that under a recent Supreme Court decision the Senate and its committees are continuing from one session to the next; Old-Guard Republicans believe that this does not apply to special, but only to standing committees, and there the matter will probably rest until the courts decide it. Senator Fess of Ohio, hundred per cent Republican and Coolidge man, looked pained and declined somewhat acidly when Mr. Dawes appointed him to serve on the committee in the place of Senator Goff of West Virginia, resigned. Mr. Fess informed Mr. Dawes that he does not propose to accept a "roving commission" to serve on a committee which is "at the beck and

call of anyone who may wish to make a charge." Senator Reed still contends that his committee has authority to continue the investigation into the Pennsylvania primaries, but he has been too busy defending Henry Ford out in Detroit to take the lead in the investigation. The future course of the committee also depends upon the decision of the Philadelphia Federal court in the attempt by Delaware County officials to prevent the Reed committee from impounding the ballot boxes for a recount.

A Story Ends

SOON will be written the last chapter of the Teapot Dome story. It began in 1924, when Senator Walsh of Montana, inquisitor for the Public Lands Committee, investigating the lease of the Teapot Dome naval oil reserves to the Sinclair oil interests under the authority of Secretary of the Interior Fall, nosed about in the transaction until he uncovered evidence that Mr. Fall had received \$230,000 for the favor. The Supreme Court has heard arguments on the long-pending civil case to cancel the Teapot Dome lease. The case was appealed by the Sinclair attorneys from the decision of Judge Kenyon in the Circuit Court of Appeals of the Eighth District that the lease was fraudulent and void. The Court has already declared the Elk Hills Doheny lease void, and if similar decision is rendered in the Teapot Dome case, the Government will have all of its naval oil reserves, bartered away by Mr. Fall, back with little damage done.

The criminal case against Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Fall, involving the same transaction but carrying a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government, will be tried before the District Supreme Court on May 25. Two of the most important witnesses in the Government's case against Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Fall are now in Europe: James E. Neil of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, and H. F. Blackmer of the Continental Trading Company, and efforts made during the past two years to reach them with subpoenas have failed. These two witnesses, believed to have inside knowledge of the transaction by which, it is charged, Mr. Fall netted large profits out of the Teapot Dome lease, fled to France shortly after the disclosures in the 1924 Senate investigation.

In a bare office in the Commerce Building, only recently equipped with desks and a telephone, the five members of the new Federal Radio Commission are pondering the problem of how to assign eighty-nine available wave lengths among 732 radio broadcasting stations. It will be remembered that Congress forgot or neglected to appropriate any funds for the commission. Mr. Hoover has given it an office in the Commerce

(Continued on page 45)



Sir William Saunderson respectfully informing the determined tribe of dames of an order excluding them from the House of Commons

Ladies *Will* Listen

*How They Were Unseemly Keen to Hear
Debates in Parliament*

By RAY STRACHEY

Drawings by A. Sturges

IN the art of "keeping an eye" on the proceedings of Senates, Houses of Representatives and Parliaments, the women's organizations of the twentieth century are unrivaled. The art, however, is a new one, and it is rather amusing to look back upon the days before it was possible for it to be practiced.

In England the history of the rights of female "strangers" in the Houses of Parliament has been most peculiar, and the story of their struggle to secure admission to the debates is a curious and illuminating one.

In the seventeenth century it seems to have been quite common for "strangers" of either sex to be admitted to the House of Commons. They cannot have come in any great numbers, for they were assigned seats among those of the members themselves, but they undoubtedly came. On one occasion, in 1675, there was a little flutter of jokes on the subject, so many ladies having come that the Speaker was moved to remark that he "descried petticoats," and to ask what constituencies the ladies represented. A wag replied on their behalf, "The Speaker's Chamber." The incident ended in laughter and the practice went on.

In 1762 the famous Mrs. Montagu

in one of her letters remarked that ladies "attended in such numbers as to fill up the body of the House on great occasions," and by this date their presence seems to have been more of a social event than anything else. On February 2,



The Duchess of Gordon and Mrs. Sheridan disguised themselves as men

1778, they arrived in such large numbers that some men strangers were turned away, and when one member indignantly called attention to this the Speaker ordered the House to be cleared. The officials of the House asked the ladies to leave, but this they flatly refused to do, and they remained, stamping, jeering and laughing, entirely insubordinate. The Commons thereupon adjourned themselves until the ladies should have gone—which was not for two hours.

Thereafter no women were admitted at all.

This exclusion and the frivolous behavior which was the cause of it came at the moment when the position of women in the real world was at its lowest ebb, and it illustrates rather aptly their public unimportance. For many years after this women could by no means secure admission to the debates in the Commons, unless, as is recorded of Mrs. Sheridan and the Duchess of Gordon, they disguised themselves as men.

In the Lords, however, they retained their ancient privileges, although they behaved even worse than the ladies in the Commons. There is a description of an escapade in May, 1738, written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which throws light on the spirit and the man-

ners of a gay and very rowdy time: "At the last warm debate in the House of Lords it was unanimously resolved there should be no unnecessary auditors; consequently, the fair sex was excluded. . . .

Notwithstanding which determination a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmorland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarves and Lady Frances Saunderson. . . .

I looked upon them to be the boldest asserters and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, when Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry as head of the squadron, 'pished' at the ill breeding of a mere lawyer and desired Sir William to let them upstairs privately.

"After some modest refusals he swore he would not admit them. Her Grace with a noble warmth assured him that they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; and order was made that the door should not be opened till they had raised the siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty of foot-soldiers; they stood there until five o'clock in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps with so much violence against the door that the speeches in the House were scarcely heard.

"**W**HEN the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised

of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, gave orders for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven,

when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases) but by noisy laughs and ap-

Black Rod) box, but now they fill the space and put themselves in front with their large bonnets without fear or shame."

How long the crowding on to the steps of the throne was continued does not appear; but, whatever tactful steps were taken to abolish the nuisance of the big bonnets, nothing so drastic as the complete exclusion of the female sex was ever attempted in the Upper Chamber.

In the Commons also the exclusion broke down at some date between 1778 and 1834, and a curious and uncomfortable makeshift was provided for the accommodation of a few specially favored ladies in a sort of garret, above the ceiling of the House. Through the floor was hung a large chandelier, round which there was left a ventilating shaft; and it was through this peephole that the ladies were enabled to follow the words of wisdom below. The garret above was described in 1822 by the novelist, Maria Edgeworth:

"**O**NE lantern with one farthing candle in a tin candlestick (was) all the light," she wrote. "In the middle

of the garret was what seemed like a sentry-box of deal boards and old chairs placed round it; on these we got and stood and peeped over the top of boards. Saw the large chandelier with lights blazing immediately below; we saw half the table with the mace lying on it and papers, and, by peeping hard, two figures of clerks at the further end, but no eye could see the Speaker or his chair—only his feet, his voice and terrible 'Order' was soon heard. We could see part of the Treasury Bench and the Opposition in their places—the tops of their heads, profiles and gestures perfectly. . . ."

In 1834 the old House of Commons was destroyed by fire, and when new plans were to be made the question of accommodation for "strangers" naturally arose. Those fashionable ladies of the day who moved in political circles were extremely anxious to be able to get in somehow, and a champion of their cause arose to help them. This champion was the last sort of person one would expect to bestir himself over the rights of women—the hard-riding, sporting Squire, Grantly (Continued on page 46)



A few favored ladies listening to such words of wisdom as floated up into the garret through the House of Commons ventilator

parent contempts, which is supposed to be the true reason why poor Lord Henry spoke so miserably."

This determination to hear what was going on did not altogether die down, even through the discouraging period of the eighteenth century, and by 1829 some had plucked up new courage. There is a gossip account in Greville's Diary of the debate on Catholic Emancipation which reveals this:

"The House of Lords was very full, particularly of women," he wrote. "Every fool in London thinks it necessary to be there. It is only since last year that the steps of the throne have been crowded with ladies; formerly one or two got in, who skulked behind the Throne or were hid in Tyrwhitt's (the



A couple of agitated Lords trying to see—between, around, under, anyhow!

Editorially Speaking

Murder Trials With Trimmings

THERE'S no hero, no heroine, like the defendant in a scandal or murder or murder-plus-scandal case. At least so a man from Mars would judge if he came and made a survey of our newspapers during a trial.

Certain features have come to be taken for granted. Batteries of high-powered reporters will be put on the case. Whole pages will be devoted to the most commonplace evidence if there be anywhere in it a dash of spice. The "tabloids" will work up what they call "photographic conceptions," the same being photographs combined to raise certain hypotheses, convey certain impressions—as was the case with a "composed" picture of Willie Stevens at the "murder scene" in a tabloid during the Hall-Mills trial. When the Peaches-Browning case came up in a small up-state town, the whole community was organized to profit by the crowds, and great was the consternation when the show was moved.

Now the elaborate machinery is being set up for the trial of Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray, who at first confessed to a brutal murder, later recanting. Even the early details of choosing jurors are of headline interest in conservative as well as yellow papers. Scores of reporters and special correspondents are lined up. Maurine Watkins, who wrote the play, "Chicago," will report the trial in signed stories. John Roach Straton, fundamentalist preacher, has been engaged to comment. So has the Marquis of Queensbury and the much-married Peggy Joyce Hopkins—as one writer said, "watching with wide blue eyes another blonde who had gone to all the trouble of killing her husband! Murder—when divorce is so easy . . ."

Suppression of the facts of murder and scandal would be a doubtful blessing—we need to know what kind of world we live in. But a very small space would serve to shed all necessary illumination. All this competition in sensationalism is cheap, vulgar, morbid, unwholesome—degrading to younger and older generations alike. How can we stop it? England does it by law. While we're considering methods, we might resort to the simple device of passing by the yellow papers.

* * *

The Theatre Padlock

THE results of New York City's attempt to rid the theatre of obscenity are of obvious importance to the entire country.

Recently, for the first time, the law has been invoked successfully. Two plays have been condemned, one by a trial jury, and producers and actors have been sentenced and have actually served time. Because of possible similar action, a third play was voluntarily withdrawn by the management.

Even more promising in its effect is the fear that has been put into the minds of those responsible for

entertainment, with the signing by Governor Smith of the new padlock law whereby the license of a theatre or other place of amusement can be revoked and its doors closed for an entire year if an entertainment given in it has been found to be indecent in whole or in part. Night clubs, vaudeville, and variety shows are equally concerned. During the past winter the limit of license on the stage seems to have been reached. Public opinion has been aroused to the point where many people who had hitherto been opposed to censorship had begun to think it was the only remedy. The law under which conviction was made had been on the statute books for thirty years and had been laughed at. Now the law, with public opinion behind it, seems to give better prospect of decency in the amusement world than any kind of direct censorship.

* * *

What Next in China?

HANDS off in China—hands off at least as far as possible—is the attitude to be hoped for from the Powers. It is reassuring that the identical notes recently sent by five governments to demand punishment and reparations for the Nanking affair in which several foreigners were killed, were moderate in tone, left the way open for separate negotiations, and did not openly threaten reprisals. To be sure, these notes say no word of the two hundred or so Chinese, many of them innocent, who were killed in the bombardment, and one wonders if there might not be a humane arithmetic which would credit these on the account. Also, it is hard to see what would be lost by listening to the Nationalist Foreign Minister's plea, in reply, that an impartial investigation should be made of the responsibility for the events of that chaotic forty-eight hours in Nanking, when it was practically without a government. If the Powers are right, they would lose nothing by a little delay. Nevertheless, judged by the standards set in such dealings, the notes show restraint and a clear wish not to resort to drastic measures.

The Chinese Nationalist movement is in a tensely critical stage, rent by a civil war between the radicals and the moderates in its own ranks. This country, with its long tradition of friendship for China, should be certain to hold to its resolution not to be drawn into any situation developed by other governments' Chinese interests. "Reprisals" would be a poor answer to a nation's struggle for freedom.

* * *

"Reasonable Doubt"

IN Massachusetts two men—Italians, radicals—are condemned to die in July under charge of murder.

They are Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Radicals round the world are protesting—sometimes wildly and hurtfully. But they are not alone: liberals, conservatives—press and individuals—are protesting too—women like Ada Comstock, president of Rad-

cliffe, Margaret Deland, the novelist; Dr. Samuel Crothers; William O. Thompson, a leader of the Boston bar, who entered the case and served as the Italians' counsel without pay—a long list of level-headed, steady people. They are saying that there is a reasonable doubt of these men's guilt, a reasonable doubt whether they are not really sentenced for radicalism rather than for murder. One of this group, Felix Frankfurter, professor in the Harvard Law School, has written a book on the case (noted elsewhere in this number), which reviews the evidence and makes "reasonable doubt" seem a mild phrase. The trial began when the Department of Justice pursuit of "Reds" was at its height, and much of the questioning seemed calculated to play on the jurors' patriotic fears. "Reasonable doubt" deepens when one learns that, in conformity with Massachusetts law, though the State Supreme Court has just supported the verdict on a technicality, only the original trial judge, Webster Thayer, ever reviewed the evidence.

Now that the men have been sentenced, appeals are pouring in on Governor Fuller not to allow them to be executed while that reasonable doubt remains. They *should* pour in. This is not a question of desirable or undesirable persons. It is not a question to be ignored merely because you don't happen to live in Massachusetts, not to be ignored lest some wrong-thinking person suspect *you* of radical sympathies. It is a question of justice—the concern of citizens everywhere.

* * *

The Modern Parent's Hard Task

WHATEVER may be said about the "younger generation," responsibility for a large part of its doings must rest on parents and home training. To keep the confidence of one's children by never admitting shock at what they confide is not enough, and often, for that matter, inadvisable. Children have a right to profit by the experience of their parents and to demand constructive help from them. Certain ideals of self-respect and standards of good taste may be born in some, but they are usually the result of education and training begun in the earliest years.

Many of the strong influences in the child's life today, such as movies, motor cars, jazz, have brought new complications which have added to the perplexities of parents, and it is perhaps not strange that they have been bewildered and even half-hearted at their tasks. But the task remains there, unescapably.

The entire subject is being studied as never before. Newspapers and magazines are discussing it, schools and colleges are furnishing laboratories for study. Out of it all something new is bound to come—better, we predict, than any education of the past, because it will be based on frankness and facts.

* * *

Better, Though Fewer, Children

IN European countries there is much concern over the falling birth rate. Not only France, but England, Switzerland, Sweden, and even Germany have had a noticeable decline in the number of babies born, and statesmen are alarmed.

But there is another side to it. While undoubtedly hard economic conditions lessen the number of marriages and hence lower the birth rate, women them-

selves are showing a decreased willingness to bring babies into the world unless assured that they have a fair chance for the future. They are beginning to see the great waste of prodigal child-bearing, with all its consequences. A high birth rate usually carries with it a high infant death rate. Unwanted babies are born into homes already crowded, where fathers and mothers are unable to give them adequate care. The centuries have been filled with the unnecessary waste of motherhood, with needless sufferings of child-bearing and with the anguish of bereaved mothers. Today we begin to recognize the right of a child to be well born, to be royally welcome, to be well cared for, and the right of women to bear children only when they can give them reasonable chance of normal, happy living.

* * *

Catholic and Citizen

COULD a Catholic, with safety to our institutions, hold high office in the United States?

Though as a matter of fact there have been satisfactory instances, the question has troubled many thoughtful minds, especially in regard to the Presidency. It was a question to be asked, and to be answered, not with surface impressions but with reference to the actual teachings of the Church and the experience of its members. To be asked, and answered, on a plane above the low level of bigotry in which it has too long been discussed. That is why the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Charles C. Marshall and Governor Smith of New York, around whom certain Democratic hopes are gathering, have done a real service by their recent discussion. Mr. Marshall, writing in the *Atlantic*, put the question ably, with a wealth of careful, well-documented reference. Governor Smith answered with complete candor and straightforwardness, likewise well supported by scholarly evidence. He disclaims any binding force in the utterances of "priest, bishop or Pope" applying to civil matters, and relegates the dogma of union of Church and state, so far as America is concerned, to the "limbo of defunct controversies"—an excellent place for it.

The eloquent creed with which he summed up his answer is one to which any American of any faith could subscribe—freedom of conscience, equality of all churches before the law, absolute separation of church and state. Governor Smith of course speaks for himself alone; his answer does not obliterate facts of Church interference in local situations, nor the ambitions of the Church in other countries. But it is convincing testimony that an American Catholic need not be bound by any disqualifying allegiance. All of which has nothing to do with whether or not Governor Smith should be nominated or elected. That is not, directly or indirectly, the issue. The point is that light has been shed on a question darkened by prejudice and bigotry.

* * *

IS your CITIZEN reaching you now in better condition than it used to? For some months past complaints of torn covers on magazines sent through the mail have been so frequent that we have changed the paper on which the covers are printed to the present tougher stock. The covers now on your magazine should stand handling without tearing.

Will you let us know if your magazine still arrives with the cover torn?

The Woman Voter

The Following Four Pages Are Edited for the National League of Women Voters

By ANNE WILLIAMS WHEATON

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 Third Region.....MRS. MARY O. COWPER, Durham, N. C.
 Fourth Region.....MRS. WILLIAM G. HIBBARD, Winnetka, Ill.
 Fifth Region.....MISS MARGUERITE M. WELLS, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Sixth Region.....MRS. ROSCOE ANDERSON, St. Louis, Mo.
 Seventh Region.....MRS. ERNEST J. MOTT, San Francisco, Cal.

Headquarters

532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

What Is an American?

WHEN one contemplates the bewildering variety of one's fellow countrymen—miners and millionaires, clerks and cowboys, factory hands and farmers, sailors, sheepherders of the Western deserts, mountaineers of the Appalachians, Indians and Negroes, Lions and Elks and Rotarians, scholars and scientists, movie actors and ward heelers, newspapermen, clergymen and crooks—the variety of their avocations and the infinite diversity of the surroundings of which they are a product, it sometimes seems as if the only thing they had in common was the habit of flying around on rubber-tired wheels.

The belt may be citrous, corn or cotton, but Kiwanis and Commercial club summon us to eat for the public good and women's club and church suppers hold sway, no matter where you go. However different the scenery or the time, the sun rises to see us all chuckling over the same comic strips, and we cast a casual glance at his setting as we stack the dishes and hurry to the same movie.

In spite of the enormous differences in geography and climate—those great moulders of custom—our looks and lives are standardized, thanks to mass production and national advertising, to a point where one sometimes wonders if we have individual taste at all. Luckily, the taste of the gentlemen who supply us with clothes and furniture, houses and hats, grows better year by year—whether they are educating us or we are demanding more of them is hard to say. Thanks to syndicated news, trade papers and cheap magazines, a lot of our thinking seems as stereotyped as our appearance. And now, with the radio, by pressing a button every American family can listen in on the same songs, the same sermons, the same political speeches and

bedtime stories. What would the passionate individualists who founded this nation say of this seemingly frantic effort to prove that we are not only equal but identical? Although the differences in wealth and power are so huge as to be fantastic, the average of physical comfort is higher than ever before, anywhere in the world.

Superficial and trivial, all this—yes, of course, but back of it is that big drive for equality, of showing by whatever symbols seem to you convincing that you're as good as anybody or at least are on the road to becoming so. A man *can* make anything out of himself in this land of adventure and opportunity. It is not as easy today as when our great resources were still untapped, but one still hears daily of men who have come up from nothing to the highest places by their own unaided efforts. There is no country in which men work so vehemently or where it is so taken for granted that every one, rich or poor, will work and work hard. The ceaseless quest for new opportunities and new ways to do old work is, and has been, the dominating impulse in American life.

It has influenced our political thinking. All we asked of government originally was that it protect—from old world domination, from Indian raids—and not interfere, but let us work out our own salvation. Then, when we realized that our great resources were more and more coming under the control of a few, there came the drive for government regulation that would keep the big fellow from getting too powerful, and would still give the average man his chance.

Woodrow Wilson said, just before he took office in 1912, "The glory of America is not that she established a stable government—a republic—that has been done before, but that she established a government shot through with the hopes of humble men. If the time ever comes when that ceases to be true, we shall be false to the ideals of our forefathers."

Now that the old free days are



Mrs. James W. Morrisson of Chicago—suffragist, war worker, League leader—and mother of five children

gone, that we approach more nearly the living conditions in older lands, where freedom of action must be limited in order to have fair play and a reasonable chance for all of us, how are we going to adapt these ideals to these new conditions? State control means a tremendous crippling of individual initiative, that free-ranging initiative that has made us what we are. It will be equally crippled if a few people gain control for their own uses of the great sources of power and material on which our civilization depends.

It will take the most disinterested study to find out just how far and in what places the government should exercise control over some, in the interests of all. The hardest fight we have ever fought lies ahead in securing that control, once we have decided when and where it is necessary. In spite of those who insist that any change in our institutions is treason, the defects in our governmental machinery are obvious and so serious that an astonishingly large number of people look with favor on Mussolini's simple system of obtaining efficiency by doing away with liberty altogether.

Liberty is expensive and wasteful and troublesome—most precious things are—but in no other air can the American spirit flourish. Self-seeking, you call it—but why not? Slapdash and vulgar often, but where else in the world do you find such

generosity, such kindness to the weak and unfortunate, so many men and women who spend their lives in devoted and unpaid labor for the public good?

If you want to get some idea of the human friendliness there is in this land of ours, just start out—if you're a woman—with a baby or two, and travel to one coast or the other. It's the most warming experience you can imagine, and, of course, a unique expression of this country.

Materialists, yes—you see the proofs all about you, but we're the greatest crusaders the world has ever seen. There were selfish motives involved, of course, but the vast majority of our people went into the Civil War, the war with Spain, the Great War, prepared to sacrifice everything on the altar of human freedom. A tale like that of the yellow fighters in Cuba is told of no other land but ours.

You sicken often enough at the sordidness, the vulgarity, the cheapness of our daily doings, as you get them in the daily press, the surface dross—pretty deep at times. But get off a bit and have a look at the whole picture—the energy, the gallantry, the idealism—and your heart glows to think you're a part of it—"A nation conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal"—America.

—MARY M. MORRISON.

Former National Vice-President

Woman Suffrage in Porto Rico

PERHAPS few League members realize that Miss Belle Sherwin, in addition to being the national president of the League of Women Voters, is claimed by the Inter-

American Union as its "vice-president for North America." In this capacity Miss Sherwin has recently been able to speak an effective word for the women of Porto Rico whose hopes are set upon the winning of the vote as earnestly and eagerly as were those of women in the United States a few short years ago.

Strangely enough, although Porto Rico is practically a territory of the United States with a government not unlike that of Hawaii, the Nineteenth Amendment seems not to have assured the vote, regardless of sex, in that island. This is because the Organic Act providing a government for Porto Rico passed the Congress in 1917, before the Suffrage Amendment.

After testing their rights in court without avail, and after carrying their petition to the political parties and the legislature year after year, the hopes of Porto Rican women now run high. Governor Towner has recommended the passage of the suffrage

measure which is now before the legislature, and it is in support of this recommendation that Miss Sherwin has addressed a letter to the presiding officers of both houses.

"The Inter-American Union of Women," wrote Miss Sherwin, "in addition to its general object of promoting understanding and friendship among the American nations, has the more specific purpose of advancing the status and welfare of women. Particularly it seeks to obtain their full civil and political rights.

"In Porto Rico women have demonstrated their capacity to share in economic, professional and civil affairs and have shown a public-spirited interest in questions affecting the general welfare. By granting the vote to women, Porto Rico will at once place itself in a position of leadership in the Western Hemisphere and will serve as an example for countries of Central and South America where the movement for enfranchisement is increasing in hope and vitality."

The women of Porto Rico base their plea not only on natural justice and right, but on the signal part that they have played in building up the public school system, the advantages of which are shared equally by boys and girls. Those who have done most to reduce illiteracy and build an electorate equipped for self-government, they rightfully contend, have earned their place in that electorate.



Mrs. William G. Hibbard in Washington for the General Council meeting—April 26-30



Mrs. Mary O. Cowper—a legislative worker who admits no obstacles to victory

A Shorter Day for Child Workers

THE vicissitudes of social legislation" might be the title of a story of many pages if the passing in the North Carolina legislature of a bill providing for an 8-hour day for children under 16 years were fully described. In the 1925 General Assembly the bill got one vote in committee and a tirade of abuse against its proponents, who were accused of being the tools of Russian "Reds." The active workers of the

League of Women Voters who had most publicly supported the measure were so constantly attacked in print that people became afraid to work for such an unpopular cause, and it was heart-rending to count the usually public-spirited men and women who refused to speak for it because it was "inexpedient" for them to do so.

The bill was introduced late in this session, sent to an antagonistic committee, rescued and sent to another. It was not physically transferred, however, and at the hour of the hearing, clerks and pages had to be implored to help in getting a quorum. The committee voted: 11, against; 4, in favor. The four proponents put in a minority report and for four long days and evening sessions we watched for that bill to come up. At last, at 10 o'clock on Thursday night of the last week of the session, its number and title were read. Its friends on the floor were occupied with another measure, its enemies were watching, and it was tabled without a dissenting vote. The friends called the bill back "for a few words of discussion."

Then a battle raged for an hour, the bill gaining votes with every speech made against it. We accepted an amendment and the vote was 2 to 1 in favor. On the third reading it passed without a dissenting vote and was ordered sent by special messenger to the House. Again we waited. At 5 o'clock we found the bill had not come over. We rushed to the clerks, persuaded them to engross it immediately, got appointed "special messenger" and conveyed it to the Speaker's desk. He sent it to the Committee on Manufactures and Labor—automatic burial that last week—but again a friend saved it and got it transferred to the calendar. But it did not appear. Friends looked for it and found it in a pigeonhole in a clerk's office, instead of on the calendar. And at midnight, with the clock turned forward so as to make a new legislative day, the bill was passed, the last act of the 1927 General Assembly.

Now the Assistant Attorney-General has ruled that the amendment strengthens instead of weakens the law, that no child under 16 who has not completed the fourth grade can work at all, and no child under 16 can work anywhere more than 8 hours. There may have to be a decision by the Supreme Court, but in all events, as one Senator said: "We have established the principle of the 8-hour day for children in North Carolina."

The law as passed is:

No person under 16 years of age shall be employed or per-

mitted to work in any of the places or occupations referred to in the preceding section for more than 8 hours in any one day or 48 hours or 6 days in any one week, or after the hours of 7 P. M. or before the hour of 6 A. M., and no person under 16 shall be permitted to work in or about or in connection with any quarry or mine. Provided this section shall not prevent any child over 14 years of age working between the hours of 6 A. M. and 7 P. M. in any of said industries except a quarry or mine, if the child has completed the fourth grade in school.

MARY O. COWPER.

After Fourteen Years—Victory!

GOVERNOR SMITH, of New York, has signed the 48-hour bill. This is the last step in a fourteen-year fight to secure shorter hours for women in industry. The way has been strewn with broken party pledges and blocked by continuous opposition from manufacturers. There has been investigation after investigation—some honest, most for purposes of delay.

The bill allows a 49½-hour week when an extra half holiday is granted to employees in addition to the one day of rest in seven. It also permits a total of 78 hours of overtime work in the course of a year. The bill passed the Senate with only one dissenting vote. In the Assembly it passed 122 to 22.

When the Industrial Survey Commission was investigating the whole question of hours for women in industry, the Woman's Party led a group of factory women to protest against labor laws that affect women and not men. They raised the usual anti-protection arguments. When the Industrial Survey Commission made its report it summarily dismissed the Woman's Party testimony with the statement: "There is, first, the claim by some that this law, if enacted, will cause a grave injustice to thousands of women workers, a number of whom have appeared before the Commission and who claim that they will be deprived of their livelihood by the passage of such a law. There is no substantial or convincing evidence before us to support this conclusion."

There was, however, evidence of a totally different nature before the Commission. During 1926 the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor made an investigation of the effects of special legislation on the employment of women in industry. The investigation compelled a number of interesting conclusions, the one pertinent to the immediate point being stated as follows: "From this testimony (of women workers) it seems apparent that the experience of the general run of women in industry is that the 48-hour law has not handicapped them in any respect." And further as to the effect on women's employment of legislation regulating their hours of work: "It does not hinder their advancement. It reduces their hours. It also reduces the hours of men. It occasionally results in increases in the number of women employed. It does not close occupations to women to any appreciable extent. It does not result in a decrease in the number of women employed and it does not decrease their wages."

It was about eight years ago that the women of New York formed a joint legislative council. The council has worked with no let-up for the 48-hour week. Miss Mary Dreier has always been its chairman. To her, in recognition of a well-fought fight that has borne results, Governor Smith sent the pen with which he made the bill a law.—JULIA MARGARET HICKS.

Sheppard-Towner Gains!

LEAGUE presidents in two states this month have reported news which will cause rejoicing among League members everywhere. For the first time since the federal and state co-operating program was inaugurated in 1921 the Maine and Kansas legislatures have approved state appropriations to match federal funds available under the Maternity and Infancy Act.

With the College Leagues

GEORGIA: The University of Georgia League has carried out an ambitious program of work and study during the past winter. It has included topics on: "A Constitutional Convention for Georgia," "Our Foreign Policy," "Georgia Laws Concerning Women," "Women in Industry," "Clark County Schools," "The Children's Code," and "Roads and Bond Issues." They have also visited a session of the city council and various sessions of the city and county courts.

INDIANA: Butler College League this winter secured an election board to take charge of all undergraduate elections.

KANSAS: At the recent state convention at Lawrence over seventy new voters from the University and other colleges were invited to a special luncheon given in their honor. Speeches were given to stimulate enthusiasm for the study of political science and problems of government.

LOUISIANA: The Southwestern Louisiana Institute has one of the newest of college Leagues and is already concentrating on regular informative programs, studying among other subjects city government, including courts and juries, health and education.

MARYLAND: Maryland has a traveling library to send to each college League in turn, showing samples of available material. There is a publications committee which goes over the material and indexes it.

MICHIGAN: The Grand Rapids League recently gave an elaborate dinner party for "all girls who will be 21 in '27." A skit called "The Voting Machine" was presented,

after which the use of a real machine was demonstrated, and the girls were invited to practice on it.

MINNESOTA: The Minnesota State League has arranged to have representatives of the various college Leagues attend the state board meetings. Each League is to be given an opportunity, in turn, to send a representative to a board meeting.

NEW YORK: The New York New Voters have organized an "Inter-College Branch" with the Susan B. Anthony Unit at Rochester University elected as headquarters for this year. Miss Elizabeth Alfried, president of this unit, has been chosen to represent the new voters at the state board meetings. They issue their own bulletin, with mechanical help from the state office, reporting on the activities of the various college Leagues throughout the state.

NORTH CAROLINA: The League at the North Carolina College for Women has been studying the Australian Ballot system, a major item on the state League's legislative program.

OHIO: That members of college Leagues carry on their interest in political problems and in League activities after graduation is unquestionably proved by the fact that the executive secretaries of three large Ohio Leagues—Cincinnati, Cleveland and Dayton—are recent "New Voters."

WISCONSIN: The Oshkosh Normal School League followed up the Get-Out-the-Vote campaign of last fall by sending a questionnaire to voters throughout the city inquiring whether they voted in the last election and if not, why not.

CATHERINE McREYNOLDS.



The round-table method of discussion is a favorite with the Susan B. Anthony League at the University of Rochester (New York). Minimum wage and a forty-eight-hour week for women workers was a recent topic

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One Thousand Sponsors

By HELEN D. PIGEON

This page is furnished by the International Association of Policewomen, which is solely responsible for what appears thereon



8) Bachrach
Mrs. William E. Borah, of Idaho. Chairman of Policewomen's sponsors in her state

WITH Lady Astor as Chairman, the International Association of Policewomen is organizing a group of one thousand sponsors, laywomen of prestige and proven leadership in all parts of the country. A definite quota is assigned to each state and on the initiative of the state chairman the sponsors are brought together once or twice a year at informal gatherings, at which the work of the policewoman is presented by a qualified speaker. Through these meetings and through the literature published by the Association, these sponsors thus become acquainted with the true meaning of the policewoman's service and form an important lay membership in promoting the educational program of the Association. It is a part of this program to stimulate the appointment of policewomen, to educate public opinion, to give technical advice and field service to public officials, to collect data and by all other means to secure high standards of service from the policewomen and sympathetic support from the citizens. The sponsors are asked to contribute a certain sum each year toward this program and it is hoped that in time they will feel a new interest in their local police problems, and will lead the way to higher standards and greater efficiency in that rather neglected field, the prevention of crime. Eventually a similar group of men advisors will be organized.

The first step in organization was taken in New England, when Mrs. Robert F. Herrick, for a long time prominent in protective work for girls, accepted the regional chairmanship. In Virginia, it is especially fitting that Mrs. Henry Fairfax should be the state chairman. On the twenty-sixth of April she is bringing together a group of representative men and women, many of them the friends and neighbors of Nancy Langhorne in the days before she became Lady Astor. They will be addressed by Mrs. Mina C. Van Winkle, the President of the International Association of Policewomen. In the Northwest Mrs. William E. Borah, wife of the renowned senator from Idaho, will organize the women of her state, and in the Middle West Mrs. Walter H. Merriam has become the chairman for Ohio and Mrs. N. A. McMillan for Missouri.

In the capital, the first among a number of important women to give a luncheon was Mrs. John Hervey Young. The speakers were introduced by the Bishop of Washington, and among the distinguished guests were the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur, Bishop Rhinelander, the Counselor of the Japanese Embassy and Mme. Sawada, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Albert Gleaves and Brigadier General and Mrs. David C. Shanks.

The need for properly qualified policewomen is real. They protect women and children from the temptations which civilization is creating faster than we have learned to control them; their skilled adjustments in the cases of boys and girls avoid the humiliation of arrest in countless cases; and their constant supervision of places of public recreation, during the hours when other agencies are off duty, is a vital factor in the prevention of delinquency.

Humorists to the contrary, woman is just finding her voice. A taste of her new power as "the hand which marks the vote" has lured her into corners and crevices of our civic life which never knew her touch before. True to the form which once made her murmur over her bachelor friends, "He needs a wife," she has now issued an ultimatum to certain city departments which are charged with housekeeping and child-protection on a large scale. The public scarcely believed her when she said the police department needed women, but the



© U. & U.
Mrs. Walter H. Merriam, Chairman for Ohio, one of the Middle Western leaders

courage and self-sacrifice of a few pioneers have extended the field to more than two hundred cities in the United States. That a woman's place may be in the police station is proved when every hour of the day and night brings its grist of runaway children, destitute children, sex delinquents and deserted wives, all in need of a guiding hand.

Personal, daily service of this sort is impossible for many women, but through their local clubs and civic groups they have given it strength and spirit. Sometimes they have been the initiators of the service; again they have saved it from the knell of political interference; always they have made their voice heard in asking for better facilities and finer standards. The organization of one thousand sponsors as a lay membership brings this sympathy into a more tangible form, to the advantage of the central educational agency which promotes the movement, the International Association of Policewomen; to the policewomen themselves, who do not profit financially of course, but who reap the benefit of a better understanding from the representative citizens of their state; but, most of all, to women and children who are deprived of the protection and the joys of the more happily born.

April 13, 1927.

NOTE—For further information on the work of policewomen, address Miss Helen D. Pigeon, International Association of Policewomen, 220 Evening Star Building, Washington, D. C.

World News *About* Women

Every Reader is Asked to be a Reporter

Australian Visitors

AMONG the Industrial Delegation sent by Australia to study American industrial conditions, with the view of increasing total production at home, are two women, Miss May Matthews, J.P., of Sydney, and Dr. Kate Mackay, of Melbourne. It was at the special request of the Australian National Council of Women that these two women were included in this group.

Miss Matthews has a long record as a leader in her own state of New South Wales. For ten years she has been an inspector in the Child Welfare Division of the Education Department. The present is the second occasion on which she has been "borrowed" by the Federal authorities for a special piece of work. Three years ago she was sent by them to Great Britain, to come in touch with working-women there, and convey to them what Australia had to offer to the desirable immigrant.

Miss Matthews feels that the early granting of the suffrage to Australian women has been of distinct benefit to the country, enabling them to influence legislation upon humane lines. She herself is an active member of the Labor Party, and as such has been keenly interested in obtaining the support of the Party for such general measures as the Legal Status Act, which was necessary

to open to the women of one state after another all professions and official positions, with none of the constitutional bars that complicate the passing of such acts here. Women's votes have also helped to secure such measures as the Federal Old-Age Pension.



Harris & Ewing
Nellie Tayloe Ross, of Wyoming

Dr. Kate Mackay, having graduated with high honors from the Medical School of the Melbourne University, having held several hospital positions, and been medical officer in a large department store, was appointed first woman medical factory inspector in Victoria, and in that capacity is planning a rather complete study of factory conditions as they affect health.

Besides investigating factories, the Delegation has visited city health departments, and discussed economic conditions with large manufacturers, prominent labor leaders, technical experts and university professors.—ALICE HENRY.

Governor Ross Comes East

THE East had a chance to find out how a former woman governor looks and sounds when Nellie Tayloe Ross came on this spring. She was, very suitably, the guest of the League for Political Education, which was formed over thirty years ago to help win suffrage for women. Under its auspices

Governor Ross made an evening address and spoke at a luncheon, stopping off at other places on her way back to Wyoming. What the East saw was a very charming dark-haired slender woman, well-gowned, poised, unaffected; and what it heard was the experiences of a woman who had the spirit to stick up for her policies when confronted with a legislature wholly masculine and overwhelmingly Republican (Governor Ross being a Democrat), which would have enjoyed depriving the Governor's office of some of its powers. Governor Ross "liked her job." We believe she did it in a way to encourage the choice of women for high office.

Governor Ross was accompanied by Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro, president of the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs.

A Woman Tax Expert

ONE of the three official American delegates to the International Conference on Double Taxation, to be held in London under League of Nations auspices, is Miss Annabel Matthews, legal representative of the Treasury Department. This conference with the difficult-sounding task is to make a scientific study of income tax laws in order that the taxpayer shall not be required to pay taxes twice upon holdings in subsidiary corporations. For the past



Annabel Matthews, tax expert



May Matthews, of Australia

year or two Miss Matthews, who is an attorney in the office of the General Counsel of Internal Revenue, has been interpreting most of the provisions of our income tax laws, and her work on the knotty problems before the conference will be that of an expert. She is a member of the Phi Delta Delta Women's Legal Fraternity and of the Women's Bar Association of the District of Columbia.

A School for Politics

"HARRIMAN versus Harriman" might sum up the case for women's political education in Washington. For Mrs. Edward Avery Harriman has just vigorously supported a school of politics for Republican women in the capital and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman is a leading figure in the Democratic women's summer school. Many of the speakers on the Republicans' three-day program—March 22, 23, 24—came straight from government posts, with the latest masculine slant on practical politics. For the most part, the women had their turn at the morning round-table discussions where they took up the primary, foreign policies, Senatorial rights and campaign fund expenditures with a will.

A University Gathering

SIX hundred women, representing 26,000, met in Washington the latter part of March for the biennial convention of the American Association of University Women. They discussed almost every aspect of the problem of continuing education for women in the United States—from pre-school age training to adult night classes.

Peace, the natural corollary to education, of course came in for a good deal of attention and a plan was discussed whereby money might be raised for international fellowships. But education itself, as always, held first place, and several meetings were devoted to the new problems of college curricula.

Various surveys that

had been made were reported—one on what university women have accomplished in business and what obstacles they have had to overcome. Another and more elaborate plan is afoot for a survey of the new economic relations of men and women—whether or not women are a necessary part of the world labor force, whether their activities outside the home have a good or bad effect upon family conditions, or what solution can be made for the woman who wants a career and must at the same time maintain a home.

Miss Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke, has been elected the new president of the Association, succeeding Mrs. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, President of Mills College, California; Mrs. A. W. Cooper, of Portland, Oregon, is second vice-president; Mrs. A. Ross Hill, of Kansas City, treasurer. The first vice-president continues in office for another two years—Dean Agnes E. Wells, of Indiana University.

Margaret Anglin's Award

THE Laetare Medal of Notre Dame University, a papal honor for America fashioned after Europe's Golden Rose award, goes this year to Margaret Anglin, the actress. The second member of the theatrical profession, the ninth woman, to receive this honor, Miss Anglin adds the brilliant artistry of a score of classical rôles to a distinguished list of accomplishments by American Catholics in arts, literature, science. Recently, she has been playing at the Greek Theatre of the University of California,

but now, together with Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and Otis Skinner, she has formed a dramatic organization, which will tour next season in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Curricula and Life

COLLEGE courses that make an effort to relate the curriculum to a woman's future life are becoming more frequent. To Vassar's Department of Euthenics and Smith's Institute for the Co-ordination of Women's Interests is now added Brown University's new course for freshmen called "Knowing and Living." The object, says Dean Margaret Shove Morriss, is to "open to the students glimpses of the larger world in which they live"—and to relate college training to the modern educated woman's problems. After a general background has been lectured in, the course discusses such subjects as "Family Life, Past and Present," "What Marriage Demands from the Educated Woman."

Two New Presidents

ONCE more a woman takes over a man's business. On the death of Mr. Alphonse Major, of Major's Cement fame, long one of the CITIZEN's loyal advertisers, his daughter, Mrs. L. D. M. Bare, assumes the presidency. She is a Smith College woman, 1907, and well equipped to carry on the business which her father originated more than fifty years ago.

Mrs. W. Thorn Kissel, of New York City, has recently been elected head of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital.

Modern Spain

INTERESTING reforms are taking place in the Spanish Academy, not the least of which is full membership for women. In his report to the King the Minister of Public Instruction declared in stately language that for all academic positions persons of both sexes are eligible. Now speculative tongues are wagging as to which of Spain's noted women of letters will become the first woman member.

Another forward step is the opening in Madrid of the first club for women in Spain. The club has luxurious quarters—a new cultural center with its social functions, concerts and lectures. Maria de Maeztu, at one time Professor of Spanish at Columbia University, is president, and Isabel de Palencia, vice-president. Maria de Maeztu is at present the moving spirit in a school in Madrid.



Herbert Photos

A Hiker—one of the Camp Fire Girls who recently exhibited "Proper Clothing" at the recent annual conference of Camp Fire Executives in New York. Camp Fire Girls wear no uniform, but their "proper clothing" is chosen in council with adult advisers. It is sane, comfortable and beautiful.



Once more May Day is Child Health Day—thanks to Mrs. Aida de Acosta Root of the American CHILD HEALTH Association. Organizations all over the country observe it. This is a row of New York's healthiest babies who testify to the increasing attention paid to our most precious asset—child health.

The BOOKSHELF

By C. S. and M. A.



E. M. Delafield



T. E. Lawrence, from a chalk drawing
by Augustus John



Susan Glaspell

© Maurice Goldberg

PEOPLE who read their newspapers carefully during the World War will remember that every once in a while, in the intervals of a German advance or French operations on the Western front, there would be a paragraph or two concerning one "Lawrence of Arabia." No one seemed to know exactly who he was, or even what he was doing. When General Allenby entered Damascus, Lawrence was suddenly proclaimed the man who made that entry possible, but even then few people knew what his part had been. Only gradually did the story come out, and the public learn that this quiet, unassuming scholar had been the guiding genius whose plans had won Arabia from the Turkish to the Allied cause.

For his friends he wrote the story of his years among the Arabs in a huge book which he called "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Only five copies of this exist in England, and here in the United States, only ten copies are for sale, and then at the startling price of \$20,000 each.

Fortunately he was prevailed upon to let a "friendly writing man" abridge the great work for the general public, and that smaller volume has just come from the presses under the title "*Revolt in the Desert*." It was preceded by a fanfare of sounding praises and adjectived enthusiasm. Perhaps the only adequate thing one can say about it is that any praise for which there are words would fall short of its merit.

Here are the desert and its people, fighting, plotting, praying, laughing and looting. Here are the weirdest contrasts—camel marches and airplane raids, ostrich eggs and tinned peas, Mecca and telephones, twelfth century leisure and twentieth century hustle.

Never was there such a tale, never such a teller. For Lawrence is a magician with words as well as with deeds.

He writes straight, quick-moving narrative of sudden fights and long councils, of forced camel marches so severe that they reduced the sturdiest Arabs to crying wrecks, of the flush of victory and the sick cold of defeat. Bits of description, phrases of characterization flash from his pen and shine like jewels among the links of events. Paragraphs of introspection and analysis burn with an understanding that is incandescent.

And behind and through it all moves Lawrence himself, slender, emaciated, under-sized, a scholar and a strategist, a diplomat and a warrior, called by a dozen names and seeming to have as many personalities.—M. A.

HOWEVER much they may enjoy "*Jill*," by E. M. Delafield, few people will be satisfied to lay it down with the words that here is an entertaining and appealing novel. Instead, one is sure to compare it with Margaret Kennedy's "Constant Nymph," so similar is it in plot and characters—and how, indeed, can Mrs. Delafield's book have a chance after that best-seller!

Again the story revolves about the naïve yet worldly wise young girl of Topsy upbringing. Again she is set down in a staid English household under the guidance of a smug, rigid wife. Again our heroine breaks the leash of conventionality and runs away—this time, for variety, not with the husband, but with his worthless cousin who gets reformed and divorced from a worthless wife, in the last two chapters. But in spite of being an engaging young miss, Jill hasn't a ghost of a show beside Tessa in "*The Constant Nymph*."

However, it is the cousin, Jack, and his war-bride, Doreen, who hold the

reader's chief interest. Nor do they suffer from prototypes. Their hand-to-mouth existence on "credit," their quarrels, their callousness, their futility and their desperation, are very real, even if Mrs. Delafield's assumption that they are usual specimens of post-war psychology seems a bit exaggerated.

Mrs. Delafield has built her book compactly. Her style is crisp. Her characters, down to the least of them, are genuine—including a hard little sport of a flapper whose few entrances you look for, and a most reprehensibly engaging crook.

IN "*The Road to the Temple*" Susan Glaspell has skilfully helped her husband, George Cram Cook, tell his own story. The book is woven of letters, bits of reminiscence, notebooks, reviews and Susan Glaspell's connecting interpreting narrative. She has carried her great service to her husband's memory far back of the time when she had any share in it—picturing the boy's life in Iowa, the man's life here and there, with rare sympathy, presenting even his earlier loves. Who was George Cram Cook? —Founder of the Provincetown Players, producer, author, teacher, vital power in the work of Eugene O'Neill and many others whose names are better known than his own, and always from his early boyhood a lover of Greece. In "Jig" Cook there was always a sense of the vast continuity of life—Iowa was not to him blankly new, but the scene of long Indian living; Greece drew him by all her ages of beauty. They went to Greece—he and Susan Glaspell—and lived in huts on Parnassus, sharing the life of Greek poets, athletes, shepherds. When he died, the Greeks sent a fragment of Apollo's temple at Delphi for his tombstone. He was a man of marvelously rich nature and mind, but the book Susan Glaspell has written of him reveals not only his own great spirit but

hers. A woman has seldom paid a man higher tribute.

A BOOK called "*English Women in Life and Letters*," by M. Phillips and W. S. Tomkinson, is rather a nuisance to have about. It is so hard to put down once one has picked it up. Not that it is a book one sits down and reads soberly through. Rather it is the sort that left casually about on desk or table is a snare to the idle or curious reader who happens upon it. First, the pictures catch your eye: "Knight and His Lady Hawking" (sixteenth century), "The English Gentlewoman—Glory My Goal, Grace My Guide" (title page to a seventeenth century book), Cruikshank's drawing of "The Rotunda at Ranelagh." Then one is led on, to read a bit here, a snatch there—a recipe, containing thirty-two ingredients and taking twenty-one weeks to come to perfection, "that helps all palsies of what kind to cure"; how clever young Fanny Burney noted that the handsome Duchess of Devonshire walked about in "such an undressed and slatternly manner—two curls unpinned and one shoe down at heel—that had she not had a servant in superb livery behind her, she certainly would have been affronted." The library of a well-read woman of the late eighteenth century is delightful; between the Leaves of "Locke on Human Understanding" was found a

paper of patches. Juvenal, Virgil, Newton and Pembroke's "Arcadia" stood cheek by jowl with "The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony," "The Academy of Compliments" and Mr. Steele's "Christian Hero." Servant girls, criminals, ladies of fashion, professional women, housewives—there are pictures of all these. A vivifying phrase, a quaint turn of speech, a twist of words and they stand before you, these English women of long ago. There is the country housewife who . . . but find your own way about the book. It's well worth while.

IN a little over a hundred pages Felix Frankfurter, Harvard Professor of law, former chairman of the War Labor Policies Board, illuminates the high points in the "*Case of Sacco and Vanzetti*," which has dragged through the Massachusetts courts for seven years. He tells the story: a reliable shoe-worker and a prosperous fish-peddler charged with murdering a paymaster in South Braintree, Massachusetts; both Italians, both radical propagandists. He reviews the conduct of the trial—as he interprets it: flimsy identifications, based on fleeting impressions; the prosecution's repeated efforts to becloud the issue by playing up for the jury the accused men's radicalism; the deliberately misleading testimony, since confessed, of a gun expert; the confession of Madeiros,

then under death sentence, which claimed to clear the accused; and the Judge's refusal of a new trial in spite of the apparent weight of evidence.

In making his analysis Mr. Frankfurter does not rave. He does not attack the American system of criminal justice in general or that of Massachusetts in particular. He admits liability to error in man-made systems of law. He merely shows a grave probability of injustice in this case and asks in the name of justice for its reconsideration before it is too late.

FROM a modern Swedish woman, Hildur Dixelius, comes a novel of an amazing, stark simplicity, "*The Minister's Daughter*." No American analogy occurs to the mind. It is the story of Sara Unaeus, and the life she made for herself and her child—the child born to her careless lover a few months after her elderly husband's death. The lover's desertion brought to Sara Unaeus the sense of sin, and she renounced earthly love forever after. Devoutly religious, she lived in the manner of those who believe themselves divinely guided step by step, independent of others' opinion, competent, big-natured. The author keeps strictly out of Sara Unaeus' way, which is one reason the book is unusual. It has the beauty of clear cold spaces, of definiteness and utter freedom from posing.

The Little Bookshelf

"*Caravans and Cannibals*," by Mary Hastings Bradley (Appleton, \$5): Four men, two women, and a little girl in Africa. Pygmies, cannibals, wild elephants. For those who enjoy the adventures of brave people in strange lands.

"*Tar—A Midwest Childhood*," by Sherwood Anderson (Boni & Liveright, \$3): Child life created out of the memories and imagination of a man-consciousness growing from self to surroundings, to family and friends, to sex and life.

"*Fear*," by John Rathbone Oliver, M.D. (Macmillan, \$2.50): A narrative of what happened to a middle-aged, successful business man suddenly confronted by the fear of death: a combination of fiction, medicine, psychiatry and religion; sound and helpful as well as interesting.

Revolt in the Desert, Doran, New York, 1927. \$3.

Jill, Harper's, New York, 1927. \$2.

The Road to the Temple, Stokes, New York, 1927. \$3.

English Women in Life and Letters, Oxford University Press, New York, 1927. \$4.

The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti. Little, Brown, Boston, 1927. \$1.

The Minister's Daughter, E. P. Dutton, New York, 1927. \$2.50.

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Russia

(Continued from page 9)

Russia which holds great promise for the peasants is the development of the Cooperatives—a movement not new, of course, but greatly strengthened. Its success is easily understood: it eliminates the middle man, and is in a position to deal directly with peasant farmers and to supply them with the commodities they require, such as textiles, implements, etc., in exchange for their grain.

In places where the Cooperative societies do not operate, the peasants often find great difficulty in obtaining the simplest articles of every-day use. A man wanting a hammer and nails may have to go many miles to buy the hammer, and to take a further journey, to another village, to find the nails!

I gathered that the present strength of the Cooperative movement is eleven million members, and that about twenty-five per cent of the peasant population are associated with the movement. Membership is limited to voters in the towns, and to agricultural workers in the country. In the towns sixty per cent of the members are Communists, and in the rural districts only nineteen per cent. Administrative posts are barred to the clergy and the "well-to-do classes"—i. e., employers of hired labor. Eighty per cent of the sales of sugar and salt and seventy per cent of textiles are effected through Cooperative societies. In the

grain trade during 1926 out of twenty-five billion pounds the Cooperatives handled over one-third of the amount.

The present organization is in part political, having the aim of developing Socialism and annihilating private trade. It also carries on educational work by special schools and courses. These are attended by nearly 10,000 students.

Education under the present régime is a subject of great interest. After the Bolshevik revolution everybody had access to the universities and technical high schools. Preference was given to peasants, workmen, servants and artisans; special preparatory schools were formed, where there were "workmen's faculties," and a three-year course was offered. However, many students broke down under the strain of attempting mental work for which they were not fitted. When the educational authorities complained about the low level of scientific knowledge among graduates, the high school teachers answered that they were not to blame, as most of the students were incapable of studying.

As for the public schools, at first punishments were forbidden—children talked, screamed and played during their classes. They remained seated when speaking to their teachers, whom they addressed as "comrade." They came to school when they wished and were often as much as two or three hours late, and sometimes only attended once or twice a week. The teachers had to be careful not to earn a vote of distrust from the "pupils' committee." All orthodox forms of teaching were rejected and new and fancy methods were tried. During the years since, however, the unworkability of some of these new ways has been discovered.

I was much impressed by the intense and universal desire of all young people to acquire general information. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that there are not enough schools nor enough teachers to meet the need and the children know that they must work hard to obtain promotion from the primary to the secondary schools and universities. By 1931 it is hoped that education can be made compulsory, but at present children are not sent to school before the age of eight and only sixty per cent of the children of eligible age attend school.

Undoubtedly there is much more discipline now than in the first years of the Revolution. By degrees order has been restored, and such independence is no longer tolerated.

This is in a way the same sort of thing that has happened in grown-up circles. After the revolution the great mass of the people felt that unless old systems were entirely abolished some of the old order of things might return, and everything that was evidence of bourgeois intelligence or culture was the symbol of a privileged class. So the ability to read or write was enough to condemn any

one, at first, until it was discovered that a certain amount of literacy was a convenience. A Red Cross official in the town of Boticiani told me that he had been present at the inauguration of the first local soldiers and workmen's committee and that one of the qualifications for membership was the inability to read or write. The Secretary, when appointed, expressed the fear that his services would be valueless because he was illiterate. He was simply told to act as instructed. About three weeks later, when I passed that way again, I inquired the fate of the committee and was told that the Red Cross officer had been invited to join, because it had been found difficult to carry on without one intelligent person as a leader. This temporary revolt by the illiterate of course merely meant they feared domination by those of superior learning. Presently it was overcome by the general desire to

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acquire knowledge in order to build up a national system of education affording equal opportunities to all.

Religious instruction in the schools is prohibited. Only in private, and by priests, is anything taught about God, and when God's name is printed in books or manuals it appears with a small "g." After the Revolution there was a desire among certain groups to evolve a simple form of religion to replace the old one which had been overweighted with a superstructure of superstition and fatalism—a superstructure which undoubtedly had been a bar to education and national advance and was partly responsible for the eighty per cent illiteracy. Some astonishing stories are told of these people's zeal. In one case it was thought by the reformers that the phrase, "Lord God of Heaven," which appeared frequently in the prayer-book, was evidence of Tsarist influence. This phrase was, therefore, cut out and replaced by the words, "President God of the Heavenly Republic."

Communists, of course, are implacable foes of religion, but religious tolerance is theoretically practiced. The Russian people, only two per cent of whom are Communist, have always been and always will be fundamentally religious. Formerly the Tsar was the active head of the Church, and these people temperamentally can not do without a visible spiritual head. The result was that after the Revolution and the ascendancy of Lenin, great numbers of the Russian people simply transferred their faith to Lenin as the exponent of some new undefined religion in the place of the Tsar

whom they had called Little Father.

This was brought home to me when I visited the Palace which had been our hospital in Petrograd. Now it is being run as a people's club. Admitted before the opening hour by the interested guard, I dashed up the great staircase, across what had been our dining-room and into one of the former wards. In a recess at the end there had been a little chapel, where an icon hung. Coming upon it suddenly, I gasped to see in place of the icon a picture of Lenin. This practice of treating the pictures of Lenin as icons is now quite common, but whereas the icons were lit up with candles or little oil-lamps, the pictures of Lenin are often lit by electricity to symbolize the spirit of progress with which he is credited. As a matter of fact, the old religion is by no means dead, especially among the older generation. In the streets people may still be seen crossing themselves as they pass the churches, and the services are largely attended. In restaurants also I saw many people crossing themselves before taking their meal.

I share the belief of many others who know something of the Russian temperament that the Bolshevik movement in Russia, in spite of all its brutalities and the appalling destruction which it has brought to Russia itself, is developing not only as a new system of government, but as a new religion. It seems to me a sort of blind and blundering attempt to escape from old injustices and to set up new ideals—not only for Russia but for the world at large. Unfortunately, the leaders feel the same physic must be administered to all patients alike for the good of their souls, whether they want it or not. I asked one intelligent Communist why the Soviet Government did not restrict its propaganda and theories to its own country. He said, "Various religious organizations send out their missionaries to preach what they believe to be the truth. Why should not we?" We can not expect Russian idealists to hide their light under a bushel. What we can, and I think should, expect from them is that they will not urge us to set our houses on fire, merely for the sake of disinfecting them!

My impression is that all classes are becoming tired of the struggle and strife of the revolutionary period and eagerly hoping for some form of stability and security in which their minds can be at rest. Personally, I believe that this condition will come before long and that the patience and endurance of the Russian people will bring its own reward. Some of those with whom I spoke, who had lost nearly all their relations and worldly goods, said, "Perhaps all this has been good for us. . . . Our Russia is a great country and has a great future before it." The old Russia is still in travail. I believe that when the new Russia is born it will be a child of

promise. And I feel sure that, whatever happens in Russia, the life of the people will eventually be based on some form of national religion.

Marietta Johnson

(Continued from page 14)

who have been working at reading for four years. They won't have anything to do with baby books. They learn to read because they have reached the point in their development where they want what is contained in books, and they won't be put off with stuff that is meaningless."

Arithmetic comes in the same normal way, first through counting concrete things that are being made, through familiarity with numbers in the ordinary course of the school life, and last of all through the written symbols, which, after all, are grown-up methods of expression.

Mrs. Johnson is one of the few "progressive" educators who has been working out her theories for years enough to know how they affect older children. She is firmly convinced that fourteen is the great dividing age, and that a child of thirteen should on no account be sent to high school with his friends of a year older. She finds the older ones involved in problems raised for them by the natural development of sex and social consciousness, but only puzzling and hampering to younger ones who have not grown up that far.

If a child is unusually bright, and finishes work quicker than others of his age, she would neither penalize him and deaden his interest by holding him back, nor plunge him into a more complex age group by pushing him ahead. Instead she would keep him interested and alert by giving him more breadth and richness within his own group of subjects.

For high school children, her recipe is four years of history, literature and science, for then is the time they are most curious about widening horizons and the way the world works. Plenty of handwork should minister to those restless creative energies which need outlet here every bit as much as they do in small children, and language and mathematics round out the course. She is smilingly wise about the importance of social relationships to the "teens," and says empathically that "there are times when a party is more important than a geometry lesson"; but on the other hand, she knows that high school children need constructive, capable effort, and she provides them with plenty of it.

The difference is that it never is measured in formal recitations, but expresses itself in discussions, led by one pupil and then another, and carried on by the whole class, the teacher being there to clear up obscure points, or lead to an explanation by means of a question.

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When it comes to the parent-distracting question of college entrance examinations, Mrs. Johnson preserves a calm which has deepened through years of watching her students leap those intellectual hurdles. In the phrases of a college president who disagrees with her theories but marvels at the work of her students when they come to his college, her type of training "encourages a freshness of intellectual attack" and teaches the child to "use to the full his native endowment." In other words, they have been educated, not merely stuffed with unassimilated knowledge, and they know how to go about unfamiliar problems in the most efficient way.

Fairhope students go in greater numbers to the Western universities than to the more rigid Eastern colleges, but the Edgewood school, which is under Mrs. Johnson's guidance, attracts children in whose families the tradition is Yale or Harvard, Vassar or Bryn Mawr.

Edgewood is a private school, charging regular tuition fees, and equipped in such a fashion that it attracts children with a rich cultural background and a comfortable economic status. Its main building was a lovely rambling residence, set in twenty acres of woodland. There is a brook and a lake, hills to slide down and trees to climb, and plenty of space for the restless feet of the hundred and eighty children under the school's guidance.

In spite of the luxury of the school plant, Mrs. Johnson and the school's active head, Miss Euphrosyne Langley, have kept the children's lives simple. They make their own beds, care for their own rooms, wait on their tables. Each room has a minimum of furniture, and other things the children want they make as part of the school work. One small boy, surely not over nine years old, marched up to his smocked teacher in the carpenter shop and explained that he needed another chair and was ready to make it. They went at once into conference over plans and dimensions.

The newest fledgling to try its wings under Mrs. Johnson's guidance is the Manhasset Bay School at Port Washington, Long Island. It began life as the result of spontaneous action on the part of a group of parents who were dissatisfied with the effect of traditional teaching methods on their own children. They called in Mrs. Johnson as the expert of longest experience in the kind of school they wanted, and she spent weeks with them, consulting with individual parents over particular problems, advising as to teachers, methods, plant and equipment.

The school is just finishing its first year, and if the enthusiasm of parents and children (who regard holidays gloomily as "lost days") is any proof, it is more successful than its anxious founders dared hope.

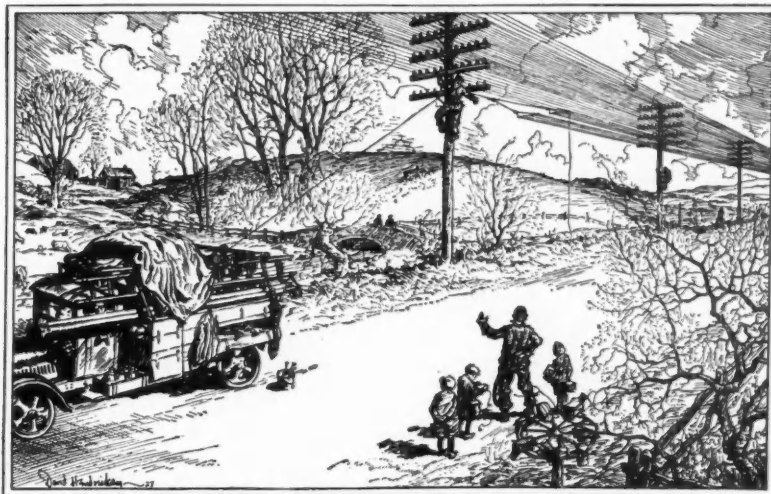
It has its home in a lovely old farm-

house set in the midst of an apple orchard. Its equipment is simple and sturdy, and there is throughout all the wide rooms an air of gracious understanding of children's needs and children's ways. Nothing is "too good" to be used by small fingers or climbed over by eager feet, and everything is regarded by the children as their very own, and treasured accordingly.

The whole undertaking is an interesting example of intelligent co-operative effort among parents in a small suburban community in an attempt to solve the

ever-discussed problem of schooling.

For many years it has been the American tradition, and not always an applauded one, that the teaching of children should be in the hands of women. Mrs. Johnson transcends the tradition, making schools instead of just teaching them. And the schools she makes, with their emphasis on healthy growth instead of on book-learning, are acting as a leaven in the over-heavy mass of the established system, forcing up bubbles here and there which let in light and air to old ideals and old methods.



Communication for a Growing Nation

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THE first telephone call was made from one room to another in the same building. The first advance in telephony made possible conversations from one point to another in the same town or community. The dream of the founders of the Bell Telephone System, however, was that through it, all the separate communities might some day be interconnected to form a nation-wide community.

Such a community for speech by telephone has now become a reality and the year-by-year growth in the number of long distance telephone calls shows how rapidly it is developing. This super-neighborhood, extending from town to town and

state to state, has grown as the means of communication have been provided to serve its business and social needs.

This growth is strikingly shown by the extension of long distance telephone facilities. In 1925, for additions to the long distance telephone lines, there was expended thirty-seven million dollars. In 1926 sixty-one million dollars. During 1927 and the three following years, extensions are planned on a still greater scale, including each year about two thousand miles of long distance cable. These millions will be expended on long distance telephone lines to meet the nation's growth and their use will help to further growth.

An Investment Complex

Of Which Women, More Than Men, Are Guilty

By HELEN MERCHANT

SAID a gentleman to me recently, "My wife says you make investments clearer to her than any man she has ever talked with, and the reason is, you never forget there was a time when you knew nothing about investing yourself."

This lady is certainly right as to my past, for I was brought up in a small New England city where mentioning one's investments just wasn't done. My mother—a young widow—bought or sold her bonds as she was told to do by a kindly counselor, but never once was she encouraged to ask why. And never, I am sure, did it occur to her that there was even a remote connection—any interrelation—between the respectable bonds which provided her with a meager four and one half per cent yearly, and a certain vague and vicious spot known as Wall Street, into which an occasional fellow citizen ventured, usually with disastrous results.

After many years I can still remember the awe with which my young gaze rested upon a neighbor who, so rumor said, had won \$5,000 in that wicked part of the world! Stocks? Not for our family, certainly, no!

It is such memories as these which equip me to meet the oft-repeated remark, "I suppose you find women much less intelligent than men as regards investments." "Not at all," I answer. "Except for lack of background and experience, there is no difference. Why should there be?"

How many women really took care of their investments even twenty-five years ago? How many had the opportunity to hear investment discussions and to ask questions and get answers which they could digest and absorb? "No need to get all this dry business into your pretty little head," was what they were told—that is, if the novels and plays of earlier days are to be relied upon. And even today, compared with the average young man, the average woman is decidedly limited in easy opportunities to pick up good investment information and build up a background of investment intelligence.

This point is of outstanding importance and, curiously enough, it is a point which even women themselves seldom bring up in extenuation of any lack of acuteness on their part. Yet, in my opinion, it is above all else the reason

for the hearty response with which women investors meet us when we offer them our services as investment advisors. We speak their language. Because of the confusion in which we ourselves once dwelt, we foresee the points they will fail to clear up for themselves. Because we understand, we bring more patience to our interview. Sympathy with the woman who is reaching out toward do-

This article carries on the theme of the April one, with one difference of opinion in which we think you will be interested. They are taking a real interest in CITIZEN readers—these women experts who are writing this series of articles, and are co-operating heartily in furthering the woman investor's education. As an important preliminary, they are concerned to get her into the right psychological attitude. Miss Merchant has been in the investment field since 1918, has helped train other women, and has lectured on finance. She is a good feminist—that's why she is attacking the woman investor's "inferiority complex."

ing her own financial thinking challenges us to our most constructive work.

Such clients demand of us qualities and intelligence far beyond those required merely to sell a security. I have been asked if such advising is not much more difficult and fatiguing than selling trained investors. Yes. Often it is, but only if I am dealing with a closed mind rather than an untrained one. The women who really do not care to learn are rare, I find.

And this brings me to the one statement in Miss Watson's fine article in the April CITIZEN with which I do not agree. On one point, my experience and hers have apparently not been the same, for in my nine years in Wall Street I have met only a small number of women who "hate to admit their ignorance." Indeed I find such a state of mind much oftener in men where their occupation does not happen to keep them actively in touch with investment news. Such men frequently hate to admit, especially to a woman, that they are not thorough-

ly good judges of investment conditions. I should be far from fair, however, if I did not say at once that I have met many men square enough to agree that my years of study outweigh their snap judgments in investment values.

I think the great stumbling block for most inexperienced women who have the latent ability to handle their own properties is not dislike of admitting their ignorance. I find that nearly all inexperienced women investors admit that readily. But their very consciousness of their lack of grasp and their conviction that "business is really a man's job anyway" get in the way of their making even a small start in the direction of deciding financial questions for themselves. And so they allow themselves frequently to be cowed into silence by an impatient look or manner, or to be put off by what they themselves know perfectly well is a wholly inadequate answer to their timid questions. They are far too inclined to be awed by anybody, especially if it is a man, who appears to possess the mysterious knowledge they are so conscious of lacking.

I am convinced that a great many women suffer from this hesitancy to assert themselves about business, and that many of my readers will recognize this feeling. I am constantly amazed to learn how seldom a woman will insist on her right to a full and clear explanation—and patient reiteration if need be—when her own money and the safety of her future are under discussion.

Not a week passes without my hearing some story of what I suppose might be called "inferiority complex" in an otherwise poised and intelligent woman. We all know women whose property is being unbelievably juggled and misused by persons who would probably claim that they acted with the owner's full consent. Yet talk with such a woman, and eight times out of ten one finds that she actually knows things are poorly handled but is too courteous, or too fearful of precipitating an issue with which she knows herself ill qualified to cope, to demand an accounting.

Co-operation with an intelligent and patient advisor is all that a great number of women need, to get quite out of this dangerous situation. Courage to ask questions, *even three times over if necessary*, until the point is clear; real interest in the reasons given for buying

any security; a frank statement of any confusion or difference of opinion—these things are what any conscientious advisor welcomes in her clients since better team work means growing interest and increasingly successful results for both client and advisor.

The Customer

(Continued from page 11)

Mrs. Dash is quite firm about it, and back into the workroom for a new lining goes the hat that husband did not like, or that—maybe!—the clever little milliner-by-the-day has copied, or that—perhaps—has cut a brief dash at the last morning musicale of the season!

Not many of the "charged-returned" episodes are quite so unreasonable as that of which a Cleveland store manager told me. Mrs. Allen, a charge customer, bought a case of flat silver, six dozen pieces, to be marked with her monogram. When the order was delivered, she sent it back. The management naturally wanted to know what was the matter. Knife handles, Mrs. Allen replied tersely, were the matter. These were monogrammed, and she wanted them unmarked; she had not ordered them monogrammed. The department, consulting the original order slip, found that no special exemption had been made of knife handles, and so informed Mrs. Allen. She retorted that she was not responsible for the stupidity of the clerks. The store offered to send the knives back to the factory for refinishing, but Mrs. Allen refused to accede to this. It was, she said, idle to discuss the matter. She did not intend to keep the silver, or to pay for it.

And during the ten days between the time when Mrs. Allen had ordered the knives, forks and spoons, and the day when she announced she would not pay for them a receiver's sale in one of Cleveland's jewelry stores had begun. It was easy to guess that Mrs. Allen had found it possible at this sale to buy a silver service somewhat cheaper than the one already ordered.

It was a distinctly disingenuous performance, but her "I'll withdraw my account" was a threat not without force in a highly competitive business. The store finally shrugged its shoulders and apportioned that loss, along with thousands of others, due to the careless or unethical shopper, among all its customers.

Southern cities, with their friendliness, their universality of acquaintance, seem to specialize in quaint department-store happenings. One day when I was in the proprietor's office of an enterprising store in a city where "everyone knew everyone," that genial gentleman was perturbed. He didn't want to talk my business; he wanted sympathy in his own.

"It's that blamed stork," he said. "I

can't make up my mind what to do about it."

"Stork?" I repeated, bewildered. "What stork?"

It seemed that, with a particularly fine display of baby's furnishings he had had the inspiration of putting a stork in the show window to preside over a pink bassinet. Everybody thought it a delightful idea. The street in front of the window was crowded with admiring groups. Then a very young mother, whose own mother had been a customer of the store, thought it would be quite

too cunning if she could borrow the stork for her baby's christening party. Wouldn't Mr. Shipley let her have it? Wouldn't he send it up?

Mr. Shipley obliged. The next day he sent again to get his stork back and restore it to keep watch and ward over the crib in the window. Two days later, another young mother wanted the loan of the stork for her baby's party. The town seemed to mushroom with young mothers that spring, and the stork-party idea spread like wildfire.

"I've had to retire it from the win-



Best Selection for Protection

LUXURIANTLY comfortable, modernly convenient, they are exactly suited to the need of the women of today. One can't but appreciate these qualities in Venus Sanitary Apparel, especially Venus Traveling Package.

It is a small box that can be carried in the purse or bag and contains three sanitary napkins of finest Venus quality unbelievably compressed and yet shaking out easily to full size and downy whiteness.

*The better department
stores sell them*

Venus
SANITARY
SPECIALTIES

VENUS CORPORATION - - 1170 BROADWAY, N. Y.

dow," he said. "It's moulting and drab from so much carting back and forth. But the stork party has become the rage in town this season, and a lot of young mothers, also good customers of ours, are sulking because our show window fixture has been withdrawn from general loan circulation. What shall I do? Buy another? Charge a fee for it? You see we're an old-established firm and we have liked to advertise the intimacy and friendliness of our service; we like to say: 'Your mother bought her wedding veil' or 'your grandmother got her first layette at Shipley's.' So what shall I do about the stork?"

But even he was not quite so doubtful of the value of special advertising attractions as the shop in San Francisco where a Christmas sale of "Jackie Coogan boy dolls" was stimulated by the offer of a prize to the boy looking most like the doll or its original. Seven angry mothers closed their accounts after a jury had selected some other child than theirs as the winner, and seventy times seven wrote and telephoned their opinions of the purblindness of the judges.

All over the country I find that women who have been sufficiently educated in finance not to expect banks where they are totally unknown to give them cash in return for their unrecognized checks, have not yet been educated beyond trying to force this service from

department stores. They harangue clerks who refuse to deliver goods to them on the presentation of a pink slip of paper; they berate section managers who ask them for identification; when they are required to go to the office for the O.K.-ing of their checks by the management, they say they don't intend to be treated like shoplifters.

I was in the manager's office of an Akron department store one day when a woman was conducted to his office and said tearfully that she must see him alone. He was a wary manager, and he didn't want to see weeping ladies alone, but he finally yielded and a partial solitude was arranged for her. Whereupon, as he told me later, she sobbed and said: "I rely upon you to keep my home from being broken up." The gentleman gasped and stuttered.

"But, madam, I don't understand. I don't know you."

"I'll tell you all about it," she promised, blowing her nose.

"But I don't care to hear it. It cannot be any concern of mine," he insisted.

"Oh, yes, it is. I am Mrs. Smith. I have a charge account here."

The matter seemed to be emerging into the realm of sanity, and the manager consented to hear the rest. It seemed that Mrs. Smith was constantly over-buying. A score of times in their three or four years of married life she and her husband had made out budgets, and she had solemnly sworn to live within the stipulated margins. Never had she kept her word. At the time of their most recent quarrel and readjustment, her husband had warned her that the thing had to stop. If she ran beyond the limits within which she had repeatedly agreed to stay, it was idle for him to try to get ahead; if he couldn't get ahead, there was no future for him. He would not put up with it; he would not accept the failure of his career as the price of her unbridled passion for buying. They would have to separate unless she could learn to live within her allowance. He was in earnest, she told the manager, and she had fervently agreed to keep inside her budget.

Well, she had not done it, as her monthly bill from this store all too plainly showed. And she therefore begged the manager to enter into a conspiracy with her, sending her a revised bill with purchases listed as inside the limit her husband had set for them. The superintendent naturally wanted to know what resources outside her husband's allowance she had for paying the bill. None at all, she admitted, but she had to be helped out—he must do it!

Being a kind-hearted man with a due regard for the permanency of family relations, he did it, but on condition that she should not use her charge privilege again until the balance had been discharged. Accordingly there was set against her name in the ledgers the little

mark which means "account temporarily suspended."

It seems a small thing to ask a shop to include purchases already made at other places in the parcel to be sent from its packing room; and no store was ever known to make any protest against the addition to its labor, paper, string and delivery costs. But the head of a tea-room maintained by a Baltimore department store tells me that she is going to request a ruling from the next retail trade convention as to what policy to adopt with lunchers who demand to have their luncheon chop and steak bone remnants wrapped and delivered at their homes for their dogs! They actually become numerous enough to require the formulation of a policy!

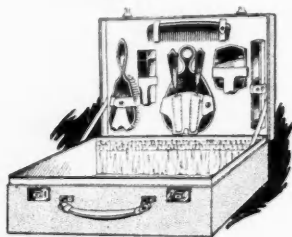
I am sometimes told by invariably considerate shoppers—like you and myself, kind reader!—that the instances of such cost-increasing whims and exactions as I have instanced are exceptions. In my observation I have found them extreme, perhaps, but unfortunately not at all exceptional. An instance of the recognition given the considerate shopper shows her to be infrequent enough to be remarkable in shopping circles.

During the last before-Christmas rush, Mrs. Greene, a New Yorker, bought at the jewelry counter of a New York department store a string of imitation crystals for six dollars. She paid cash, waited for her package to be wrapped and took her purchase out with her. The sales slip for the transaction therefore bore no name or address. Arrived at home, she unfastened her package at once to do it up in a Christmas box, and discovered that she had received not her own purchase but a string of French pearls costing twenty dollars and charged, according to the sales slip, to Mrs. Brown, of Forest Hills.

Mrs. Greene didn't want the French pearls and it didn't occur to her that here was an opportunity to do Mrs. Brown or Blank's department store out of fourteen dollars. All she wanted was her imitation crystals as soon as possible in order to mail them. So she at once telephoned the store, asked for the jewelry department, described the clerk who had waited on her, and was finally connected with that young lady. The girl, it seemed to Mrs. Greene, was dispro-

UNIVERSITY TOURS
TO EUROPE
65 DAY TOURS
WITH COLLEGE CREDIT IF DESIRED
Address
SCHOOL OF FOREIGN TRAVEL INC.
(Managers of University Tours)
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LADIES' FITTED Overnight Cases



In black, blue, green, tan or gray lizard grain calfskin. Fittings in colors to match case. Contents: Brush, comb, mirror, nail file, button hook, soap box, and tooth brush and tooth paste holders.
14 inches long, 10 inches wide, 4 inches deep... \$47.50

A. J. Spalding & Bros

518 Fifth Avenue, New York City

ESSEX LODGE ON CLEAR LAKE

A wholesome, homelike atmosphere of distinction and charm, without formality, which appeals to the discriminating tourist who demands a little better surroundings and accommodations than one finds in the average summer hotel. Lodge and cottages are in a picturesque woody setting of white and Norway pine and birch. Electric lights and baths in cottages. Excellently cooked food attractively served. No better gradual white sand beach, high dive, slides, etc. Fishing, golf, tennis, saddling and archery. Best references possible. Write for booklet. Moderate rates. Reservation required.

MRS. W. W. GRIFFITH, Hostess
Essex Lodge Tomahawk, Wis.

portionately thankful—she said that she would bring the crystals that evening and would receive the pearls. She came, bearing not only the crystals but an offering of pink roses and an almost tearful spirit of gratitude. But why? asked the customer.

"Oh, Mrs. Greene," cried the girl, "there was no way of tracing you if you hadn't called up! It was my mistake, and I would have been held responsible for the fourteen dollars' difference. And you don't know—you don't know!—how many ladies, nice ladies, too—would have kept the more expensive beads —"

"Nice ladies!" interrupted Mrs. Greene. "They'd be no better than shoplifters."

"Oh, I think that is sort of harsh," said the experienced saleswoman charitably. "Anyway, there are lots of them, well off, honest—you'd be surprised! You see," she ended wisely, "so few people think it any harm to put a department store to trouble or expense, or even to over-reach it a little. It's like the Government. They don't realize that everything has got to be paid for by some one."

ONE DOLLAR TO GROW ON

THE Syracuse League of Women Voters earned \$101 in their WOMAN CITIZEN drive which ended March 1.

Washington

(Continued from page 25)

Building, with plenty of sunshine, and equipment scraped together from the surplus of other offices. Long-distance radio sets have been rendered practically useless in many sections of the country by the overlapping of various radio programs. The commission, after a three-day conference with representatives of the public and the radio industry, is considering various plans for allocating wave lengths to eliminate interference, and giving preference to those stations which are conducting themselves to the largest degree "in the public interest." Any attempt arbitrarily to reduce the number of stations raises the cry of monopoly and favoritism. Deciding which stations are entitled to prior consideration in allocation of wave lengths also involves the delicate problem of what stations are best serving the public interest. Shall a station devoting itself chiefly to advertising programs be put out of business in favor of the station which gives its listeners bedtime stories and grand opera selections?

The usual semi-annual report that Secretary of State Kellogg is about to retire brought from the White House Spokesman the flat denial that Mr. Kellogg has any such intention. Mr. Kellogg looks worn and weary, and lately he has not even had time for his favorite

recreation of golf; but one of his assistants is authority for the statement that he is "remarkably vigorous." How heavily the President leans upon him in the Nicaraguan, Mexican and Chinese "situations" was indicated when a group of citizens recently asked Mr. Coolidge's secretary for permission to present a petition urging arbitration of the Mexican oil dispute. "The Secretary of State is in charge of the situation; take your petition to him," they were told. If Mr. Kellogg can cut a clean way out of the present difficulties which surround our "foreign policy," he may retire with glory. The problem of protecting American lives and property in China is immensely complicated by the existence of two governments, and the demand of the Nationalists, in the recent note of Foreign Minister Chen, for revision of the customs treaties cannot be met until there is assurance that there is some party representing the whole people of China to undertake negotiations with the powers. The policy of the Administration is to deal jointly with Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan in matters

26 Days

EUROPE

\$240

½ Cash!

Balance ten monthly payments after you return 200 Tours to choose from, any length

Motor Tours \$7 a day up, including hotels

Write for Booklet

Allen Tours Inc.-Little Bldg.-Boston

The Psychology of Print

THE power of advertising is apparent all through our present life and living conditions. Things which sixty years ago were unheard of, or would have been considered luxuries, are necessities today.

We take our tile-lined bathrooms as a matter of course. But what has made them possible in practically every home in the length and breadth of our land?—Advertising. Without the quantity production and consequent lowering of price made possible by advertising, open-plumbing, for instance, would be possible only to a limited proportion of the population of our country.

Your electric refrigerator, your vacuum cleaner, your motor car, your electric appliances—all these, without advertising, would have been so costly as to have been limited to the wealthy.

Advertising is a power for more efficient, more delightful and more complete living. Study it and use it, for on the basis of self-interest alone you are thus helping to keep quality up and prices down.

Whether you travel 
or stay at home 
FOOT  **COMFORT will**
add + to your pleasure 

Sightseeing can be ruined by feet that cry for comfort. Nothing will add so much to the pleasure of a trip as a pair or two of thoroughly comfortable Cantilever Shoes.

These flexible shoes harmonize with the action of the foot and fit it in every position. Their snug, all-leather arches give you restful support that does not restrict the foot nor impede the circulation. Your heel is closely fitted and your toes have room. Moreover, there are many smart styles of Cantilever Shoes, in fine durable leathers.

Look in the telephone book or write the Cantilever Corporation, 426 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of your local Cantilever store.

Comfort through flexibility
in the

Cantilever
Shoe
MEN . . . WOMEN . . . CHILDREN



involving protection of their respective nationals, but to undertake separate military operations if and when these become necessary.

The Mexican affair is taking on the complexion of a melodrama, with charges of "forged notes," stolen documents, et cetera. Newspaper correspondents ran back and forth from the War Department to the State Department on the arrival of the American military attaché at Mexico City, with each department "passing the buck" to the other, and refusing to say why Colonel Davis had been called to Washington. The State Department insists that President Calles has been convinced that the notes which contained hostile declarations were forgeries, and that the air has been cleared. From Mexico City come dispatches reporting President Calles as still skeptical. Speculation here centers about the possibility of the arms embargo against Mexico being lifted, action for which the termination of the anti-smuggling treaty at the instance of the United States has cleared the way. How difficult it is for Washington correspondents to secure accurate leads for their stories is only too evident in the con-

flicting editorials and dispatches going over the wires. The correspondents who cover the State Department, and who are supposed to have an inside track on Administration plans, are divided in their guesses as to action on the arms embargo, which is the Administration's trump card.

Five of the country's leading economists and business men, headed by Henry M. Robinson, president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles and one of the authors of the Dawes plan of reparations payments, have been appointed American delegates to the International Economic Conference which opens at Geneva on May 4th. They will be assisted by experts from the State, Treasury and Commerce Departments, who have just left Washington with bulging briefcases and in an atmosphere of international co-operation, determined to show that the United States is not playing a lone hand in world affairs and objects not at all to a conference under the auspices of the League of Nations on economic problems, even though she will not countenance supervision of her armaments by any League agency.

The Pan-American Building is getting a thorough spring cleaning in anticipation of the third Pan-American Commercial Conference, May 2-9, which will bring to Washington economic and business experts from the leading Latin-American countries to discuss problems of trade and commerce, and the delicate subject of American investments in those countries. Perhaps the delegates will give us some real enlightenment as to how we are regarded by our Southern neighbors.

From two years of comparative obscurity emerged Roy A. Haynes, probably the most optimistic prohibitionist in the United States, into the position of Prohibition Commissioner under the reorganization of Treasury prohibition enforcement machinery, authorized during the last session of the 69th Congress. Mr. Haynes received, to be sure, only a temporary appointment, on the eve of Secretary Mellon's departure for a brief vacation in France, but it marked a notable victory for the Anti-Saloon League, which urged Mr. Haynes for the newly created post. Secretary Mellon and General Andrews will continue to formulate policies and to approve appointments, but Mr. Haynes will be in charge of actual enforcement work. The rotund and genial Mr. Haynes has steadily refused to admit that disregard of the prohibition law is as widespread as its opponents declare. Early in his service as a subordinate official in the Treasury, where he served as head of the Prohibition Unit, he caused several official ructions by his persistent dissemination of sheafs of publicity, tending to show that all was well with prohibition enforcement when records showed that it was not. By appointing

Mr. Haynes to the important post of Commissioner of the new Bureau of Prohibition, the Administration has agreed with the Anti-Saloon League that a man who ardently believes in prohibition should head the new Prohibition Bureau. It has also put into the hands of the organized drys, quick to criticize the Administration for alleged failure to enforce the law adequately, the responsibility for enforcement—an adroit move to quiet its more vociferous critics.

Ladies Will Listen

(Continued from page 27)

Berkeley. This gentleman tells the story in his autobiography:

"I must not forget the attempt made by me to procure a better gallery, whence the ladies might listen to the debates, nor the fun we had in the House when some of the oldest members . . . assured the Speaker that if the ladies were permitted to sit undisguised in the gallery the feelings of those gallant old soldiers and gentlemen would be so excited and turned from political affairs that they would not be able to do their duty to their country. To prevent my elders thus being led astray I proposed a trelis-work, or partial screen, betwixt the collective gaze of the House and the assembled beauty. . . .

"In spite of all opposition leave was obtained to appoint a committee to consider the best way of carrying out the resolution of the House for an alteration in the gallery; having achieved this I mounted my horse and rode into the park, where the news had spread before me. On entering on the grass by the water, several groups of ladies and gentlemen who were riding together cheered me. We had very good fun on the committee, and one dear gallant old soldier asked me 'what I could be thinking of . . . you're married,' he continued, 'you ought to have remembered that when a man is in Parliament the business of the House is always an excellent excuse for not being at home. If you get a comfortable gallery and make an attendance at the debates a fashion among women, we shall always have our wives looking us up.' 'Then why don't you move for a skulking-room for men?' I retorted. 'But at all events you have got the Library, where you can be supposed to be reading or writing. if your better half should be scanning the benches and not see you; so, old boy, you may do 'em yet'."

In this jovial spirit the committee was set up, and eventually—after much debate—a grille or grating was devised behind which the women spectators might listen.

"The whole proceeding," said Harriet Martineau, "had much the air of an ill-bred joke." She described with indignation "the coarse mirth . . . the indecent . . . flippant, unmanly

WOMEN AHEAD!

ANNE HARD, equipped with the right keys to all the right doors, is sailing to visit a score of countries in Europe and the East. From that trip she will send back to the CITIZEN some "FRIENDLY IMPRESSIONS" of worth-while women abroad—moving her popular series from Washington to the rest of the world. But there is one more American Impression ready—about Helen M. Strong, and the wonderful things she makes geography do, from her desk in the Department of Commerce.

Then, there's the absorbing story of BEATRICE HINKLE, psychoanalyst, told by Anne O'Hagan.

A personality study of ANNE MORGAN, daughter and sister of great financiers, who has done big things herself (see the Club story in this issue for one of them). Mary Fitch Watkins, who was associated with Miss Morgan in her memorable work for France, tells the story.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the CITIZEN's chief contributing editor, will write for the next issue about Irresponsible Senators.

And then there are the "LADIES OF THE JURY," whom Eveline Brainerd has lined up for inspection; "THE NEW LEISURE," by McAlister Coleman, and a challenging question about voting, by Ruth M. Dadourian.

speeches," and considered that when the time came for "the legal position of women to come fairly under the eye of the legislature . . . it would be a serious disadvantage to English women to be judged of by such a sample as would have attended the debates on such an invitation."

This heavy diatribe had certainly much justification. Honorary members had pleaded for the admission of women as a remedy for drunkenness; others had opposed it on the ground that it was a "most indecent" proposal, and "would make it impossible to continue society on the footing on which it now happily stood . . ." homes would be destroyed and there would no longer be any drawing-rooms for members "to retire into, in which they could be relieved from anything like political strife and annoyance"; and others again pretended to think that members would be overmuch tempted to oratorical display, by way of showing off. Nevertheless, even in the midst of these criticisms, there were several serious and even angry speeches, not only from those who, like Lord Brougham, "wished to see ladies in their proper places," but also from members like Lord Palmerston and Mr. Buckingham, who protested against the "spirit of contempt for the understandings of women" in which the debate was conducted.

Mr. Berkeley, however, seems to have sufficed for the ideals of the ladies in the political circles of the day. In spite of vetoes imposed by their lords and masters, they circulated a subscription to present him a piece of plate in token of their "approbation of his having advocated their claim to admission to hear the debates in the House of Commons, and obtained by a majority of 153 to 104 a resolution that ladies should have access to a gallery."

Unfortunately, the carrying into effect of this resolution was afterward opposed by Lord John Russell, and defeated by him on a question of supply.

"It went much against my inclination," said Mr. Berkeley, "thus to have the measure defeated, as it were by a side wind, so I set about looking into the real state of affairs . . . and I found that no law of the House affected the sex of the 'strangers' named for exclusion, but that 'all strangers,' 'reporters' and all, were merely there on sufferance. Custom alone prevented ladies from applying for or gaining admission to the Stranger's Gallery. An idea struck me that would at least create some fun, and it was to get a large party of ladies together, who would put on long military cloaks . . . and men's hats, and in that attire ascend to the Stranger's Gallery . . . and then by doffing their hats and cloaks disclose their sex to the astonished eye of the Speaker.

"I would have been in my place, with plenty of supporters to have defended

their position, and as the gallery, by a standing rule of the House, could only have been cleared of strangers, we could have insisted that if the ladies must withdraw so must all the men and every one of the reporters of the press. The 'ayes' and 'noes' thus in antagonism would have made a very pretty quarrel. . . .

"At first I thought that this attempt would have been made, for very many women in society, amused with the idea, agreed to put themselves under my direction, but, alas . . . my female volunteers let the affair escape their camp . . . and the rumors getting abroad, the supposed-to-be wiser heads prevailed, and the experiment was abandoned."

In spite of these setbacks, however, when the new House came to be built the Ladies Gallery was in it. In 1847—at one of the trial sessions before the new House was opened—it was in use, in the same manner and under the same disadvantages as to seeing, hearing or breathing as continued until 1919, when it was removed, with no visible change in the tone or customs of members.

The new House was formally opened in 1852, and seventeen years later another ridiculous debate was provided for the entertainment of members on a motion for the removal of the grille, in July, 1869. The motion was withdrawn, and the matter slumbered again until 1885, when a member again took pity on the prisoners upstairs and moved its abolition again. The House was pleased to be jocular, and by 121 votes to 75 preserved the oriental procedure, and nothing more took place till May, 1917. By that time the granting of the franchise was imminent, and Sir Alfred Mond, then first Commissions of Works, conspired with Sir Willoughby Dickenson to rush the matter through. A most instructive debate followed, still of course frivolous, as the gravity of the subject demanded, but it was frivolity of a new and much more agreeable brand. The House approved, but their kind attentions were frustrated by the active obstruction of one opponent, and the matter lapsed again.

In 1918, however, another attempt was made and this time Sir Alfred Mond secured the help not only of champions in the House of Commons, but of the women outside. A petition was drawn up in the office of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies addressed to Members of Parliament by their own wives, praying that they might no longer be debarred by the intervening grating from hearing the words of wisdom uttered below. This petition was circulated among the wives, and signed with alacrity, absolute secrecy being secured; and on the appointed day members found it upon their breakfast tables. The debate that night was altogether successful. By a large vote

the House not only abolished the grille, but opened the regular Stranger's Gallery to women; and the story of the exclusion of women was at an end. Pieces of the structure were put in the London Museum and other pieces preserved in the House itself, as a reminder of the good old days that were gone. But there was no one left to say that those days were to be regretted.

The Relief Loans

(Continued from page 21)

without gain or even with humiliation to the recipient. There is no occasion to deny such a generalization, but it is not applicable here. Notice the absurdity of carrying on our books claims against none-existent Armenia. It is hardly less odd to maintain the fiction of an account against a Russia which we do not recognize.

More to the point, however, is the economic weakness of most of the countries concerned. They are not in a strong position and there are no visible signs of a rapid or of an early recovery. At the time this is being written Poland is finding it impossible to float a loan abroad

Favor Your Feet

"Pediforme, Pediforme," from morn
until night

You can hear them all sing with radi-
ant delight.

"Away fallen arches, foot troubles
and woe,

We are cheerful and happy where-
ever we go."

For feet that are tired, or calloused—
and weak—

If arches are fallen—and bunions
deform,

Delay no longer—wear "Pediforme"!



Regardless of the nature of
your foot troubles, "Pedi-
forme" shoes will aid you to
regain normalcy. Write for
our FREE Style Book A
that tells how to overcome
foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.

36 West 36th St., New York
322 Livingston St., Brooklyn

except on terms too onerous for her to accept. Austria with a twenty-year moratorium on reparation payments has been given invaluable financial aid through the League of Nations, but is still far from economic health. Most of the other countries are young and their political and economic status is still uncertain.

If the proposed step were taken the debts of some of these countries to the United States Government would disappear entirely. The name of Armenia would vanish. Austria, Finland and Hungary would no longer be our debtors. The obligation of Poland to our government would be reduced by about forty per cent, while the relief to the other countries would be appreciable. For us the gain might come in an increased good will on the other side of the Atlantic, but in any case we could feel that our aid in distress had been a gift. The good Samaritan did not demand a promissory note at five per cent nor even at three per cent.

Such an action as is here urged would mean the outright cancellation of settle-

ments worked out with some countries and the readjustment of certain others. But most observers doubt if the funding agreements are final in any case. Europe is gaining ground but not rapidly. In time the agreements already reached must be reconsidered. The approach to such reconsideration will be much easier if there can be eliminated in advance all of our claims that originated because we furnished aid to those who were "suffering for the want of food."

Clubhouse Ambitions

(Continued from page 19)

will tackle the addition, when the time comes.

When the Republican women of Pennsylvania organized in 1920, they had desk room in an office building as their headquarters. In March the club moved into its gorgeous new home, the Hannah Penn House, in Philadelphia. Beautiful murals by Violet Oakley decorate the central hall of this magnificent example of women's club buildings.

This club takes special pride in the fact that, although a political organization, it has never had to ask the politicians or the party treasurer for funds. The house, to be sure, was a gift, but the club expenses have been met by dues, by contributions from its members and by funds raised by rentals and entertainments.

Rooms in the Hannah Penn House will be rented for card parties, dances, musicals, luncheons, teas, dinner parties, lectures and other meetings. Attractive suites, including sitting-room, bedroom and bath, are for rent, furnished or unfurnished. There are some single bedrooms with semi-private bath. It is only one of several political clubhouses built or on the way.

Experience has shown that the auditorium provides one of the largest sources of club income, and it gives the club great community value and prestige. In many places it fills a real need in supplying an adequate meeting-place. The Woman's Century Club of Seattle, Washington, for instance, has a Little Theatre seating five hundred, which, because it is the only one of its kind in the city, is in constant demand for recitals, concerts and theatrical entertainments. This clubhouse, by the way, has a legiti-

mate place in our story of clubhouses with ambitions, because it realized its dream so recently—a little over a year ago. So let's go on to tell that it has also a ballroom, a tea room and small reception room to rent. The theatre brings \$70 for all day and evening; it rents for one evening, including one rehearsal, at \$50; the ballroom is rented for a dance at \$27; the whole floor rented for a card party at \$25, and the tea room rent is \$10 for single meeting or card party.

The Woman's Club of Albany has recently converted the second story of its lovely club home in Madison Avenue into a large auditorium which has become a popular center of social gatherings. Clubs in all parts of the country are building auditoriums. The Woman's Club of Asbury Park, New Jersey, will build a hall with a seating capacity of 500; the Taunton, Massachusetts, club has a nucleus of a fund for an auditorium to be built on the rear of the fine old colonial club home not quite large enough for club meetings. The Haddon Fortnightly Club, meeting at Indian King, New Jersey, has purchased a site for an auditorium for large club affairs. The Woman's Club of Suffern left space on the land for the auditorium which was included in the original blue-prints. . . . Almost every club that hasn't an auditorium wants one, and the building plans go merrily on.

Clubs with ambitions that are sprouting into effort are such groups as the Montclair, New Jersey, club where the women raised \$32,000 in one week's drive in April, 1926. Although building plans have not yet been drawn, club members are diligently at work to augment that fund. Their neighbor, the Woman's Club of Upper Montclair, three years ago had the proud satisfaction of seeing their dreams come true when their new clubhouse was dedicated. The women of Racine, Wisconsin, purchased a \$15,000 building lot last year and are engaged in an active building fund campaign. The Sioux City, Iowa, Woman's Club owns a clubhouse site and is working on financing plans. The Woman's Club of Ridgewood, New Jersey, has a building fund of \$16,000 and owns a building site. The Women's Club of Caldwell, New Jersey, has a \$65,000 clubhouse project under way. The Melrose, Massachusetts, club has a building fund of more than \$5,000.

Members of the Palmetto Club, more than thirty years old, the charter woman's club of Daytona Beach, Florida, are beginning to look at their charming little clubhouse with calculating and critical eyes, and are beginning to talk of the new home.

It would be impossible to mention all of the clubs that are dreaming and planning for the new home which they expect to build before long—the Alhambra, California, Woman's Club says

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it will have a new building within the next year. The Springfield, Illinois, women say a new club home is the aim of their club; the Contemporary of Newark, New Jersey, has a clubhouse committee at work studying possible sites or old residences with remodeling possibilities; the Women's City Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is well on in the preliminary stages; a new site has been purchased by the Woman's Club of South Pasadena, California; the North Carolina Sorosis in Wilmington, North Carolina, is anxious to replace its \$15,000 building erected in 1913 with a more modern plant. The Woman's Clubs of Sarasota, Florida; of Charleston, West Virginia; of Holyoke, Massachusetts; of Hastings-on-Hudson, New York; of Sheboygan, Wisconsin; the Irving Park Woman's Club in Chicago; the Current Events Club of Washington, Pennsylvania, are all hoping and planning for new clubhouses.

Helen Wills, the noted tennis star, herself outlined the plans for her ideal tennis court for the grounds of the new \$1,000,000 home of the Women's Athletic Club of Alameda County, California, which will add one more impressive building to the list of magnificent edifices that have grown from modern women's interest in athletics.

One of the most convenient ways for a woman's club to finance a new building is to reap a golden harvest from enormous increases in property values that makes the first small clubhouse worth many times its original cost.

Property values in Hackensack, New Jersey, have increased so much since the Woman's Club purchased its first clubhouse, that the property is now worth four times what it cost. The club is considering the sale of the property to finance a splendid new building, with an auditorium and all the up-to-date trimmings. This would be possible by adding only a small mortgage.

The Miami Woman's Club,* with its magnificent new \$400,000 clubhouse on Biscayne Bay, called the Flagler Memorial Library and Woman's Club, received \$345,000 from the sale of the first clubhouse property. The first home was made possible through a gift from Henry M. Flagler, in 1912, of a lot valued at \$10,000 and given with the stipulation that the club must at all times maintain therein a free circulating library.

The building plans of the Miami club were put in motion during the presidency of Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan.

The most ambitious building project undertaken by women this year is the magnificent \$7,500,000 clubhouse of 1,250 rooms which will be built by the American Woman's Association in Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. The

members raised \$3,150,800 in a stock-selling campaign directed by Miss Anne Morgan, which closed April 8th. Building operations will be started early in May, and the clubhouse will be completed in October, 1928. Already 1,600 of the 5,000 members of the Association have signed up for rooms in the new clubhouse, so the problem seems to be not how to fill the rooms, but how to find space for all the women who want them. A mortgage for the balance will be placed on the building, which, after completion, will be financed from room rentals.

Although the members of the Association had just closed their strenuous stock-selling campaign, which included a dinner that cost every one of the 1,100 guests just \$205 a plate—five dollars for the dinner and two hundred for four shares of the stock—they greeted with cheers the announcement of Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith, the president, that plans are now under way for a Long Island Country Club for five hundred members of the Association.

With Our Readers

FROM several readers have come comments on the March and April articles about the younger generation. We shall publish as many as we can find room for in the next few issues. Here is one:

THE "Confessions" in your March issue of a modern mother who has suddenly realized that her daughter is as "other people's daughters" calls for sympathy and comment.

In enumerating the possible causes of the present-day attitude of youth—causes such as the world-war and the feminist movement—only at the close of her article does your correspondent mention "the new psychology." I wonder is it not possible that this psychology, which for a good many years under the leadership of Freud and his disciples has been pointing out the dangers of inhibitions and of self-suppression, is the underlying cause of the present revolt of youth? Is it not possible that what began as a scientific or medical theory has become with the younger generation a practical reaction against all authority and control and against what it considers Puritanism?

As one who has always believed in youth and sympathized with its passion for freedom, I ask myself whether, as your correspondent suggests, this irresponsible attitude of modern youth will not, if it continues, seriously undermine our civilization and lead ultimately to chaos and dark night. In other words, will it not lead not merely to "tastelessness" as it surely does, but to an impermanent and irresponsible state of civilization? For our civilization has been built up on self-discipline and self-control, and now that so many of the old-time sanctions, social and religious, fail modern youth, still more does youth need self-control, or what the Greeks have called "temperance."

One may sympathize with youth's rebellion against an external and none too wise authority, but self-control—control by the higher self—is another matter. Surely we do not want our new-found freedom to degenerate into license!

S. A.
Boston, Mass.

This one is a joint answer to both articles from a mother and her daughter—a mother, by the way, of high standing in public affairs:

MY daughter, who is just married, and I, who am of the generation of the first writer on this question of manners and morals of the youth of today, are moved to write a joint answer.

In the first place we are agreed on all the things which this first article and the last, carrying the opinions of the younger generation, bring up for consideration which would tend to show that the two generations are, after all, not so very far apart.

We think that the mother in the first instance showed both lack of intelligence and lack of imagination not to have known more about her daughter and to have waited until the girl was of college age before she really occupied herself with what was going on inside her mind. We cannot imagine having as little imagination or understanding as she showed.

The second article shows one thing very clearly and that is that you cannot classify the younger generation as a whole any more than you can classify the older generation as a whole. We are all individuals, some girls behave in one way and some girls in another, just as they have from time immemorial and just as boys have. The daughter in this case feels that it is idiotic to say that a girl cannot have a good time who does not go in for petting; on the other hand, she does think that the modern generation has more freedom and regards physical contacts as a much less extraordinary thing than did the generation of the 90's. A kiss does not put her in a flutter and she considers that a girl of today is safer because she does not consider it such an event. She does not feel

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* Mentioned in the April article but by the slip of one word confused with another club.

that the majority of girls are carried away by their emotions to a greater extent than they were in the olden days; in fact, her remark was that the girl who was going to great lengths today probably had her counterpart in the former generation, though perhaps that former generation had been a little less open about it.

We do not feel that this question of manners and morals between the sexes, though much is being made of it, is really a very vital one. We think that the question of far greater seriousness is the one of what these boys and girls are now considering as their ultimate worth-while objective in life. Parents worry a great deal about parties and behavior and manners, but these things seem to us the froth of existence. The crux of the matter is what these young people think in their serious moments and what they really intend to make of life. Here we will own to a certain amount of discouragement, and yet neither of us feels as yet that our knowledge is sufficient or that the young people have gone along far enough for us to tell whether they are going to pull their weight a little higher or drop it down a little lower.

A sincere compliment for Mrs. Riis:

I THANK you for Mary Riis' article in the March number on a "Model Investment Program." It is so understandable. We who live in little country towns far away from investment advisors cannot go over our list every six months with any one, and we read eagerly everything we can find, and much of it is not very dependable.

Hamilton, Mo.

M. S. D.

Shall women join the parties? The question is good for many a debate.

I WAS very much interested in Frank Kent's article in your March number. The only point on which I can't agree with him is his advice to get into the parties. As constituted at present party membership leads either to utter compliance with the party dictates or to insurgency and powerlessness on the part of those who join. Logically, one must go into a party to do anything; practically, it doesn't seem to me to work that way. Of course, there are always exceptions.

RUTH MCINTIRE DADOURIAN.

Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Dobyns' story of her experiences with the Illinois Republican machine continues to interest. Here is a letter which we secured the permission of all concerned to publish. It is from Mrs. George Lorimer, President of the Republican Women of Pennsylvania.

MY dear Mrs. Dobyns: Your story in the WOMAN CITIZEN under the heading "The Lady and the Tiger" has arrested my attention.

I wanted to rise up and cheer at the end of every sentence—it is so exactly what we have found to be true here in Pennsylvania—and so ably expressed that I have quoted from it with joy.

ALMA V. LORIMER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

WE APPLAUD

From the Kansas League of Women Voters comes this unique idea for an entertainment this next week in Topeka. Writes Miss Alice McFarland, executive secretary: "We are having a WOMAN CITIZEN meeting next week. We have written a skit and are having members explain briefly the feature articles and departments of the magazine and expect to have the members present pledge themselves to get subscribers. We have also arranged to have a booth at the Woman's Club community fair the last of this month."

OUR OWN DINGBATS

WHO says Washington for Japanese cherry blossoms? They may come earlier there, but not more beautiful than ours, a fringing cloud of pale pink patterned with delicate branches against sky and water in Central Park. ♦♦♦ We can hardly bear it when our neighbors on the bus won't even look. ♦♦♦ We lean forward, hintingly, to gaze, but so far we haven't dared resort to nudging. ♦♦♦ There's more spring at home too—the very grandmother of all Easter lilies, a kind of matriarch with generations of lovely fragrant blooms about her. ♦♦♦ And then, there are the tadpoles, another gift. ♦♦♦ They live in a glass dish on our office desk, thanks to the nature-loving tendencies of a staff-member. ♦♦♦ And they are the busiest go-getters we ever saw. ♦♦♦ Bustling around just comes natural to them. ♦♦♦ We can only trust that the staff member is feeding them the right vitamins and calories and such. Personally, we have never even read a book on "Feeding Tadpoles." ♦♦♦ What bothers us more is what will happen when they get to leaping from their dish. We really can't have a lagoon in the office. ♦♦♦ Especially as we have a new rug. ♦♦♦ No longer do we have to greet guests in contorted positions designed to hide the holes. We set our feet luxuriously on an unrent softness, with fringe. ♦♦♦ Another gift. ♦♦♦ Now we get around to our troubles. ♦♦♦ It's about these clubs. ♦♦♦ And it isn't just that the executives are a wee bit slow in answering letters. ♦♦♦ We can understand that, and sympathize. ♦♦♦ The sorrow that weighs us down is that there's no rule about whether a club for women is a woman's club or a women's club. They get incorporated whichever way suits their fancy at the moment, and there we are—wrong about fifty per cent of the time, unless the staff spends hours in checking up which might be spent much better.

♦♦♦ We are thinking of getting up a crusade about it. ♦♦♦ Since we last dingbatted, we have attended the most goldenly splendid moving-picture house in the world, with an orchestra platform that moves up and down like a dumbwaiter, a stage so far from our gallery seat that it looked like something in the next town, and some six thousand people crowding the place every evening. ♦♦♦ Well, we've been. ♦♦♦ Our Art-Associate Editor has a garden in her back lot (yes, in New York), and all the sparrows in her end of town heard about it. ♦♦♦ Seeds would be great, they thought. ♦♦♦ So nice of her. ♦♦♦ A scarecrow was needed. ♦♦♦ They are commodities hard to come by in urban communities, but if you have a New York garden you must be resourceful. ♦♦♦ So she drafted a white yarn dog, and now he presides night and day in the garden, and the sparrows believe his woolly threats. ♦♦♦ Rather a cruel tale, in our opinion. ♦♦♦ except to the seeds. ♦♦♦ We'd feel worse about it if we didn't recall the time when we tried to feed some sparrows on a wholesome diet of lettuce and were sneered at by the whole flock. ♦♦♦ This department is all puffed up over getting a copy of the *Dodgeville Sun-Republic* bearing a sticker—a printed sticker, mind you—reading EDITOR OF THE DINGBATS. ♦♦♦ This is an age fairly strewn with the exploded shells of myths. ♦♦♦ The latest bit of wreckage, if you are prepared to take stock in all this destruction, is Dick Whittington's cat. ♦♦♦ The Lord Mayor of London says that famous animal, supposed to have brought fame and fortune to his remote predecessor, isn't O.K.'d by history. ♦♦♦ Personally, we consider the Lord Mayor nosy. ♦♦♦ Of course that cat existed. ♦♦♦ The first thing you know some one will be saying there's no such thing as a Jabberwock. ♦♦♦ Anyhow, that Greek court kindly left Socrates guilty.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of *The Woman Citizen*, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927.

State of New York
County of New York ss.

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mrs. Raymond Brown, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of *The Woman Citizen* Corporation, publishers of *The Woman Citizen*, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Name and Post Office Address:
Publisher: The Woman Citizen Corporation, 171 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Editor: Virginia Roderick, 171 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: Mrs. Raymond Brown, 171 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: The Woman Citizen Corporation, 171 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, 171 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Mrs. F. Louis Slade, 7 Sutton Place, N. Y.

Mrs. H. B. Wells, 45 West Ninth Street, N. Y.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Dorchester, Mass.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

MRS. RAYMOND BROWN.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1927.

Edward J. Ackerman, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1929.)

Heart to Heart

The Tenth Woman

OUR mail the other day brought us a communication which has so interested us we want to pass it on to you.

A renewal of a subscription carried a postscript, "Did you read my answer to The Tenth Woman in the Bookman some months ago?" Frankly, we hadn't, and we wanted to, because the article published in the Bookman, entitled, "One Woman in Ten," had greatly aroused our attention.

It was by James L. Ford, the author of the famous Literary Shop, and Mr. Ford graphically described the new interests and activities and eager questionings of the woman of today who is looking at life, "her spirit shining through clear eyes". "She views life frankly and is able to see through many, though not all, of the fakes, shams and pretensions of the day."

Then he asked why someone did not publish a magazine for such women—a magazine which should deal honestly and truthfully with their new problems. "I maintain that there is such a wide difference between her point of view and that of man, and so many subjects in which she has a special interest that a journal devoted exclusively to those subjects and accurately reflecting the qualities of her mind would surely find favor in her eyes."

We wrote Mr. Ford and sent him the current issues of the WOMAN CITIZEN, to which he replied with enthusiastic comment, and added, "Certainly you are doing your best to reach the Tenth Woman and eventually you will prove that there are more of her than the other editors wot of."

We were curious to see our subscriber's answer to the Bookman; so, going back to the file,

we found her letter and here it is.

"I FIND that I am 'one woman in ten', though I never suspected it until I read Mr. Ford's article.

"If the fact that a woman doesn't care enough about the Ladies' Home Journal, the Delineator, the Woman's Home Companion and other women's periodicals of that class to keep them on her magazine list entitles one to any distinction, then I mean to claim this distinction.

"I had never thought that, because I didn't just dote on these papers, someone should go out of his path to publish something to meet my requirements—but have just gone on along all my life enjoying the Atlantic, the Bookman, the New Republic and other papers my husband likes—not forgetting the good old Saturday Evening Post.

"However, if the 'one in ten' must have something of her very own—I feel you have overlooked the WOMAN CITIZEN. My husband, who reads it much more carefully than I do, assures me that it presents political news with less bias than any paper he knows of: and has a good finance department which, while it may be written down a little to fit the intelligence of the 'one in ten-er' is yet sane and reliable. I know that its reviews of the new books and plays are interesting, and that it often contains articles which should be of interest to anyone, even though they treat mainly of the actions of women. It carries no fiction. In many ways it is quite sufficiently distinguished to satisfy the most discriminating 'one in ten-er.'

"Yours very truly,

"VIDA CHASE WEBB."

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The Woman Citizen, 171 Madison Ave., N.Y. C.

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Later will come articles on the Clubhouse Kitchen, What the Clubwoman Eats, How to Decorate the Clubhouse, How to Make the Clubhouse Work Twenty-four Hours a Day.

A regular service department for clubwomen will follow the series of special articles.

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